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# OPHIRIS

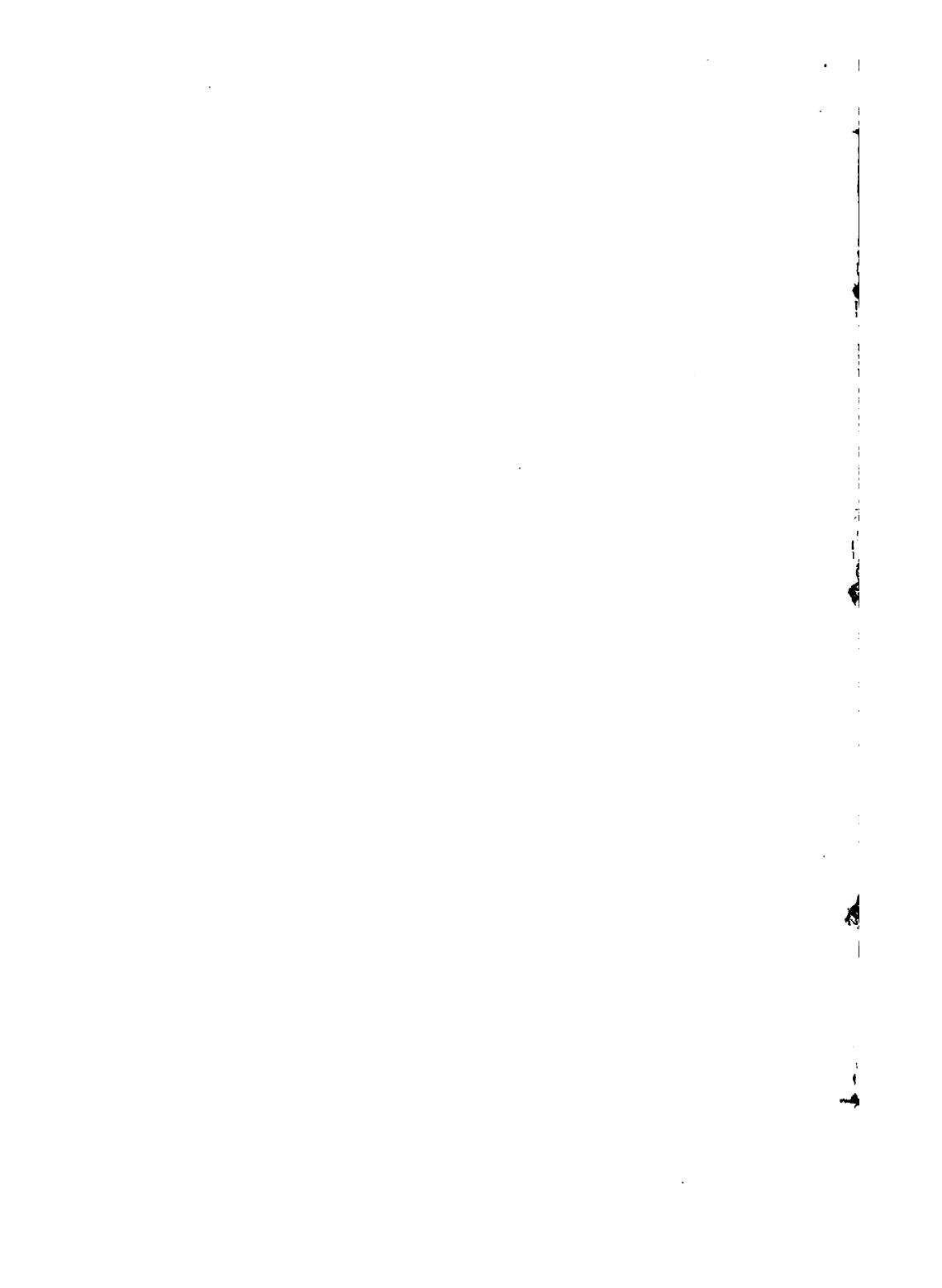
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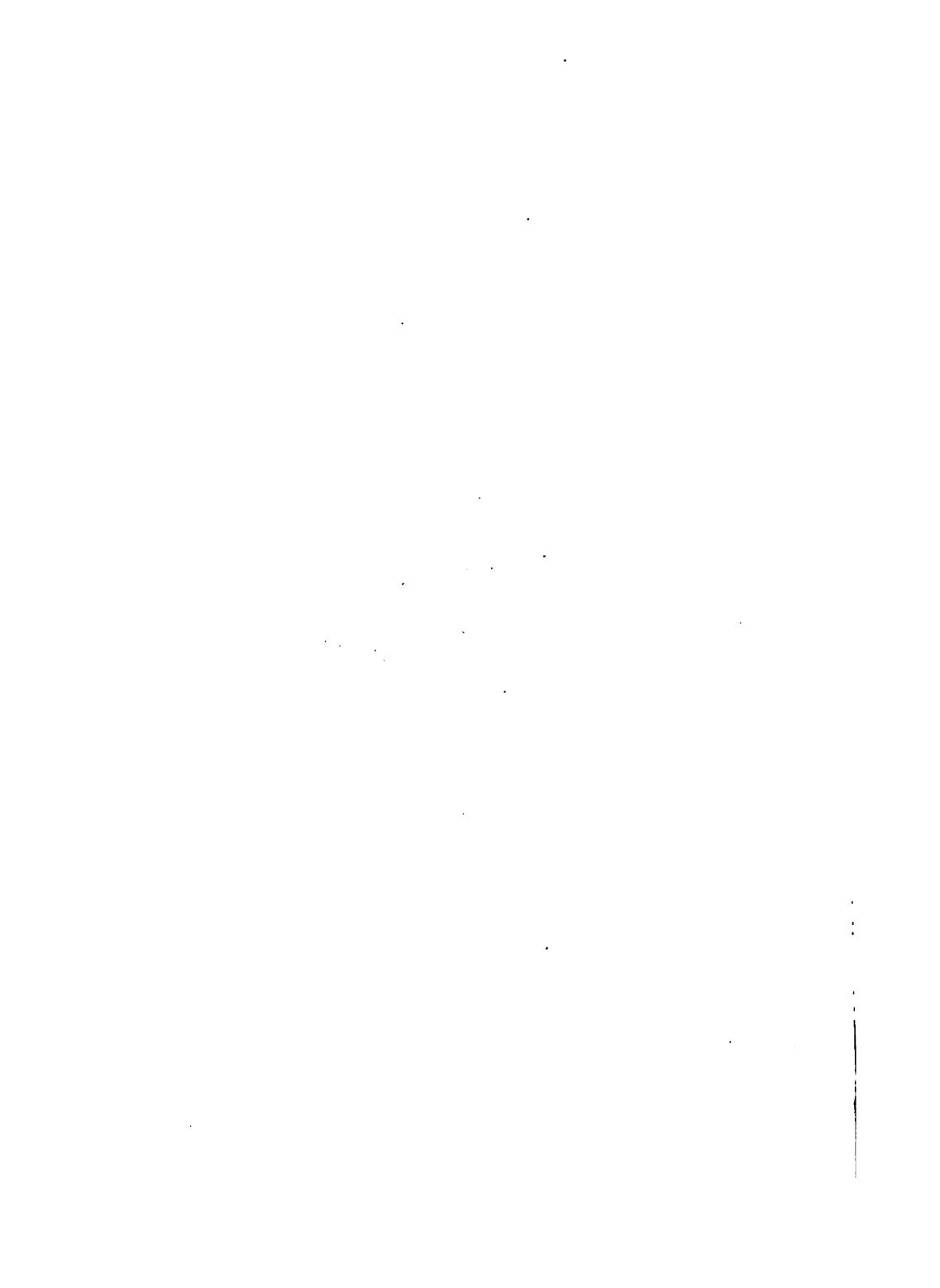
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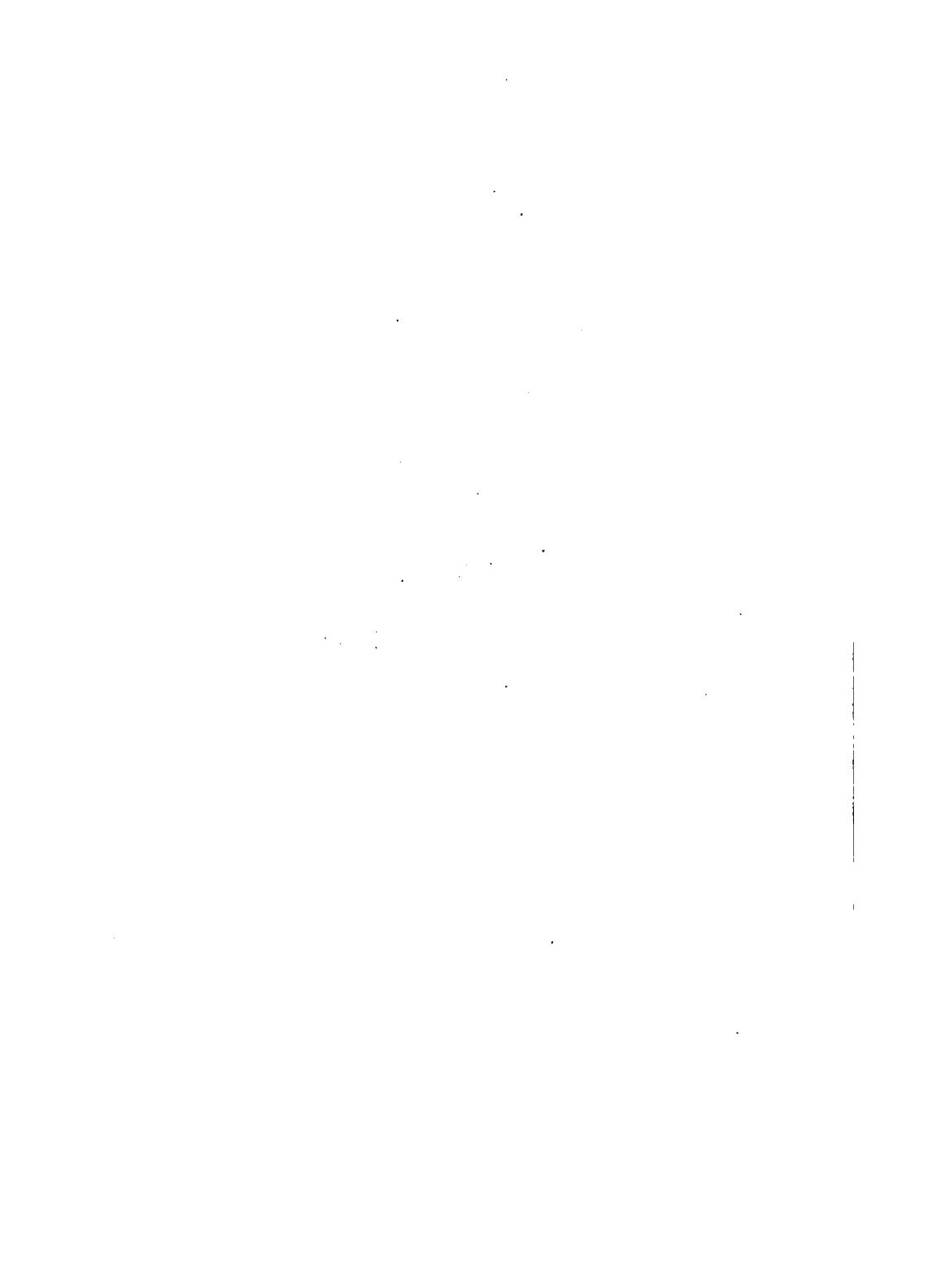


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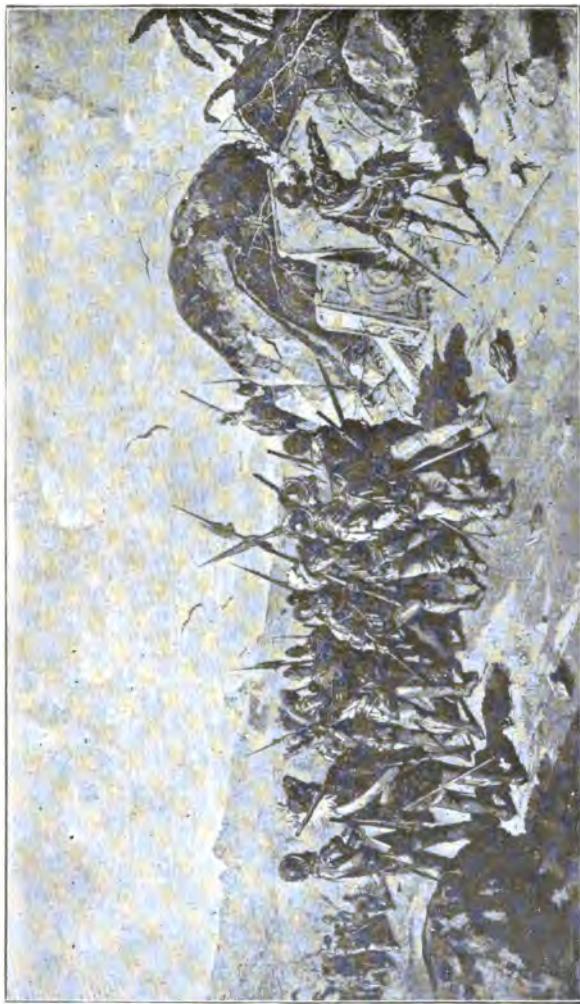
**PART** - I.











ALCAN'S ARMY CROSSING THE PASS OF MARANON INTO VILCABAMBA.

# OPHIRIS:

OR,

## THE OPHIR OF SOLOMON.

A STORY OF

*ADVENTURE AND LOVE IN THE LAND OF  
THE INCAS.*

BY

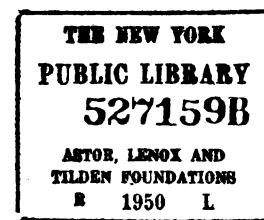
*Victor Moulder.*

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IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.—ILLUSTRATED.

SMITH'S GROVE, KY.:  
TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY.  
1902.

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*Copyright, 1900,*  
BY VICTOR MOULDER.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

**V**

**I**RACOCHA:- In presenting this book to the public the author feels that a few words of explanation are due. It is needless to say that the work is not entirely fictitious in character. There are but few people who are not familiar with the history of the Incas and their subjugation by the Spaniards. However concerning the death of Manco Capac, the younger, there is some mysticism. The controversy concerning his supposed murder by the Spaniards is yet unsettled. Some high authorities claim that he was slain in Peru—others just as trustworthy deny the story. In this work the prophecies of the oracles are fulfilled and Manco with a remnant of his royal race—the Children of the Sun—escapes into a mountain fastness where their descendants dwell to day.

Vast regions of South America are yet unexplored. The story concerning the location of a populous valley of Sun-worshippers in the midst of the Geral and del Norte mountains, came from a friend who has spent many years of travel in the unexplored regions of Peru, Bolivia and Brazil. In crossing the mountains he saw the wonderful country, but the guards on the summit of the mountain pass promptly escorted him from the place and he was never able to find the route over the craggy heights again.

The world at large has, since the days of Solomon, been in dispute as to the location of Ophir. Some say it was in India, some in Africa, but none have ever been able to give conclusive proofs as to its location. The Indians of America and especially those of Peru, show

undisputed traits and customs of Jewish ancestry. The offering of the first-fruits of the land for sacrifice is an ancient Jewish custom. This was practiced by the Peruvians. On the day of the Feast of Raymi the first-fruits of the land were offered to the sacrificial altar. Many words in their peculiar language give evidence of Jewish origin. Peru, that land of gold, was just across the Pacific Ezoin-geber and the daring Phoenician were venturesome and bold enough to tempt its passage. And then, too, there was no land on the face of the earth that offered such inducements to gold and gem hunters. In Solomon's day Phoenician ships plied all seas throughout the known world, coming even so far North as to Britain and Gaul, then down the coast of Africa to the Cape. Far into the Indian ocean to Supara and Aurea in Farther India. Perhaps they sailed on across the Pacific to America and returned again, laden with vast treasure. In these excursions probably more than one ship was stranded in the distant land. When the lore of the skeptic proves beyond a doubt the exact location of the Ophir of Solomon it will be so near to Peru that there will be no room for controversy.

I am under many obligations to the excellent works of Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," Saramiento, Vega, Humboldt's "Cosmos" and "Travels," and other talented authors for much of the information given concerning the Incas—their manners, customs and Religion. Perhaps the story itself will tell the rest.

ROQUER.

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***PART - ONE.***

"OPHIRIS."

## THE OPHIR OF SOLOMON.

### PART - I

#### CHAPTER ONE.

IN WHICH WE ALL AGREE TO GO TO SOUTH AMERICA

**D**EAR Amy is dead. The noble, sweet lassie whom I rescued from the savage Sauro, is now with her sainted father in a better land. Although four years have passed away since her going, yet it seems strange that she no longer calls, and I can hardly realize that she is gone.

Dead? No, not dead but sleeping! I cannot see her, but I know she is near me and is watching my going and coming from the golden gates in Paradise. There, she awaits my coming; there, she stands with ever open arms, ready to welcome me when I, too, shall have crossed the deep, dark and stormy waters. She yearns for the hour of my passage into that better world, where we can be reunited to part no more forever. And yet I live on, sad at heart, but strong in body, and still a restless dreamer. I cannot tell, dear Amy, when I can come to you, but I know that you will keep faithful vigils over me, and I will ever be

ready to meet you when the Death Angel bids me come.

\* \* \*

I am alone again. My parents died when I was a little child and I knew them not; my kindred, if I have any, are far away and know me not. No children come at my beck and call, and no gentle hand is near to smooth my brow. It was my fondest hope that God would bless us with a babe, but He, in His goodness, saw fit to deny me that comfort and to take instead my dear wife. The infinite Hand that rules the universe knows best how to direct the affairs of men. His will be done. At least I, in my weakness, have committed myself to His keeping, feeling that He, who doeth all things well, will guide me aright. The King has called her from me and there is none in my gloomy, old home but dear, faithful Tom to cheer me in my great sorrow. He is the same Tom as of old. Except that his locks are a little streaked with gray, I can see no change in him. He still loves the sea, and the old "Pirate Schooner" has carried him on many a long trip since our return from the Southern Seas. He is sitting near me to-day, silent and thoughtful, puffing away at his beloved pipe, and I wonder, as he puffs the blue rings of smoke into the air, of what he is thinking. But I wisely hold my counsel and let him smoke on in peace.

I, too, am smoking my pipe of sorrow, while we, like voiceless mutes, mope around the hearth-stone. Great problems flit across my brain. The scenes of by-gone days pass, like a vision, before me, and into my heart there creeps a passionate longing for the wild haunts of other

lands. I am yet, comparatively, a young man, all alone in the world, and what is there to keep me from going away? Ten years ago I gave up my position in the U. S. Navy and settled down to a quiet life. Now, since Amy is gone, I feel that I must do something to overcome the lethargic sleep that is creeping into my being. Tom seems to read my thoughts, for he stirs, looks at me, then settles down again.

Long voyages, plans of travel and strange lands and peoples, give my mind occupation for a time, and I sit still with my own thoughts, heedless of the presence of my companion. While thus musing, half awake and half asleep, a day-dream recalled to my befogged memory an incident which occurred to Tom while on one of his periodical voyages, two or three years ago. I paid but little attention to Tom's story at the time, for he always related the strange incidents that befell him, but now I recalled this particular story with a vividness that amounted almost to inspiration. I had found my cue. Throwing off the lethargic sleep that was claiming me, I sprang from my couch and exclaimed,

"Where is it, Tom?"

Surprised at this sudden and unexpected out-break, Tom turned slowly toward me and asked,

"Where be what, mae laddie?"

"Oh, come now, Tom, don't be so stupid; you know what I mean. Where is that curious script chart that you ran across two or three years ago, while on a voyage?"

"Hump!" he grunted, "an' whae be ye wanting wi' that, laddie?"

"I want to see it, of course" I replied, "get it for me at once and don't be so morose."

Tom slowly picked himself up, knocked the ashes from his pipe and left the room. He soon returned, however, bringing the curious Script with him. I took the folio from his hand, unfolded it and ran my eyes eagerly over the dirty pages. Roughly outlined on the soiled sheet was a map of a strange and unknown land in the midst of the Geral Mountains in Brazil, South America. A few blurred marks showed the route and located the points of interest. At the foot of the pages were general directions, in Spanish and Latin, how to reach the borders and the interior of the land. After studying the scroll intently for a few moments I returned it to Tom and asked,

"Who gave you this, Tom?"

"Old Senor Carlos," he replied, "he came to our ship while we were on the Amazon River and gave the thing to me. He was almost dead when he came, and the only thing he said was, ye gave there; wonderful people; much gold, and then he gave me this scroll, and he died. We buried him and soon came away."

"You may fit up the schooner, Tom," I said, "and we will pay this great land a visit."

Tom looked at me in surprise but said nothing. What I said or did was conclusive with him, and he remained faithful to me unto the last. I hastily wrote a short note to my old friends, John K. Thompson and Edward Bently (Jack and Ned) requesting them to call on me on the morrow, then I set about arranging things for a long journey.

Promptly at the appointed hour on the follow-

ing day, my guests arrived. We discussed the topics of the day, talked of old times, of the death of my wife, who was dear to us all, and of my loneliness until we wearied of it all. Then a silence fell upon us, each following the thoughts uppermost in his mind. It was often the case that my friends would spend their evenings with me after business hours were over, and sometimes whole days together during vacation. Mr. Thompson, whom I shall call Jack hereafter, was a successful lawyer, enjoying a handsome income. As I sat there looking at him, the great change that had come over him since our return from the South Pacific Ocean, occupied my attention for a few moments. He was now a tall, muscular fellow, with eyes deep set and dark; his forehead was broad, the brow was prominent, denoting great thought and strength of mind; his hair was heavy and as black as a crow's wing; the chin was firmly set beneath the closed lips and a tasty black moustache curled pertly across the face. Upon the whole, the face was pleasant and expressed a resolute determination. He was at least six foot two inches tall and he would tip the scales at two hundred pounds avoirdupois. He was a strongly built and powerful man, and a whack from one of his brawny arms would knock the life out of an ordinary man. He was endowed with a rare courage and above all, a heart as true as steel.

Turning from him I looked at my other guest. Ned was head clerk in a well known wholesale establishment of New York, and he was earning enough to keep the wolf from his door. Since

his mother had died and his sister had married; he had only himself to look out for. Now Ned was no dwarf, but I could not help but note the great difference between my companions. Ned was dressed in the very latest style, wore a pert moustache, and had blue eyes and light hair. He was not over five feet ten inches high, slenderly built and wiry, yet one could see back of his steady eyes a fitness for things, and the lines upon his handsome face showed a firmness of will-power when opposed. Neither of them had ever married, and were, like myself, practically alone in the world. The silence became monotonous and irksome, and I felt that the time had come for me to lay before them the plans that were uppermost in my mind. It seemed, too, that they expected something from me, and they waited patiently for me to speak.

"Boys, what do you say to a trip to South America?" I asked, as I knocked the ashes from my pipe.

"To South America!" they both exclaimed, springing to their feet, "why Rog, are you daft of reason?"

"Not a bit of it," I replied calmly as I, too, arose to my feet, "I am as sane as any man in the world. I mean what I say, why not? I mean to go, and I would be glad to have you chaps go with me."

"What do you want to go there for?" asked Ned in astonishment, "to kill ant-eaters?"

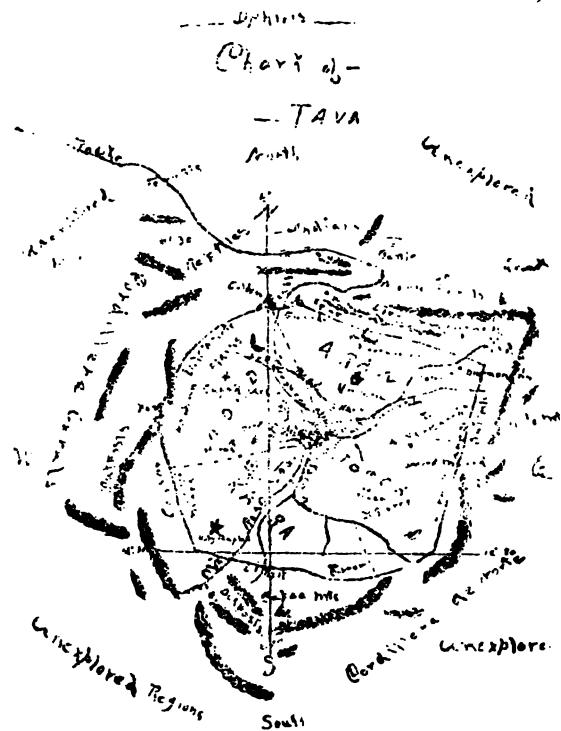
"Kill them if you wish," I replied, "but I am going all the same. Have you never heard of Tom's adventures down there? He ran across an

## THE CHART.

7

old Don in the wilds of Brazil, who told him of a wonderful and unknown race in the Cordillera Geral mountains, and he has a chart that the old man gave him which gives one a vague idea as to the location of the strange land. Here it is."

They, like myself, glanced rapidly over the



## THE CHART.

curious Script and they both uttered exclamations of surprise at the revelations presented by the queer piece of paper.

"Well, that beats me," cried Jack.

"I'll bet a dollar there's nothing in it," said doubting Ned.

"Well, my friends," said I, "I don't care whether there is anything in it or not, I mean to investigate for myself. I have been longing to get away from this desolate place for several months, and I shall make this a sufficient excuse to go. If you fellows can't screw up enough courage to carry you beyond the wharf of New York, good and well. You can abide at home and Tom and I will go alone."

"Oh, we want to go fast enough," said Jack, "I, for one, am tired of home monotony and am anxious for a jaunt on the seas. When do you start?"

"I mean to go, too, lads," Ned put in crossly, "but I don't take no stock in this story about the strange land and its people. Oh, yes I'll go."

"Perhaps the story is not true," I answered, "but I believe in it. Several years ago, I was told pretty much the same story by a Brazilian, who was in this city on business. He said an Indian from the far south had come to his town and told him of a strange and wonderful land in the mountains, where the houses were built of gold and the people were as gods. That many perils and difficulties must be met and overcome before one could enter the land, if it were possible to ever enter it, so closely-guarded are the torturous mountain passes."

"May be something in it, Rog," Ned replied, thoughtfully, "when do you mean to start to this paradise?"

"One month from to-day, lads."

"Guess you may enter my name on your log for the trip, Rog," said Jack.

"Mine, too, old boy," said Ned.

Thus the prelude to our great journey was settled. I began preparation for a long voyage at once. The old schooner, now called the "Rescue," was overhauled and thoroughly refitted with modern machinery. Engines, in the main, supplanted the sails; the decks and batteries were protected with steel; new guns mounted; dynamos, for electric lighting, were planted, and saloons and staterooms took the places of the pirate's dark cabins. It was a great delight to Tom to see his beloved vessel so splendidly fitted up, and he fell to work at the new order of things with a will. When completed and ready for sea, the "*Rescue*" resembled a government cruiser very much, and her capacity, 1,000 tons, and her strength was nearly equal to the cruisers at that time. A crew of twelve picked seamen was engaged, and provisions for a year was stored in the hold. In addition to the two big brass guns, four new ones were mounted on her sides. I secured twelve repeating Winchesters, twenty colt's revolvers and twelve hundred rounds of ammunition for each gun. This, as one of the seamen remarked, "looked like war," but I said nothing about it, not knowing exactly why I was carrying so much arms. But then I did not know but what I might need the war materials, and subsequent adventures proved that we did.

The time for our departure having arrived and all things being ready, we set sail from New York on the 15th of May 1879, for the wilds of South America, determined, if possible to find the wonderful land described on the chart—the Phiru of the Incas.

## CHAPTER TWO.

### THE VOYAGE—THE PHANTOM FLEET.

OUR ship glided swiftly and bonnily over the deep blue waters; the engines throbbed as with a pulse of life, and at each puff from the stacks she shot forward with renewed energy. Her trial speed was fifteen knots per hour, and she was capable of making eighteen knots. The hard and dangerous work of handling the sails was a thing of the past. As we noted the intricate workings of the machinery, and with what ease the vessel was handled, we could not help comparing the rough work, hardships and dangers of the sailors of other days with those of the present. Modern inventions and improvements have rendered the sailor's life less dangerous and more pleasant. How we did have to pull and jerk and strain at the sails on our perilous voyages in the old schooner in the Southern Seas! How weary and worn we were after our long voyage. It all comes back to me now, as clear as an image before me, and one by one, the scenes of the past flit across my brain. And now, as we are beginning our second voyage of adventures, seeing the past, I enquire of myself, what will be the result of this journey? when and where will our pilgrimage end? Will we be able to find and explore

this hidden land, or as thousands of other explorers, will our bones be left to whiten and bleach in the desert sun? Are we chasing some phantom, or are the rolling waters speeding some destined end? The future we know not, only the scenes that are past and buried beneath the labyrinth of time recalls us to life: we are sailing somewhere, for something, and what? Let us live in the present, forget the past and hope for the future, each day, as it passes, has a life of its own.

We have been upon the sea ten days; the coast of our native land, alas, to some of us the last time, has disappeared; the Gulf stream is crossed and the vast stretch of Atlantic waters are spread before us—seeming to lure us outward—endless and desolate. We are standing far out to sea, avoiding the old ship roads. Our first landing will be at Para, South America. We will leave the Indies far to the land-ward, cross the Caribbean Sea and thence to Para. We are well provisioned and only one thing makes us uneasy. At the time of our leaving home, the Peruvian-Chili war had broken out, and we did not know what effect the outbreak would have upon the Brazilian waters and upon commerce. But as that was a matter for the future to settle, we dismissed it from our minds, feeling that the portent of our undertaking, would be sufficient to overcome all obstacles.

Tom, who all along had shown a reluctance in the contemplated voyage, became more enthusiastic when the journey was once begun. He took to the new order of things as a child with new toys, and his love for the engines, guns, dynamos and electric lighting was firmly established the first day out. It was all new to him, and often would

he forgot that the pulsations of the mighty engines below, were forcing the "*Rescue*" along at a rapid speed, and would rush to the deck to call out instructions to the seamen. But in time he became used to this and grew more and more interested in the machinery. Indeed, he soon became so enwrapped with his new nautical apparatus, that he seldom ever left the engine rooms long enough for us to get a glimpse of him, or to ask him a word about his adventure in South America. In fact, he has become so deeply engrossed with the novelties of his old new ship, that I doubt whether he will ever leave her again. Then, in that event, he would not be willing to give up his vessel to hazard, the long trip through the interior to the great land we are in quest of; nor could I blame him either, for he is getting old, and it would be a great strain upon him to make the long and perilous journey before us.

Upon this subject I resolved to speak to him, the first opportunity I should have. This opportunity came in a few days. He left his engines in the care of his assistants and came upon deck to watch the motion of his vessel as she plowed through the listless sea.

"Tom," I said, as I approached him on the bridge, "your new vessel takes up all your time and we never get a word with you; do you like her?"

"Ae, to be sure cap'n, she is a bonnie ship, an Ia love her dearly," he replied, glancing about the glistening decks with childish satisfaction.

"What will you do with her, Tom, when we come to the end of our voyage, and have to take to land?"

"Ia be nae lan'-lubber, cap'n, an' I fear ye will

ha'e to go wi'out mae."

"But we want you to go with us; we may need you as a companion and guide," said Jack, coming upon deck.

"Ia know naething o' the land, laddie, an' when it comes to brawling wild animals and knocking men on the head, Ia, be too old for thae now."

"Oh, come now, good old Tommy," exclaimed Ned as he joined us, "you can plug a tiger or a red-skin with your 44 express a thousand yards yet, can't you? You must go."

"Nae, my laddie, I be no good at knocking indians on the head now; Ia hae seen enough o' that in my day, an' Ia wi' be secure in this good old schooner."

"Then you will not go with us into the interior, Tom" I asked, "we all want you to go."

"Thank, ye, Cap'n, but Ia will bide yet awhile longer in the schooner; Ia be too old to make sae long a journey."

"So be it then, Tom," I replied, "yet we would be glad to have you go with us on our journey to the unknown country and share our dangers, our woes; our misfortunes or success as the fates may decree."

"Nae, nae, laddies, Ia had rather bide with the schooner and care for her while ye be gang."

"Tom is invincible," said Jack, "and I, too, think it will be best to leave him to care for the schooner, with half a dozen good men to keep him company."

And to this we all reluctantly agreed. Yet in other years we were glad that we left him behind in the bonnie ship.

We made splendid progress in the gallant

*Rescue*, and in five weeks from the day we set sail in New York Bay we had plowed many a mile of sea. We were rounding Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Barbadoes, leaving the latter group of islands some two hundred miles to the westward, and were driving in a line for Para, South America, where we intended to make our first landing, then proceed up the Amazon. We were now in the tropics, the equatorial winds came fresh and brisk over the sluggish, hot sea, tossing the *Rescue* over the waters. The heat poured down from the sun upon the decks, and licked up the sprays that were tossed over the rails; the brazen armor on the ship's sides and deck, glistened brightly in the sunlight. The sails were reefed and the bunkers replenished, and the men strolled about the ships in idle security and curiosity. Now and then the sails of some distant ship could be dimly outlined; great flocks of sea-gulls flocked in our wake. In the evening threatening banks of clouds swept along the southern horizon. When night dropped her sable curtain, on the eve of June 25, over the wide stretch of rolling waters we all felt that we would have squally winds and rough seas ere the morning. In an hour after night-fall the elements were inky black. The darkness was intense and the heat oppressive; the great search-lights could not penetrate the pitchy darkness but a few yards, and the vivid glare of the shells from our great guns was lost to sight in an instant, only leaving the space about us more dark and obscure. The speed of the ship was reduced to four knots and all things were made ready for the impending dangers of the tropical seas. After this, all of us, except the

watch and engineers retired, trusting to the hand that guides all ships in calm and storms. About the third watch I fell to sleep. How long I slept I cannot now recall, but it was a troubled sleep. Horrid dreams of storms and monsters enveloped my half-awakened, dizzy mind.

I tossed hither and thither, restlessly, upon my uneasy pillow; I clutched at the empty air and moaned and dreamed on. Yet I did not sleep soundly, and all the while I was in a half-awake, sleepy stupor, my ears sensitive to every sound, yet my brain not fully comprehending it. Sleep and rest was impossible and to this day I don't remember ever having such a horrible, hideous night's rest as on this occasion. I slumbered on in this comatose state until far into the night then as if by instinct my senses all suddenly became alert. I felt that something awful was about to happen. I lay still for an instant, waiting for something extraordinary to occur. Then came a deafening roar from one of our guns, a loud grating crash and a wild cry of despair from the watch upon deck.

I was on my feet in an instant; I hastily dressed and sprang up the stairs to the deck. That something dreadful had happened or was about to happen was evident. I hurried through the hatchway and ran to the forward deck. Tom was already there, in fact, he had never left the helm, so great had been his dread of the coming storm. Some of the seamen, too, were upon the deck, hurrying hither and thither in the wildest confusion. I could see them all distinctly, as they rushed about and crying with mortal fear.

"What is it?" Tom, I asked hastily.

"The fleet of Hades, driven by the devil hissael!" cried Tom, "look there-a-away to the Sou'-westard, sir.

I quickly turned and looked in the direction he pointed. I had never felt a tremor of fear before, nor but little since, but I must confess now, that the sight that met my gaze in that instant, filled my whole being with the greatest fear; my limbs trembled, my eyes protruded, great drops of sweat formed upon my forehead and my whole frame shook and my brain seemed benumbed and dead. But in an instant I shook it off and was myself again. Directly to the North-east of us was a *Phantom Fleet* of ten massive, armored warships, with masts towering to the sky and great volumes of smoke pouring from their funnels. Directly in front of this Fleet a huge, phosphorescent monster stretched through the waters, into whose wide open jaws the *Phantom* vessel seemed to be sailing. This luminous object lit up the waters about us, and all the heavens. Upon the glistening decks of the "*Phantom Fleet*" could be distinctly outlined the forms of seamen, uniformed like the sailors in the navy of our own country. Each face seemed set and determined. From the armored turrets, surmounting the decks, were pointed great guns, while the sides of the vessels fairly bristled with open ports and guns. Two of the cruisers were exceedingly long and large, their masts and turrets towering into the skies far above the sails of the other vessels. Fore and aft were mounted massive turrets, each of which bore a complement of men and guns. The ships

were at least four hundred feet long, being built and equipped superior to any of the warships I had ever seen. To make the matter more puzzling the largest cruiser of the Fleet bore the flag of the United States—evidently the flag-ship of the fleet. To my certain knowledge there was no such powerful men-of-war\* in the United States' Navy. What did it mean? Whence came this splendid fleet and whither was it bound? These questions we could not answer. To this day these same questions are a puzzle to me. I knew that no nation under heaven had such a powerful fleet of vessels, and therefore I concluded that this fleet before us was of some phenomenal production.

The *Rescue* had now come to a dead stand; not a breath of wind rifled the sea; the heat was oppressive, and yet the mysterious fleet moved not, only the monster came onward with jaws wide open. We were now within a cable's

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\*This wonderful Phantom Fleet has since been reproduced in real life on the same waters, in the fleet of Admiral Sampson, in his search for Admiral Cervera's squadron. The monster evidently represented the Spanish nation.

On May the 8, 1898, Admiral Sampson's squadron, consisting of the flag-ship, "New York," the "Iowa," "Indiana," "Terror," "Amphrite," "Detroit," "Montgomery," "Porter," "Niagara" and a Dispatch boat lay off the coast of Haiti, some twenty miles from Cape Haytien. Sampson was in search of Admiral Cervera's fleet. Previously Sampson's squadron had made a thorough canvas of the seas east and south and it was now bound for Porto Rico. Possibly Admiral Sampson's fleet was placed in a kinetoscope vision before our adventurers twenty years before it actually plowed the Seas.

length of the Phantom fleet and the faces of the hundreds of seamen were plainly visible; even the stays and the topmasts, the turrets revolving, and the great guns at the ports, could plainly be seen. The waves began to roll and toss us forward carrying us immediately under the towering masts of the nearest war-ship. And yet they moved not, nor did the sailors stir or seem to perceive us. And nearer came the gigantic, luminous body.

"What is it, Roger?" exclaimed Jack, as he hastened to my side.

This speech recalled my attention from the marvelous phenomena in our front, and I turned to him with a jerk and said sharply.

"It is a fleet of supernatural production; no vessels like these belong to the United States Navy."

"Indeed it must be a phantom!" cried Ned as he joined us, "or we would ere now be at the bottom of the sea; see we have just passed through the port side of yonder cruiser!"

"So we have," cried Jack, "this is the strangest phenomena that I ever beheld. See those colossal masts and turrets; those prodigious guns; those massive plates of steel upon her sides and the glistening decks of the vessels."

"And see!" shouted Ned, "yonder prodigious turreted cruiser bears the ensign "New York" and she floats the flag of our own country."

"Look aft, look aft!" cried the sailors from behind.

Turning in the direction indicated, our eyes were greeted with a new horror. Our vessel

had so shifted that we were now on the leeward of the mysterious fleet and we were passing directly into the extended jaws of the hideous monster beyond. Turning to the men, I cried,

“To your posts lads; to your guns, Tom; reverse the engines Latimore;—make ready—quick or our doom is sealed.”

“Signal yonder cruiser, Roger,” called Jack, “let her withdraw and the danger may be averted.”

“Useless,” I replied, “man the guns; to your posts men, delay now is ruin—see it comes!”

Open mouthed, the behemoth was making for us, seemingly intent upon our destruction. It’s eyes, deep set in its hideous head, glared like living coals of fire; from its wide extended jaws and cavernous mouth issued great volumes of burning ether, giving forth the most offensive and sickening order that human sense could endure. Its massive body worked and writhed in the waters and from its sides streaks of fire shot out, like lightning, in every direction, illuminating the waters about us. It plunged and plowed the sea, creating great waves which rocked our vessel to and fro. The length of this creature must have been at least a thousand feet and the circumference of its huge head must have been one hundred feet. I have heard and read of great sea monsters, the shark, the whale and the Pytheon, but this was beyond them all. No Pytheon could ever reach the proportions or emit the fire, as this monster now before us. One flounce of this

monster would be sufficient to sink the largest vessel afloat. We were in eminent danger of being floundered by this thing, and instant action was necessary on our part. Be it Pytheon, behemoth, the devil or what not we must fight it regardless of the presence of the powerful fleet about us.

Our seamen were now recovering from their fright and were rallying to their posts. All realized that of the two dangers about us the last was the greater, and all stood firm to their duty to oppose this new one. The monster came nearer, and nearer; it was now within a hundred yards of us. Now was the time to act. Turning to the speaking tube I ordered the engineer to put on full reversed steam and to bring the vessel around starboard broadside. This was immediately carried out and in a moment our four broadside guns were trained upon the advancing monster, from the interior of which could plainly be heard the cries and groans of many people, as if in bitter anguish and despair. Nearer yet it came, crunching and splashing the pellucid ocean with its main. Suddenly our four guns belched forth their missils of destruction and our powerful search-light was brought to bear upon the cavernous jaws of the demon. Two shots struck the monster, which seemed only to arouse it to a greater fury than ever, for it surged forward at a greater pace and the waters boiled about it. Again our guns thundered, and again the monster plunged forward. The *Rescue* was now making good speed to the Westward leaving the Phantom Fleet, motionless, in the rear.

Yet the ponderous pytheon like serpent floundered along our side; and, notwithstanding our speed, was gaining upon us, emitting volumes of sulphurious flames, and hissing and crying and bellowing, as of the shrill voices of thousands of souls, tormented; and the harsh wails and shouts as of ten-thousand demons. Now our guns poured out their streams of fire again. Shots were striking it and its speed began to relax. Again and once again our guns hurled forth shot and shell against the seeming iron clad sides of the floating hell, yet to no avail.

We were now steaming at full speed and it was evident that the monster was relaxing its speed, for its effort to reach us was lessened. We were now several hundred yards away and pouring one last broadside into its sides it gave a mighty bellow of rage and plunged beneath the sea from our sight, and with its going darkness came and the waters were still. But the Phantom Fleet!

In the excitement that followed the appearance of the behemoth, the Phantom Fleet, for the moment passed from our memory. Yet it was not gone.

"The ship, the ship!" cried Jack, see the fleet is moving—it is going—passing from sight!"

Sure enough, for the first time, the fleet was moving—going to the Eastward. The iridescent light began to fade, the massive bulks of the vessels disappeared, then the turrets, and then the tall masts—slowly but surely drifting away; and strangely enough,

in the wake of the serpent we had just encountered. Now and then a mast rises over the waters then they disappear, one by one, from sight, leaving the night and the waters inky black. What was the meaning of it all? What was the mission of the Fleet in these waters? What the purpose of the offensive serpent? Why had this strange, silent, motionless Fleet sailed here and why did it so silently disappear when our guns had buried the monster serpent in the ocean? These are riddles that we have, as yet, never been able to solve.

But the serpent was gone and at its going the miraculous fleet passed away and far in the East, whence the mighty vessels disappeared, a bright and beautiful halo lit up the skies, and in the dim distance we could faintly hear, as it were, the shouts of praise and songs of deliverance, from the throats of thousands of people. And then all was silent and dark.

The tension of fear and excitement, the oppressive heat, and the stench of sulphurous fumes from the serpent, was now telling on our overtaxed minds and nerves. One by one the exhausted sailors dropped to the deck in an unconscious state; and, as the last spar of the evanescent fleet dipped beneath the rolling waters, and the beautiful halo in the east faded away, I too felt an unnatural stupor creeping over me. Tom, good, faithful old Tom, likewise seemed on the brink of succumbing to the lethargy; and Ned, who during

all the excitement, had stood firm at his post, was relaxing; Jack alone, the strongest of us all, still stood at his post gazing into the black night, seemingly seeking some unseen object upon which to train his gun. The ship gave a lurch, and her bows plunged heavily forward.

"There now," called Jack to me, "that devil of a monster is done for and our strange new American fleet has vanished; what next?"

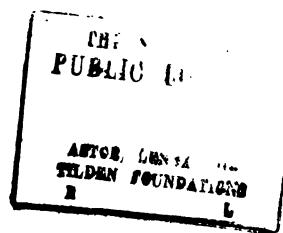
"Set our ship aright and clear away from these enchanted waters," I replied, "come with me below, something must be wrong."

"The vessel does act strangely," he returned, "Tom keep to your post until we return."

We hastened below and to our horror all of the engine crew was lying about upon the floor wrapped in uneasy slumber. One of the engines was thumping away at a fearful rate, while the other was entirely silent, thus throwing all the power to one side, causing the vessel to whirl around in the trough of sea. I was quite a hand at the engine myself and in a few moments I had brought the running machine to a stand while Jack was adjusting and starting the other engine in proper order. We chucked the grates full of coal and started the machines out at slow speed straight ahead. We then procured some ice and wine from the lockers and proceeded to resuscitate the overwrought and unconscious crew. In the course of an hour we succeeded in bringing them to their senses, and under the guidance of our faithful engineer, Latimore, the *Rescue* began to make good headway against the roll-

ing sea.

Seeing that all was going well below, Jack and I hurried aloft to see to Ned, Tom and the seamen. All save Tom were lying prone about the deck and one by one we drenched with wine and bathed with ice until at last they were able once more to go upon duty. But the winds were now rising and the waves were pouring over our port bows and our vessel was plunging madly across the billows. The winds rushed on with renewed energy each moment and we all became awakened to this new peril, realizing that our danger was great. As yet not a sail had been lowered and the masts were dipping forward from side to side, threatening to snap asunder at each blast. The blackness of the night increased and scarcely a man dared trust himself among the ropes and stays. At last we managed to haul in the top-sail, the pennant and the main and cut the others loose and make fast the stays, and then we went below trusting to a merciful providence to guide us through the remainder of the fearful night. The storm now broke over us in all its fury. The vessel drifted hither and thither through the angry sea. Our engines were useless in this storm and they were stopped and the fires were reduced. Not a soul dared mount the weather deck until the following morning. When the dawn came at last we were able to reach the deck; our sails were scattered and some of the masts were broken and shivered. The storm had not yet abated, but swept





THE "RESCUE" RIDING THE STORM.

down upon us at a terrific rate, and we were plunging over the troubled sea, almost a wreck. By the greatest exertions we hauled down the few remaining sails, I took my old position at the helm, determined to fight against the tide as long as life was left. Tom and Jack took charge of the deck and cleared away the broken spars, halyards and wreckage as best they could and the ship was put in shape to face the rough sea. I ordered Latimore to put on steam and proceed forward slowly, hoping thereby to counteract the force of the billows. We were now being driven with the storm at a terrible rate to the Southward and we feared that if we should escape the fury of the storm, we would be driven far off our course. The stout old schooner braved the storm with her usual behavior and good luck, and towards evening the winds abated. The sea became more calm and the schooner settled down with the sea. The sails were re-hoisted and set, the engines began to revolve with renewed energy and once more we were plowing through the waters at our usual speed. The shocks of the previous night had passed as a dream, and the spirits of the crew returned and the sailors leaped among the shrouds as of old. I hope never to experience such another night of terror as this, and I trust that no craft will ever again see its likes.

Without further mishap we made the port at Para, South America, ten days later, where

we enjoyed a much needed rest and had the schooner thoroughly repaired. We were well received by the officials and people in Brazil and had little difficulty in securing a permit to proceed up the Amazon River. Before resuming our journey, we were honored by a visit from the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II, who chanced to be in Para at the time, and he assured us that we should be protected while within his realm and he bade us welcome to the free use of Imperial Waters. However, before our final departure, the Imperial guard informed us of the supposed presence of a Chilean gunboat up the Amazon, and were told that if we were run down and captured by her, that the Government of Brazil would not be responsible; and that, therefore, we would have to look out for ourselves. Feeling confident that we were able to do this, our vessel was put in order and we at once renewed our journey.



## CHAPTER THREE.

### UP THE AMAZON.

**N**OW the great Empire of Brazil, which we were in, and in which we should complete our travels, was in a state of neutral blockade, on account of the Chili-Peruvian war, which had broken out between those two Republics during the winter previous to our departure from New York. This war had grown from a sauginary conflict along the coasts on the Pacific, to formidable proportions, which was disturbing and menacing the whole of the South American continent. So powerful was the Chilian navy, and so successful had it been in its operations, that her ships were penetrating every coast of the main and entering all unguarded rivers. Time and again had her gunboats tried to run the blockade at Para, and the mouth of the Amazon, seeking to land a flanking force in the Eastern provinces of Bolivia and Peru. Neutral laws were overridden by the intrepid Chilians, and it was now known by the Brazilian authorties, that at least one, if not more, of her cruisers was upon the Imperial waters. Every precaution had been taken to checkmate this bold movement, but it

had been accomplished, and there was no knowing to what complications the event would lead to. The Emperor, Dom Pedro, was neutral in this quarrel but he had no love for the Chilians, whom he considered the aggressors, and he had ordered out cruisers to overhaul the intrepid Chilians and escort them from Brazilian waters. To add to this, we knew that the Chilian government was in no way friendly with our own country, and we feared that, should we come in contact with her lawless cruisers, they would give us trouble. However, we determined to hazard the journey, feeling confident that we were able to defend ourselves against the cruiser or any other hostile ship that we might encounter on the Amazon. We gave our pledge to obey the laws of neutrality while in the Empire, agreeing not to molest any vessel we might meet unless first attacked. The Emperor ordered out a small gunboat with a crew of 100 men to escort us as far as to the mouth of the Madeira River, and also the Commanding Admiral at Para, Sebastian, furnished us an auxiliary crew of fifty men, under command of Senor Don Lucio Lopez, to proceed with us to Crato, where he was to reinforce the garrison. Captain Lopez brought aboard our vessel a considerable amount of small arms, munitions of war. The Imperial banner was hoisted alongside "Old Glory" and the flags of the two nations floated mutually and defiantly over the *Rescue*. The guns were temporarily mounted and our vessel was otherwise thoroughly ar-

ranged and equipped for instant action should we be attacked.

On the third day of September 1879, we sailed from Para, in company with the Brazilian gunboat "Imperialacio," up the great Amazon River. We were now to be considered as allies of Brazil, and under our common flag we felt that we were able to cope with any ordinary enemy. The Imperial gunboat took the lead and we followed her, feeling confident that it would take a superior force to check our progress.

The high tide that was now coming in from the sea increased the speed of our vessels and at the end of the first day we were far up the mighty Amazon. These tides, coming in at regular periods from the sea, were a source of terror to our seamen, who had never witnessed the wonderful phenomena before; and indeed, it occasioned me no little uneasiness, to see a solid wall of water, sometimes fifty feet high, roll up in our wake, threatening, like a colossal monster, to swamp our vessels in its mighty rush. These tides ascend the river upwards of four-hundred miles, and their terrific rush up the river is so sudden and destructive to small craft that the natives have given it the name of *Amassona*, or boat destroyer. The schooner braved these mountain walls of water like the gallant ship she was, and rose on the crest of the oncoming wave, as a sea-gull in the sky, and then sped forward as smoothly as a swan upon the sea. Here and there we could see the wreck of

some small craft which had been engulfed by the resistless power of the terrific tides.

For several days we made splendid progress, and so far we had not sighted any hostile craft, but as we neared the mouth of the Madeira the gunboat slowed her speed and Don Lucio began to show signs of uneasiness and he was continually on the lookout for strange vessels. I suppose that he knew a halter was about his neck should he be taken by the Chilians. His men, too, were in a constant state of anxiety, and the infection spread among our own sailors, and I felt that the crisis would come in a short time. All hands were ever on the alert.

We had now passed the city of Serpa, where we took on fresh supplies, and in the space of three more days we would enter the Madeira River. At Serpa, Don Lucio was informed that a Chilian cruiser and a small gunboat had been seen several days ago, but they had proceeded up the river towards Nanta. This information tended to lift our fears of an encounter with the Chilian freebooters, and I am satisfied at this day that Don Lucio was sorely disappointed, for he was eager to meet the audacious cruiser and engage her. He hated the Chilians! How his wishes came to pass will presently be seen. He was a man of powerful build, his face always wore a pleasant smile and his eyes twinkled and flashed in his head always laughing, yet eager. He was a brave soldier, possessing an unyielding spirit, and his will, strength and energy made

him a dangerous foe. He was an ally to be admired and trusted. The blood of three nations coursed through his veins,—Portugese, Spanish and Indian—yet he despised a Spaniard and detested the Indian. He was a true son of Portugal and he loved the Emperor as his own life. Such a man for an escort in this turbulent, ferocious, uncompromising part of the world was not to be despised. The country about us, as well as all the nations of South America, is composed chiefly of people of Spanish extraction, who are to my certain knowledge the most barbarous people on the globe. Faction against faction, city against city, province rebelling against province nation arrayed against nation, man against man—here a Spaniard, there a Portugese, yonder a clan of Indians, each arrayed against the other and continually at strife—a land where is a perpetual warfare, Woe to the wayfarer or traveler who chances here in time of riot or war. The struggles of the various Republics of this continent for independence of the tyranical mother country, had followed in bloody succession. In the North, the invincible Bolivar had driven the oppressors away, had freed his countrymen; in the South, the great and noble San Martin, had repulsed the iron hand of the tyranical taskmaster and the two, one marching from the North, the other from the South, had met in the Andean heights of historic Peru, and had mutually united in a common cause and their forces, under the beautiful banner of the sun, had driven the last armed minion of Spain across the sea, thus free-

ing the whole of the Spanish main from her grasp. But yet many bad men—many tyrants had been left, who kept up a continual petty warfare, and about them was a reign of terror. The dream of a Miranda had ended with a vision of the tyranical atrocities of a *Don Francisco Solano Lopez*. The oath of Bolivar for the liberties of South America was desecrated and trampled by the tyrants, *Quiroga* and *Rosa*. The aspirations of San Martin to see a united country, found its tomb in the fierce war now raging between Chili, arrayed in bitter hatred on one side, and the Republics of Peru and Bolivia on the other. A country of endless wars and riots. As for me, I know not which would be preferable, slavery under a tyronical mother country, or war, riot and death by the hands of a would-be liberator.\*

As I have said before, the Chili-Peruvian war was raging at the time of our journey, and to all intents the three Republics engaged would certainly be rent. The immediate cause of the Chili-Peruvian war, according to a statement from Don Lucio, was a dispute as to the possession of a narrow strip of land between the Andes and the sea, known as the

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\*It would seem that Mr. Evans had a horror of the Republics existing in South America at the time of his visit. But if he should chance through these benighted lands at this day a different picture would be seen. The South American Republics are merging from the days of ancient barbarism into a state of perfect civilization, and factional elements—wars and riots—are disappearing.

desert of *Tarapaca*, which was found to be a veritable silver mine. And also the fertilizing beds of Guano Islands. War, between the countries involved, broke out in January and was formally declared on April, 5, 1879.

Chili was well prepared and equipped for the conflict, and now her armies were invading and destroying the allied Republics of Peru and Bolivia. Chilian fleets blockaded all the Peruvian ports and destroyed her fleets, and it was only a matter of time when the allies would be at the mercy of the Chilians.\*

"Their success, both on land and sea," continued Don Lucis, "have emboldened the Chilians to such an extent that they have disregarded all neutral laws, and even now a Chilian army is encamped upon Imperial territory and their gunboats are infecting our waters. There is a vast, unexplored territory in Southwestern Brazil, which is rumored to contain great wealth and the Emperor believes that they intend to seize this part of his domain. It is known that the Cordillera Gerais contain vast riches, hence his majesty is sending troops and cruisers out to protect this territory. A great many of his majesty's subjects favor a democratic form of government and both Chili and Peru are sending spies into our midst to stir up a revolution."

"Do you think this will ever be effected

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\*This event occurred about a year later, when at the battle of Miraflores the allied armies were completely defeated by the Chilians.

Senor?" I asked.

"Indeed, no!" he cried, "His Majesty could crush such a movement at a blow."

"What influence will the Chili-Peruvian war have in Brazil?"

"It will result in the control of all the disputed territory lying west of the Rio Purus. Peru will be so weakened in this war that she will offer no resistance."

"Is this Chilian move a menace to Brazil?"

"Yes, but what will it benefit her; we can put out a fleet powerful enough to destroy her entire navy in a few weeks. Ah, Senor we have the power!"

"What of this cruiser on your waters now? Do you think she will molest us or any of his majesty's subjects?"

"I know she will," he replied, "she has already shown a hostility by passing over our waters. The Chilians are very intrepid."

"Where do you think these vessels are now?"

"They are surely near the mouth of Rio Madeira, I have been so informed, and I am a loggerhead if we don't come in contact with the daring devils before we reach the Madeira."

"What manner of craft is she?"

"The cruiser is unprotected and carries ten guns, the gunboat is a rotten craft carrying eight guns."

"Then we can lick 'em," cried Ned, "see your vessel yonder is protected and carries twelve guns; this vessel is shell proof and has eight guns, besides yours, which makes ten; let them come, and we'll show them what an American can do."

"Bag your game before you count it, Senor," replied the Don, "the Chilians may surprise you; they are perfect dare-devils and fight like demons."

"Then you think that we will meet no mean foe," I replied, "and such may be the case. Jack help Tom clear our deck for action; Senor Lucio, arrange your men in order; signal yonder gunboat to clear and be prepared for the encounter."

These orders were carried out. Every plate of armor and every gun was put in place and every man was assigned to certain posts of action. It was a great surprise to Don Lucio to note the changes in our ship as the orders were carried out. He had never dreamed that our vessel was armored nor was he aware of the fact that we carried heavy guns or a ram, and it astonished him to see the revolving turret of four guns hoisted into position. He had believed our vessel to be unprotected and without arms. Now he was amazed at the wonderful transformation, and he was delighted to know that we carried ten guns of modern make. Even to our countrymen, the make up of this old schooner, would be new and novel, for its like never floated on any sea. No one but a bold, inventive buccaneer would ever have thought of constructing such a ship. The modern improvements—the new guns and turret—had been put in the same manner of secrecy as the original, and when fully trimmed for action the vessel was equal to any ship of its class afloat.

Two more days passed and yet, there was no sign of the enemy; and, on the eve of the third day, he was not in sight; but all felt that we would soon meet him. On retiring for the night on this day I summoned Jack, Ned and Tom to my cabin for a private consultation. We all agreed that it would be best to do battle with the Chilians at the first show of hostilities. Indeed I believe, even now, that we were eager for a spat of some kind, in order to arouse our spirits for our further travels. I am certain that I was eager to engage the Chilian, and I think all the rest were in the same mood, although Ned now denies his eagerness to fight the stranger.

"Lads," I said, as all were about to retire, "I have here six complete suits of plate and link armor that once belonged to Captain Thorne, and I want each one of us to wear a suit of it constantly from this night on, what say you Tom?"

"Ae Cap'n," he replied; "thea be one that Ia have worn before, gang it me uow."

"So you have Tom, bring forth yonder locker, take your mail and fit a suit of it to each of us; put it on Ned."

And we all fit upon us the shirts and coats of steel. Captain Thorne's own suit fit Jack excellently and he resembled a knight-errant of old, as he stood, erect and tall, in his heavy steel.

"It is lucky you thought of this Roger," he said, "it may save us many a wound, or even death itself."

"This helmet will save my scalp, I know," cried

Ned, who was greatly elated over his coat of mail.

“Your scalp is not worth saving, you little vixen,” laughed Jack, in which we all joined.

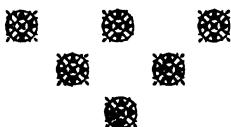
After selecting and fitting our armor, we retired for the night, and fell into slumbers, dreaming of great battles, heroic deeds, monsters and of the mysterious country hidden in the mountains.

“Now came still evening on, and the twilight gray,  
Had in her sober living, all things clad:

Silence accompany’d: for beast and bird,

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were gone, all but the wakeful nightingale.”

—SHAKESPEARE.



## CHAPTER FOUR.

### THE BATTLE ON THE AMAZON.

I slept the sleep of the just. We were steaming up the river at full speed, and we hoped that by morning the Madeira would be reached. Towards midnight I awoke, and the vessel had come to almost a dead stand, and there was shouting and hurrying back and forth upon the deck. I hastily clasped the suit of mail about me, dressed and hurried aloft. Men were running about in confusion, some were at the guns, some were gathering arms and munitions; and others, among the Brazilians, were shouting, cursing, and gestulating wildly. As I appeared on deck, Senor Lucio joined me, exclaiming,

“Si, see Senor! they are coming,—the Chili-ans!”

I glanced up the river and to my astonishment, I saw a massive cruiser several hundred yards away, bearing down upon us. The Imperial gunboat had, on sight of the cruiser, slowed up and was now floating along our starboard with ports open and decks cleared\*

“Will she fight us, Senor?” I asked.

“She will, Senor Roger,” he answered, “see her ports are open and her guns in position; I am expecting a shot from her at any moment.”

“Clear away, lads, make ready for action” I called to the sailors. “It is as you say, Don Lucio, she will attack us; get your men and guns in position, let all wear broad-swords; clear away, lads, there is mischief in yonder craft. To your posts all.”

“Aye, aye, sir!” cried a hundred eager voices, as they hastened to obey the command.

“Jack, take command of the port turret guns; Ned, you take charge of the star-board broadside. Tom will manage the forward turret; be firm and make every shot tell.”

“Aye, aye, sir!” they returned. “You may depend on us Cap’n” called Ned, as he stepped to his post, “and see if we don’t make it so hot for yonder vessel that she will regret ever being born.”

Whereupon we all shouted with laughter. I said all, but there was one exception, Don Lucio. He failed to see any fun in the birth of such a formidable enemy that was bearing

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\*We presume that it was a very bright moon-light night.

down upon us, but between his clinched teeth he muttered, that "yonder vessel was no tinkling toy but a damned living reality."

"Senor Edward," he continued, "will see some hard fighting before yon cruiser draws her colors. Those Chilians are devils in battle—look out for fun if she boards us."

"Which she is not likely to do," retorted Ned.

"See, see!" cried Jack, "she is heaving port; no, she is moving upon our gunboat."

"She will fall astern and seek to ram us, senor Roger," said Don Lucio, "look out lively."

"Lively men, port about," I ordered; then I called from the trumpet to the gunboat, "keep full port broadside upon her, fall back!"

The cruiser was now bearing upon us slowly but surely, and the next few moments would bring the crisis. I had taken my stand on the bridge where I had direct command of the ship and communication with the engine rooms below. A series of signals had been arranged, by means of electric bells, and I could direct the movement of our vessel as I pleased, and I could also note the movements of the vessels about us. Our vessel had come to a dead stand, but when the cruiser began to flank us, I signaled the engineer to throw on steam, and the pilot to port her. The *Rescue* swung round, rotating backward at full speed. The cruiser noted our move and instantly steamed full upon our port.

We awaited with anxiety her next move. Evidently she was avoiding our broadside. I signaled for more steam and forward motion, and instantly the schooner shot forward directly towards the cruiser. We were now within eight hundred yards of her stem, it being my intention, in case of hostilities, to run directly under her prows and pour a full broadside into her. In this she sought to checkmate us, but to no avail.

Everything was now as still as death. No words were spoken, and nothing save the throbbing of the engines and splash of the waters broke the silence. Every eye was riveted on the cruiser. Don Lucio noted every movement, and perceiving my intentions of running under the prows of the cruiser came forward and said,

"Holy Virgin, senor, check up this mad course, or you'll ram into her."

"So I will," I replied coolly, "if she does not clear our way."

"Heavens man! you will sink your own vessel, and all aboard if you do.

"I will sink *her* first," I replied, pointing toward the now motionless cruiser. "To your post, man; see, she signals, slow up, port about. Look out, she is going to fire!"

"She is, she is!" he cried, "look out!"

At this moment I signaled, 'reversed steam, port' and instantly we plunged heavily port round and steamed back. The action of the ship was so sudden that the men were all thrown upon the deck. But that action saved

our vessel from being swept by the shot from the cruiser that now came hissing across the waters. The glaring missil, well aimed at our vessel, sped across our bows and plunged madly into the waters beyond us. This shot was followed by another which went crashing through the masts and shrouds above us, the men on the cruiser shouting lustily as the shell bursted over us.

The time for action had come. I signaled for steam dead ahead, then called out to the men at the guns,

"Guns in position, sweep her deck full broadside, aim, fire!"

We were now well on her port side, and noting our latest manoeuver, she swung round to give us her stem, but the movement was made to late. Four of our eight pounders belched forth their death dealing shells, and the two cannons from Don Lucio's quarter boomed out at the same instant, lighting up the waters. So great was the concussion of this terrific simultaneous fire that the ship seemed to leap from the water, and every man on board was thrown to the deck.

Every shot of that terrible volley struck the cruiser, some of the shells exploding on her decks. It was evident that we had crippled her, and for a moment it seemed that she would go down. But only for a moment, then she steadied, swung round and began to move away. We followed up our advantage and moved after her. The Brazilian gunboat closed in upon her and the shots from our ships did excellent work. The Chilian now opened a terri-

fic fire upon us, but her shots fell wide of the mark, and did us little harm. But the victory was not yet ours. We were now in full chase and were rapidly gaining on our adversary, when a new danger confronted us. Far up the river could be seen some long dark object moving towards us. We all realized that this was the Chilian gunboat coming to the rescue. She was at first hardly perceptible, but the powerful search light on our vessel plainly outlined the long, dark sides of the craft. We checked our speed and held a council, agreeing that it would be best to await her. She was now coming rapidly down the river and the fire flew from her red funnels in streaks; her ports were closed and not a light flashed from her decks; not a man or gun was visible and it was evident that she was a powerful vessel. As she crept nearer and nearer to us through the black waters, a death like silence prevailed and not a man dared speak, all gazing as if transfixed, upon the powerful and gloomy ship, fearing that in this new enemy we would meet a determined and powerful foe. The Chilian cruiser was speedily withdrawing from our lar-board side and was making for the ponderous vessel in our front. That they were confederates could no longer be doubted, although we could not make out the stranger's color. This filled us with alarm and another council was held, all agreeing that if this new enemy was what she appeared, she was a powerful and armored monitor carrying many guns and hundreds of men and if such was the case we could scarcely hope to match her

in the conflict. She exchanged signals with the cruiser and came on seemingly bent on our capture or destruction, which she came near accomplishing. The suspense on our part was growing oppressive. That it would take quick and decisive action to meet such a foe was apparent.

"In the name of all the saints, Senor Evans," cried Don Lucio approaching my side, "what is to be done?"

"Fight her," I replied as coolly as possible, "there is no way to escape unless we surrender, which I object to; heaven only knows what the result will be"

"She is a powerful craft," said Jack as he joined us, "and I think we will have to both fight and run."

"You are right Jack," I returned, "we will have to fight and run and run and fight, and even then we may not escape her. Go to your posts, hoist the two twelve pounders on the fore-deck, make everything ready and we will give her a warm reception."

"Aye, aye sir," cried Ned, "and we will find out what sort of metal she's made of."

"If they don't try our metal first sir," I replied. "To your duty now. Senor, post your men on the quarter-deck and train your guns on yonder bulk, and see to it that each of your men wears two revolvers in addition to side arms, and in the event we are boarded hew them down without mercy. I will steer the vessel and keep up signals with our gun-boat; have no fears and we may yet elude her."

After giving these brief orders, I signaled

our gunboat to join in close to us and pull ahead, keeping a full broadside towards the enemy. Our vessel was now under way, and every man stood at his post awaiting, with bated breath, the action of the enemy. As our vessels moved over the water the gigantic craft in our fore slackened speed, threw open her numerous ports, from which dazzling streaks of light shot across the water, and her powerful search-light was thrown directly across our vessels. We expected a shot from her at any moment. We were now under full steam, and were passing her lar-board side. I signaled for more steam. The vessel shot forward with renewed energy making at least twenty knots an hour. Our engineer realized our perilous situation and he was crowding the furnaces to their utmost. So sudden and swift was this last move that we were now clear of the war-ship's lar-board side, and for the moment she lost our position. This danger was averted, and we were for the time safe. It was my intention to pass the cruiser, by running close in, on her lar-board side, thus avoiding her lights, hoping thereby to escape her fire and probably to elude her in the darkness altogether. But such was not to be the case. Our gunboat could not keep our terrific speed and fell far behind, thus giving the Chilians the advantage. We were compelled to slack up in order for the gunboat to re-join us. The Chilian now located us, and to add to our peril she was soon joined by the cruiser. Our position was becoming perilous and there was no alternative but to fight or

surrender. Our heaviest guns and armor plate was in our stem, and our stern, which was almost unprotected was now facing the Chilians. I signaled for the ship to right about and face the enemy. This order was carried out before the enemy detected the manoeuver, and we were now facing them with a full broadside. I then signaled to reverse and put on full steam and proceed up the river. We now had them at advantage should they close in and we hoped yet to escape their vigilance. But such was not their intentions; for suddenly and without warning there came a tremendous roar from her sides and the blazing balls came whizzing over the water in our wake, but luckily none of them hit us.

The enemy now put on full steam and bore down upon us. The time for action had come, and we must fight and win or perish. Don Lucio was thoroughly aroused at the audacity of the Chilians, and was auxious to begin the battle. So were all aboard both our vessels.

"Senor Evans," he cried, "must we give them our broadside?"

"Wait one moment," I replied. "she will soon be nearer us and in better position for our shots to sweep her."

"By all the saints in Heaven," he returned fiercely, "you would await your own destruction!"

"By Heavens, Roger," called Jack, "it is ruinous to delay longer, give her a shot."

"Be nae sae hasty, lads," broke in Tom calmly, "Roger be commander here, heed him an

Ia be sworn he nae best."

"You are right, Tom," I said quietly enough, "I will give the word when the time comes to fire; to your posts; guard there; make ready; position, full broadside—fire!"

The opportunity to strike home had come. The Chilians were now within a cable's length of us and for some purpose the cruiser had reversed and pulled alongside of us, and the monitor was directly on our stem and every shot from our guns hit the mark. Our gun-boat now opened fire and the battle became general. Shots were rapidly exchanged and the clank of arms and shouts of men could be heard above the din of the conflict. As yet our vessel had not been struck by any dangerous shot, but the missils from the enemy were pouring against her sides or plunging madly across the decks and hissing wildly through the spars and masts. But we were laboring under great disadvantage, our vessel was bearing the brunt of the conflict. I knew that unless we made some decided move soon a shot would find some fatal spot and sink us. I decided to put a speedy end to the unequal contest or perish in the attempt. Before acting on the resolution formed in my mind I called Jack and Tom to me.

"What is it Roger?" Jack asked as he came up.

"I mean to ram yonder vessel. Tom see that the machine is properly adjusted; Jack you and Ned post your men aft and train your guns on the enemy, fire when your chance comes; post Don Lucio star-board and stern,

prepare for the worst if we are boarded. Away now and Heaven protect you this night."

"Your command shall be obeyed, dear Roger," cried Jack, grasping my hand, "it is the only move we can make, if we go down—fare-well!"

"Ia be wi' ye unto the last Roger," called Tom, as he left for his post, "an' thae it be to face the deil hissael Ia be wi' ye to conquer heal—mon dieu!"

"Fare-well, my friends, we lose all or gain all by this one last desperate move; be on your guard in the event that we do not go down and are boarded."

"Trust us for that Roger," replied Jack. And each of them grasped my hands and hurried away to carry out my instructions.

Meanwhile the battle was going on about us and the shot and shells were whizzing and bursting on every side, illuminating the waters and lighting up the heavens. Don Lucio and his men were bearing up bravely under the heavy fire and I felt that it would not be best to make known to them my intentions. Acting now upon my final plans, I ordered the engines to steam up and reverse. She now began to back up the river slowly, then came to a dead stand. Then I signaled below, "all right! move forward; lar-broad; full steam straight ahead." The vessel plunged forward heavily, then righted about and shot through the waters like a meteor. The enemy perceived our movement, flashed signals, drawing nearer to each other. Fearing a crush if we were caught between the enemy's vessels, we tacked about and I signaled for more steam.

Our engines were pressed to their utmost capacity, the vessel plunging forward at a terrific rate. Firing from all sides had now ceased, all perceiving our purpose, left their posts and waited in breathless expectation for the terrific shock. We ran directly between the enemy cutting off their fire. Taking advantage of this position, I called out to the men at the guns,

"Give the brig a broadside, port guns sweep the deck of the cruiser, quick; fire!"

"Aye, eye, sir," came eager response. Immediately every gun on our ship poured out a tremendous shower of shell and shot into our enemy's sides. The gunboat also delivered a murderous broadside into the cruiser. The cruiser began to withdraw slowly, evidently fatally crippled. I ordered more steam and struck out for the monitor with doubled speed. When within a cable's length of her we gave her another broadside. Then in the next instant our ram struck her just below the water's edge and we crashed violently into her side. Just as she struck, I signaled, "Reverse; stern about," and then I fell with a crush to the deck and all for an instant became blank. For several seconds I lay prostrate and senseless on the floor, unable to regain my feet or recall what had happened. When I recovered sufficiently to realize what was going on, I seized the signal bell and rang "Back out, and slow down." Our engineer, who was an old seaman, faintly responded, "reversed steam on." Then in a few moments more "slowing up." The old tar, when he realized what was coming, when we

rammed the brig, had held on to the throttle until the crash came, then he threw off all his steam and fell to the floor, thus escaping the terrible jar that had upset the rest of us. When I signaled for reverse steam he was on his feet in an instant, grasped the lever and reversed his machine. The vessel backed away slowly. Seeing that all was well, I hastened to the deck to look after my companions, fearing that some of them might have been seriously injured in the terrific concussion, or carried overboard. The vessel was trembling and rocking uneasily. Spars and masts were scattered about the deck in confusion, men were crying and groaning on every hand and it seemed that my worst fears were realized.

I hurried forward to the post consigned to my friends. Jack was already on his feet, rescuing a sailor who was pinned to the deck by a broken mast. Other seamen about us were crying for help but I hurried by them to where Tom and Ned had been stationed. Neither of them was to be seen.

"Tom, Ned!" I cried, "where are you?"

"Here, Roger," came a feeble voice, "here am I."

It was Ned's voice, but I could not, for the life of me, locate him.

"Where, my boy?" I called, "what has happened?"

"Here, Roger," he returned faintly, "over the lar-board taff-rail."

I hastened to the spot and sure enough there he was, pinned between two masts, suspended

over the waters.

"Hold fast a moment, and I will pull you off."

I called Jack to my assistance and between us we succeeded in hauling him off. He was badly hurt and Jack carried him below to dress his wounds.

I hurried away to look for Tom. The work of rescue was now becoming general and one by one the imprisoned and wounded men were being released and carried below, but as yet no one had seen Tom.

As I have said before, no one save Tom and Jack knew what was going to happen until our vessel struck the enemy. Tom was at the stern when the crash came.

Now, when the people on the Chilian saw that we were going to ram her, a guard of thirty men was stationed at the side of our thrust, and were ordered to board us, which they did. Most of our men were lar-board, star-board and stem when the crash came and only Tom was astern. Tom, seeing the Chilians purpose to board us, drew his blade and tried to beat the guard back, but he, too, toppled over at the general shock and the Chilian guard tumbled over the taffrail, in confusion, upon him. So great was the confusion after the shock that none of us were aware of what had occurred, and so intent had we been in rescuing our own men in the few moments succeeding, that none of us were aware of the fact that we had been boarded. In fact such an idea was foreign to myself as well as to Don Lucio and the

others. When I approached the stern in search of Tom, I had no other thought but that the forms, huddled together in the stern, were our own men until I heard the startling cry from their midst, as I approached,

“Viva, la Chili! viva, la Chili!”

Their cry was echoed from the warship, which was standing nearby. Taking the situation at a glance, I called to them to surrender. But they had no intentions of doing this and drawing their blades, they rushed towards me crying,

“Viva la Chili; down with the Imperial tyrants!”

I snatched my blade from its sheath and a revolver from my belt, presented them at the oncoming mob and again ordered them to surrender, but they came rushing on and I opened fire upon them, bringing down a man at each shot. When all the chambers of my piece were emptied I fell back, hewing away at them with my sabre. Don Lucio hearing the firing and guessing the cause, came up with a detachment of his men to my rescue. I was almost surrounded and had it not been for my stout helmet and coat of steel, I would have been finished in short order by these ferocious demons. With a wild shout Don Lucio and his men fell upon them and the uproar became general. Our own men now came up and joined in the conflict, beating the Chilians back to the sides of the vessel. Men were fighting and falling all about me, and it was evident that the enemy was getting the worst of it. Jack, hearing the tumult, rushed upon deck

and fell upon the mob dealing out such terrific blows right and left that the Chilians began to cry for quarter.

"No quarter for a dog of a Chilian," cried Don Lucio, falling upon them with renewed energy.

Ten of them were now dead upon the deck and a dozen others wounded. They now became panic stricken, some even jumping overboard to escape the ponderous blows of the enraged Brazilians. Jack withdrew from the unequal contest and we awaited the action of Don Lucio and his men. Seeing that he was bent on the utter destruction of the now resistless Chilians, I approached him saying,

"Desist, Don Lucio, and make them prisoners; it is inhuman to hew down unresisting men."

"The devil man, they would have murdered us, down with the last man of them. Viva Brazil, viva la Emperor!" he cried and fell upon them again.

"Stop Don Lucio!" thundered Jack now aroused at such barbarism, "stop or by heavens you will have me to fight!"

"Come on then, you loony lout," cried Don Lucio, in a furious passion, "and I will learn you how to interfere with other people's business. On, men, on; down with the devils; on, on; no quarter!"

Both men were thoroughly aroused. Don Lucio made a vicious thrust at Jack, but the latter parried the blow and stood on the defensive. Seeing that something must be done

to stop this needless combat, I stepped between the two men exclaiming,

“Tie Jack; for shame Don Lucio, desist in this useless broil and be men. Jack, put up your blade; Don Lucio curb your passion and sheathe your sword; call off your men, desist I command you!”

Don Lucio dropped his blade, grasped Jack's hand, begged his pardon, which was well, for he would have been no match for the powerful man before him.

“Viva la Brazil, viva la Americans,” he cried, “fall back my men, fall back!”

Thus ended this delicate broil. The few remaining Chilians were made prisoners and stowed in the hold. The task of clearing the deck was now begun. The wounded were being cared for and the dead heaved overboard. While this work was going on, I was searching for Tom.

Poor old Tom, I found him at last lying beneath a heap of dead and wounded Chilians, covered with dirt and blood. He was wounded in a dozen places and was almost dead. I carried him to the Cabin, where I dressed his wounds and nourished him with wine. When he had somewhat revived, I left him in Ned's care and went upon the deck. We were steaming slowly up the river.

But what a condition our ship was in. The masts and shrouds were a complete wreck and the decks were badly shattered. At least half our men had been killed or wounded in the conflict. The work of clearing the wreckage was

still going on. The Brazilian gunboat was standing down the river, near the scene of the battle, and was throwing an occasional shot into the now silenced cruiser, which was going down. The monitor, too seemed to be settling. Boats, filled with men, were being lowered from her sides. Our desperate thrust against her side was her death blow. Our gunboat now advanced upon the ships, picking up the scattered boats and making their occupants prisoners.

"What has been the result?" asked Jack as he joined me on the fore deck.

"The cruiser is sinking and the brig is badly crippled," I replied, "see our gunboat is picking up the scattered men."

"They are done for then and are not likely to renew the attack."

"Hardly; see, see, the brig is on fire!"

"She is, she is; and heavens, many of her men are yet on board; her magazines are on fire; look out!"

"By Saint Jago, Senor, that is a fearful sight," exclaimed Don Lucio, who joined us.

"Down men, down for your lives," I cried, "she is going to explode!" As I called out, a great sheet of flame flashed into the air, lighting the heavens. This was immediately followed by a tremendous roar and a violent shaking of the waters. Masts, guns, men and wreckage shot up into the air, then came crashing into the waters about us. The vessel settled on her beam ends and disappeared beneath the water. The cruiser, now desert-

ed, quickly followed her companion, and as her bulk sank, we shouted one long triumphant shout of victory.

We now steamed back to aid the gunboat in picking up the stragglers from the enemy's sunken vessels, and in the course of an hour this work was finished. It was a glorious victory—a cruiser sunk, a brig blown up and over a hundred men captured! But what had been the cost? We had lost on both vessels fifty men, our vessel was barely able to float and the gunboat was badly crippled. I have seen many a sea fight in my day, but the thoughts of this last one makes me shudder, even at this day. But it is all over now, and I am content in my distant refuge and I shall never see its likes again.



## CHAPTER FIVE.

### ON THE MADEIRA.—ACROSS THE PLAINS OF FIRE.

Morning had now come, and, after restoring order upon our shattered decks as well as possible, we resumed our journey up the Amazon. At noon we steamed into the beautiful Madeira. Our wounded were cared for and doing well; our dead were placed away in the stateroom where they were to remain until we reached Crato, where they would be buried. Tom, under the good offices of Ned and the steward, was rapidly recovering from his injuries and promised to report for duty in a few days. In our shattered and crippled condition we made but slow progress on the placid Madeira, but at the end of the sixth day from our encounter with the Chilians, we steamed into port at Crato, a worn and woe-begone lot of men. Tom was able now to be on duty, as of old, and it did him good to see us alive and well.

We were given a hearty welcome at Crato, for the news of our victory over the Chilians

had preceded us. The people turned out *en masse* to applaud and honor us. Our dead were buried with due respect and ceremonies by the enthusiastic Catholic people. Our every want was attended to. The prisoners were taken to the castle *El Morro*, and Don Lucio's company was posted on the fortifications of the city. The gunboat was moored at the wharf, where she was to undergo repairs. Our own vessel was thoroughly repaired and our missing sailors replaced by Brazilian seamen. After a delay of two months, we were again ready to put to sea—or river in this case, and on the 16th day of January 1880, we resumed our journey. Our departure from Crato was heralded with a general firing of guns and shouting of the people, which resembled more a triumph than the exit of a half a dozen wandering adventurers.

So thrilling and dangerous had been our voyage thus far that we had but little opportunity to enjoy the beautiful and novel scenes of the country in which we were traveling. Along the enchanting banks of the Madeira river, and, indeed, far back to the low line of hills in the distance, stretched vast forests and endless wastes of tropical vegetation. Here are found the India-rubber trees, rose-wood, cocoa, cinchona, coca, palm, cinnamon, orange and figs interlaced with tropical vines and plants in endless variety. These vast forest-jungles are so dense and interwoven that an object cannot be seen ten paces away and for one to become lost in the interior, all

hopes of escape must soon be abandoned. These millions of acres of boundless forests are filled with almost every species of wild animals known to the American continent. Thousands upon thousands of monkeys and apes congregate along the riverside and keep up such a chattering, that a human voice cannot be distinguished fifty yards away. These monkeys dread the water, and here I saw for the first time, a living monkey bridge, of which I had heard and read so much about. When a multitude of monkeys wish to cross one of the smaller streams, they assemble along its banks and one of the strongest will scale a tall tree, wrap its tail and hind legs about an overhanging branch and begin to swing. Then another will slide down this one's back, lock his legs and tail about it's neck, swinging all the while; this one is followed by another, and another and so on, until a long, living, swinging chain is formed. When satisfied the chain is long enough to reach across the stream, the motion of the swinging process is increased until finally the lower monkey succeeds in grabbing a high branch on the opposite side. He then crawls up the tree to the proper distance and the bridge is made, over which all the other monkeys safely pass. Then comes the most inspiring movement of all. When all are over the old ape hanging to the tree on the opposite bank, lets his hold go and down goes the chain-bridge, landing safely on the other shore.

Here, too, is found all kinds of insects and poisonous reptiles. It is the home of the

dangerous Boa-constrictor, whose length often runs to one hundred feet. On the rolling plains beyond is the home of the Ant-eater, and in the depths of the forest may be heard the miscellaneous cries of wild-cats, panthers, jaguars and other ferocious beasts. The myriad of insects that swarm along the river makes life miserable. The crab-like mosquitoes are as large as gad-flies and they can extract one's blood through a shirt of steel. The beauties of this uninhabited and unexplored land all *vanish into chaos* when one must be at continual warfare with the pests that inhabit its virgin forests.

Here, too, the mighty Condor of the Andes swoops down into the unbroken forest and preys upon the beasts of its choice. This bird, the greatest of earth, is one to be admired in her lofty flights, and dreaded with awe when brought in close contact. She has been seen carrying off children and even men and women in her mighty talons. This is a wonderful region, abounding in vast stores of riches which only await the coming of civilization to gather them. Will man ever conquer this vast, wild, fertile region and bring it within the limits of civilization? I doubt it; yet this vast storehouse of wealth is a tempting bait, in full view and within easy grasp of the restless overflowing nations of the world.

I will leave this subject for future ages to settle and return to my story. We were now, ascending the Madeira, and our voyage would soon come to an end. Our objective point was

Salado, a mission around which a small settlement had grown, situated on the Rio Machabo twenty leagues above its junction with the Madeira. Six days after leaving Crato we steamed into Rio Machabo and arrived at Salado a few hours later. Now Salado\* is the last post of civilization between Crato and the Geral mountains. To over scrupulous people, even here civilization would seem like barbarism. But it is at least a stopping place. Perhaps to some lone, lost wanderer a haven of rest. The only building of any note is the station chapel, built perhaps a hundred years ago by some devout mission Catholic priest, in which were to be gathered the wild jewels of the surrounding forests. This house was built of stone and mud and was about forty feet square with a flat, thatched roof. Adjoining were several smaller houses of wood and stone. Scattered about were a few tumbled down huts, better fit for the abode of beasts than human beings. But however humble the surroundings, here we found a refuge.

As a matter of respect and courtesy, Don Lucio had come this far with us, and he proved to be a great help to us in securing guides and additional transportation. When the Father of the station was made acquainted with our history and our mission, he made us welcome in his humble abode.

“He who strikes in defense of His Majesty,”

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\*This old mission is now deserted and in ruins and the old chapel serves only as a den for beasts. Few boats rarely ascend the river this far now.

he said, "is my bosom friend; you are welcome to Salado."

"Thank you, kind Father," I replied. "It does us good to know that we have such a friend."

"My mission is for good," he returned with solemnity, "I have lived a long life and have mingled with all classes of men. The wild savages, that roams the vast forests, come to me for instruction; I have been confessor to nobles, princes and kings, yet I have never misjudged man. Wherever I meet man I know him; my criterion is judgement; I know you; I am satisfied."

"Reverend Father we know you are a good and noble man and you have our undying gratitude for your hospitality, and we feel that you will render us all the aid in your power to help us in our great undertaking."

"I will," he replied, crossing himself; "I will for the cause of Christ; follow me."

We followed him into his humble abode, where he offered us such food and refreshments as were at his command. He was a fluent talker and while seated around his board, I made known to him the purpose of our journey, and described to him, as best I could, the great country to which we were going. I told him of the chart and how, by chance, it came into our possession. As I revealed all this to him, a smile lit up his stolid face, as I proceeded his face grew brighter and his eyes sparkled, when I finished the story he turned and called out,

"Sebastian, Sebastian! come here!"

Immediately a youth, of Indian extraction, appeared, and Father Mileno whispered something in his ear and bade him depart saying,

"Hasten Deigo, and return to me at once," then turning to us he continued, "Forgive me, my sons, for my presumption upon your patience, "for this is a matter that may benefit you."

"Anything that you do will be received in good faith on our part," replied Jack wonderingly.

"Yes, yes, good Father," chorused the rest of us, "we have explicit confidence in your good offices."

"I will not keep you long in suspense," he replied, "this matter is of great importance. Here is Deigo now; what news Deigo?"

"The Señor Hernando will come at once, Father," replied the youth bowing and crossing himself.

"Tis well; you may retire Deigo."

The lad disappeared and we waited with bated breath for the coming of Señor Hernando. We did not have to wait long, for in a few moments after Deigo made his exit a man was ushered into the room. He was near seven feet in height, heavily built and straight as an arrow. A short thick beard covered his face, his eyes were jet black and deep set and his massive head was set squarely on his broad shoulders. His habit was simple; a long cloak fell from his shoulders to the ground, covering the whole exterior; a long heavy blade dangled at his side and he carried a forty-four caliber

express across the right shoulder. His head was covered with a cap made of panther skin and around his feet were fastened stout raw-hide sandals. A man of powerful physique, evidently half priest, half hunter, and of more than ordinary intellect. A strong, bold and dauntless man who dared traverse the wildest regions of earth. Such a man was Senor Hernando.

"I have come, Holy Father," he said in a deep voice mingled with tenderness and respect, "what wouldest thou have of me?"

"Come hither Senor," replied the priest, "and thou shalt know what I would of thee."

He drew nearer the priest's side, who whispered hurrily and excitedly in his ear. The whole aspect of Senor Hernando's face changed as the father concluded. They had withdrawn to a considerable distance from us, leaving us in a state of uneasy bewilderment.

"What do they mean?" whispered Jack to me, "I like not their secret manner."

"Have no fear," I replied, "it must be something concerning us; be patient and all will be made clear."

"See what a change has come over yonder giant's face," whispered Ned, "Jehosephat! what a tower of strength!"

"Hush!" I whispered, "they are coming."

They now joined us and Senor Hernando turned to me and said,

"Senor, I would be pleased to see the chart."

I drew forth the case in which the chart was stored, took that precious document out and

handed it to him. He carefully unfolded it, glanced over it rapidly, noting every line and angle, folded it and returned it to me saying,

“It is the same; how came you by it?”

I related to him the history of the chart, how, when dying, in the forests of the Amazon, Don Carlos had given the precious document to Tom, requesting him to preserve it; how the old Don had then died and was buried in the forest and how Tom had brought the script to me, relating the story and that now we were on a journey in quest of the great, unknown land it described. When I mentioned the death of Don Carlos, the Señor startled and great tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, his bosom heaved with emotion and his massive frame trembled with grief. As this emotion passed away, he turned to us and cried out passionately,

“Poor, poor Carlos what a life his has been; would that I could have been near him in his last hours; I loved him well!”

“You knew Don Carlos then?” I asked.

“Ah, indeed! he was my bosom companion. Many a day and month have we tramped over the mountains and plains together; he never rested content only when in the distant wilds. I was with him, far away yonder, when he saw the wonderful country beyond the Cordillera. But I saw it not, only he dared to mount the jagged heights, in spite of the guard, and catch a glimpse of the eldorado beyond. From that

one sweeping vision, he made the chart you have. He tried to organize an expedition to return to the land, but it failed, no one believing his wonderful descriptions of the great country, only I believed it."

To us Senor Hernando's revelation was interesting. Jack and Ned were now thoroughly convinced of the existence of this unknown world. Up to this time none of them would believe in it, ridiculing me, all the while, as a fool chasing a phantom. I had, somehow, always had faith in it, and I also believed that it was allotted to me to discover and enter the land.

"Senor Evans;" asked the priest after the conclusion of Senor Hernando's remarks, "wouldst thou have this good man journey thither with thee?"

"Gladly would I have him go," I replied, "it is fortunate that we met him. Gladly will we accept him as a fellow traveler and companion on this long and dangerous journey."

"It is indeed a perilous journey," said Senor, "every league from here to that place is fraught with danger. But what brave man fears danger? Who, but those who persevere in the face of perils succeed?"

"We fear no danger," said Jack warmly; we have but one purpose—that must be accomplished,—and you, Senor, are the man among men, who can help us. Henceforth you are to be our friend and companion." And Jack seized the old hunter's hand and shook it warmly and so did the rest of us.

"Then prepare for the journey," the Senor replied, "for tomorrow at high-noon we start. Senors adieu!"

And so saying he left us. We retired early, much refreshed, and dreamed dreams of the beautiful valley with its great people, securely locked within snow-capped walls of mountain ranges. On the early morrow we set about the preparations for our overland journey. All the effects we wished to carry with us were taken from the *Rescue* and packed upon the backs of broncos that were secured by Senor Hernando and Father Melino. A heavy wagon drawn by four oxen, carried our provisions and camping outfit. Tom looked on with stolid indifference as these preparations advanced. He was firm in his refusal to accompany us, nor could I much blame him, for now in addition to his years, he was still suffering from the wounds received in our engagement with the Chilians, besides he was not physically able to make the long journey. It grieved me to leave him behind, but I felt that he would be better off in his trusty old schooner. It was hard for us to give him up, and when the time for parting came Jack and Ned wrung his hands, cast one last look about the schooner and hurried ashore. I know they cried like babies, when out of sight, but to this day they have never confessed to it.

"Tom," I said when they were gone, "we must part now and perhaps forever. I have arranged everything at home. If we do not return within five years, you need not wait for

us longer; my will is made and in the event we never return, you are well provided for. Return to our old home and care for uncle Harding; keep our Amy's grave green—have a care for yourself, my dear friend. Farewell and may God bless you."

"Have nae fears for me, lad," he answered, choking back the sobs that swelled in his throat, "have a care for thine ain self. Ia will come hence for thee in two years, an' thae be nae here, Ia will seek thee out. Mon dieu, laddie!"

And thus I left him; dear, dear old Tom; what a friend he has always been to me. His kindly old face will ever hold a place in my memory—the first, the best, the truest friend I have in this world. To me he has been a father, friend, counselor and protector, always ready to carry out my every wish and agree with me in all that I said or done. His vision is always before me now and to the day of my death I shall never forget him. Adieu, Tom; my friend, my father, and may He who governs the universe, watch over thee, guiding thy foot-steps and mine until we shall meet again. Adieu.

Our company was now made up and ready to start on the long journey. Senor Hernando said that at least six-hundred miles, through a wild and habitless region, must be traveled before we came to the border-land of the un-explored country. Our train consisted of one wagon, two yoke of cattle, two drivers, one cook, three men in charge of the pack animals, one servant each for Senor Hernando, Jack, Ned

and myself—fourteen men all told—all mounted and equipped for the journey.

At noon we set out. When the houses in the village and the masts on our vessel disappeared, the last view of civilization was lost to sight. We traveled at a goodly rate and at night-fall Salado was fully twenty-five miles behind us. The next day we reached an elevated plain where we, for the last time, had a view of Salado. The *Rescue* and the Brazilian gunboat were slowly steaming down the river. With the excellent field-glass I had brought with me, Tom could plainly be seen standing on the bridge of the vessel. Evidently he, too, could see us through the ship's telescope, for he was waving his hands towards us. Dear old Tom. I knew he felt miserable or at least I know I did. But perhaps Tom did not care so much after all, for he loved the sea best, his faithful old schooner being his greatest treasure. I was only second in his affections anyway. He would load his beloved vessel with cinnamon, rose-wood and other commercial articles from the Brazilian forests which would yield him a handsome profit, and then he would make other voyages on other seas. What cared he for me and my South American adventures? He had been here before, he would probably come again. Poor, faithful old Tom.

"And what about Tom?" inquired Ned as he dashed up beside me, "are you going back after him; eh, Roger?"

"Nothing Ned, nothing" I answered evasively,

"I was only wondering whether we should ever see him again."

"Of course we will, Rog" he returned gaily, "why not? I verily believe you are home sick already."

"Senor Roger can see the mists of time," said Senor Hernando coming up, "he sees and knows, Senor."

"Perhaps he does, Senor," replied Ned testily, "but I think it useless to borrow tomorrow's troubles. Ho, ho, Roger, cheer up! the wonderful *eldorado* will shine out before you ere many moons!"

"So it will, Edward," I rejoined pleasantly, "but when it does, where will you be?"

"Picking gold from the trees and gathering diamonds from the hillside, your Excellency," he replied with a shout of laughter, in which they all joined. And with this thrust of ridicule he dashed away after the wagon which was some miles ahead of us. How little did he know that he spoke a literal truth about the wonderful land we were in quest of!

At sunset on the second day we pitched our tents upon a high knoll seventy miles from Salado. From this knoll could be had a magnificent view of the wild regions about us—a vast stretch of rich, forest-covered plains—reaching out hundreds of miles on every side. Here we were free from mosquitoes and snakes, and we could enjoy the fresh breeze that was sweeping the plains, and admire the beautiful scenery around us. The tropical

forests soughed in delightful ecstasy in the zephyr kissed valley below; here and there were mineature lakes dotted over with multitudes of magnificent Victorias, from the tub-like leaves of which myriads of croakers kept time with the melodious voices. Here a flock of wild llamas and yonder a mighty herd of bison stampeding over the woodland. Now and then could be seen the lofty Condor sweeping the sky, and far, far in the distance could be outlined the first low range of mountains which we must cross. With such scenes about us we wrapped in our blankets and fell asleep.

Long before the sun had risen in his firey splendor in the East we were astir, breakfasting, mounting and on our journey. Traveling thus, day after day passed, and night after night we labored with the pestiferous insects and reptiles that haunt these regions. At the close of the twenty-first day of our journey, we camped among the low foot-hills that lie on the out skirts of the Cordillera Geral mountains. Far in the dim distance the high peaks of this great range could be outlined. We had traveled on an average of 20 miles per day or about four-hundred in all, yet more than one hundred and fifty miles lay before us, travel daily becoming more difficult. Our vaquors were showing signs of uneasiness. We coax'e them on, keeping them under watch, for we feared that some of them might desert and carry away a large amount of our belongings. Finally one night one of our drivers disappeared, but luckily he took nothing but

his own pony. The next night two more of them deserted us, riding their broncos and carrying away two revolvers. We were now forced to turn our attention to the wagon and pack animals ourselves and henceforth one of us kept on guard all night. Senor Henando breathed out terrible threats against the next man who should run away which somewhat settled them for a few days.

We had up to this time, been traveling almost due South, but now, upon the suggestion of Senor Hernando we diverted our course Westward.

"There," said he, pointing to the South, "there lies the burning valley; we must pass around it."

"The burning valley?" we asked in surprise, "what do you mean by that, Senor?"

"Simply that a great valley is on fire," he replied, "and no man can cross it."

"I for one, would like to see it," said Jack.

"You will see enough of it yet, Senor, ere you reach yonder mountain range. The valley begins at the summit of a great volcano in the Cordilleras, and extends two hundred miles Southward from its base. In some places, it is fifty miles wide, at others it narrows down to a few hundred yards. The whole region is a burning mass of fire."

He told the truth. Five days afterwards we came to the edge of this vast expanse of fire. A few days before the Senor called our attention to the fact, we had noted that a heavy black bank was lying along the southern horizon, but

at that time, we thought it was a cloud, and none of us mentioned the phenomena. As we came nearer to the burning valley, this cloud became more dense, rising high into the skies, and filling the elements in the whole region. When once we were on this burning waste of smoke was stifling and the heat intense. An equatorial sun, in a vast stretch of level, depressed wilderness, is hot almost past endurance. but when the scorching heat of living fires is added to the rays of a tropical sun, one must endure terrible suffering, if he is not suffocated altogether.

Such was our condition when we entered this burning, roaring, seething pit of eternal fires.\* Our path across this boiling sea was over a ridge or back-bone of charred cinders, and blackened rock, which had, perhaps in ages past, been upheaved by the terrible fires beneath, and was now to some extent cooled off. This span across the valley was about an hundred yards wide, in places several hundred feet high and five miles long. The cooling process, we found to our sorrow, was not yet completed, for, as we proceeded, great holes could be seen from which was issuing smoke and fire. On either hand, was a perfect wilderness of fire, roaring and crashing like thousands of cannons and thunders and shooting volumes of

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\*According to Humbolt this field of fire covered an area of several thousand square miles. The fires are so fierce that it is impossible to come near enough to make intelligent observations.

flame smoke and cinders high into the heavens resembling more the imagined infernal regions, than anything else the mind of man can compare it to. Not a tree, nor plant grows on this ridge, nor bird nor beast was visible, nor even demons habitated this awful waste of desolation and terrors. No river runs near this burning void, nor spring, nor creek, even rainfall never comes, so hot and rarified are the elements about. The heat was suffocating, the air dry and listless, seeming to parch the throat and lungs as one inhaled it, the breath leaving him suffocating, burning. Thirst was excessive and cries for water continual. We gasped, we burned, yet struggled on. Thanks to the forethought and wisdom of Senor Hernando, we carried a goodly supply of water and never did it taste better. It seemed that a great providence had directed us to this good man, for without his directions, aid and knowledge of the surrounding country we could never have reached our goal. We would even have perished in this desolate God-forsaken region had it not been for him.

After a terrible struggle for life, we succeeded, by nightfall, in crossing this infernal region. The awful scene, or as Jack put it—a vision of purgatory and hell that was to come—now lay behind us, and I hope forever. We reached an elevation, where we enjoyed once more the cooling breezes that was stirring in the scrubby timber. Here the seething mass of fire and flames could be seen in the valley below in all its terrors. Here it must have been that Dante had his vision of hell, for to

my imagination it was a fair sample of that place of torment on earth.

Peace to my thoughts. I will leave the discussion of this burning valley to the scientist and the preacher, for I am neither the one nor the other, and will mind my own business.

When we approached this pit of fire, two more of our men refused to advance another step. The Senor begged, goaded and even beat them but they would not move, but the more he begged and beat the stouter they refused to go. Finally, vexed to almost madness, he told them to go, which they did at once. Our company was now reduced to ten men, and after crossing this immense fire-valley we were troubled no more by deserters, the remaining four servants preferring the wilds of the unexplored regions beyond to the perils of recrossing the valley. Which was well, for any man, after the experience of it, would dread to repeat it. At least so it proved with us; no one of our company would have endured its horrors again for the wealth of India, I trust that I shall never see its like again.



## CHAPTER SIX.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS—BATTLE WITH THE  
INDIANS—EDNA.

**O**N the morning following our passage over the burning valley, we renewed our journey much refreshed by our night's repose. Our journey now promised to be a rough one, for we were within a hilly district, and not far distant lay the long ranges of rugged mountains, which we must cross. At the end of six days we reached the outlying ranges of the Cordillera. So far, we had not been molested by Indians, who according to Senor Hernando, infested this region. Nor had we been disturbed but little by the ferocious beasts that roamed the forests. In two days more we reached the high table land, on the summit of the second range, completely tired out and exhausted. Descending farther down the mountain, we pitched our camp, determin-

ed to rest a few days before resuming the journey.

The site of our camp was an excellent one. A knoll of several acres, wedged in between two mountains, overlooking a beautiful valley, afforded us a splended camping ground. A spring ran near, and grass grew in abundance. Game was plentiful. The surroundings beautiful, grand and pleasant. We corraled our ponies and cattle, prepared our meal, after which we fell to sleep for the night.

Now, as remarked before, we had not as yet seen any signs of the wild savages that haunt the these mountains. But on the following day, while the Senor and myself were hunting in the forest beyond our camp, we crossed their trail and had even seen one or two lurking in the thickets nearby. This event alarmed us to some extent and put us on our guard. On the second night we established a picket, and Pedro, Senor Hernando's faithful servant, was detailed to guard the ponies and cattle, a service which he was glad to perform. We armed him with a short Bowie-knife, a forty-four express and other war-like paraphernalia and put him on duty. He marched back and forth, around the enclosure with the pride and precision of an army sentinel. The Senor and myself took it by turns to keep awake and be ready for any emergency. The Senor was very restless and uneasy.

"They are there," he said, pointing southward, "and they will come. I know them."

"Who, and wherefore come?" asked Ned.

"The Antilas," the Senor answered, "the most dangerous savages in Brazil."

"Do you suppose they will attack us Senor?" I asked.

"They will," said he, "soon or late. They see us when we know it not; they will follow us unperceived, day by day, and will pounce down upon us when least expected."

"Let them come," said Jack rising, "and we will give them a warm reception."

"I can square accounts with half dozen or so of them," said Ned. "It would only be fun scalping redskins."

"Be not too hasty, my sons," replied the Senor sternly, "they will come soon enough, and the scalping business may go the other way."

And how near his words proved true, I will set forth. As I have said, Pedro was set to watch the stock; it now fell to my lot to guard the camp. For the first few hours, I paced to and fro through the hushed gloom, ever on the alert. Growing tired of this, I sat down against the trunk of an old tree and soon became lost in thought. How long I sat thus, I cannot recall, but the first vague recollections I had, I was conscious of the fact that some one was pulling my arm and whispering the following words in my ear,

"Senor, Senor, in the name of the Blessed Virgin, get up, quick!" Hastily rousing myself I saw Pedro standing before me. I grasp-

ed my gun and followed him.

"What is it Pedro?" I whispered, as we hastened forward.

"Jaguars or Indians one," he replied, "just beyond the estacado!" and he pointed in the direction of a thick jungle beyond the enclosure.

We had by this time reached the corral. It was evident that something was amiss, for the broncos and cattle were snorting and bellowing and tugging at the larriets furiously. We crouched under the brush, with guns in position ready to fire at the first approach of an enemy. South American Jaguars are to be feared more than any other beast of the tropics. It will lie in wait in its impenetrable jungle ready to spring upon any beast or man that chances by. Not only this, but it will steal unawares upon its prey by night or day and pounce down upon it without the least warning. We waited in silence, and save the whinney of the ponies and the moaning of the cattle, not the least sign of danger was apparent. I could hear Pedro's heart bumping violently against his ribs, but he showed no other signs of fear. He gazed into the intense blackness of the jungle beyond. His face was pale, his lips firmly set, and his whole being seemed intent on meeting the unseen foe in the brush. Suddenly he grasped my arm and whispered,

"Look out, Senor, there it is!"

I glanced in the direction he indicated. To my horror I saw, what seemed to be, two

balls of fire gleaming upon us from the copse near by. They were the eyes of a jaguar. Suddenly the flaming balls shot forth, followed by a huge, long body, but before it cleared the space about the stock, two balls from our guns went crashing through its brains. This form was instantly followed by another like it, which met a similar fate. Then came another and another, shooting like meteors through the sky; some landed among the cattle some we killed, some we wounded which increased their rage, causing them to roar like distant thunder. It seemed now that the whole valley was full of the ferocious animals. Our rifles were crackling in quick succession, but it was apparent that our post would have to be abandoned. Some of them were now attacking the cattle, and others coming dangerously near us. Firing a last shot at the beasts we hurried away towards, the camp.

We had not gone ten paces when I heard a hissing sound to the left; then something struck me full in the side, jolting my ribs seriously. Luckily I had on the steel shirt or I would have been done for. This hissing missil was followed by others, but this time more harm was done, for one of them struck Pedro, who was in advance of me, and he fell with a cry to the ground. These missails were arrows, shot from the bows of hostile Indians. A new enemy had appeared upon the scene. How many of these lurking indians were about us no one could tell. My position was now indeed perilous. With a half-hundred jaguars roaring be-

hind me and with an unseen foe pumping murderous weapons into me on either side, all my faculties were required to get me out of the dilemma. Scarcely ten minutes has passed since Pedro roused me from my reverie, until he was lying almost dead at my feet.

"Oh, Saint Jagoe, preserve us!" he cried, as I picked him up and hurried away with him towards the camp, "the Antillas, Senor, they have come; oh St. Peter deliver us!"

"Hush your cries," said I, grinding my teeth, "or you will have the whole tribe upon us." But luckily for us the flying arrows were sent in another direction. Then came a lull, and nothing save the crashing of bones and the moaning of cattle broke the stillness of the night. Poor broncos, poor patient bull-ocks, I knew that they would be devoured. As I rushed into camp with Pedro, I was met by my companions who had been alarmed by the firing of our guns.

"What is up Roger?" queried Jack and Ned in a breath, "what is the matter with Pedro?"

"Jaguars and Indians," I replied, "Pedro has been badly hit by an arrow. The woods are full of the devils; arm yourselves at once they may be upon us at any moment."

"By Saint Jago," exclaimed the Senor, "I felt it, I knew it."

"Oh Holy Virgin preserve us," groaned Pedro, "Oh Saint Peter save me, I am dying!"

"Keep thy Matins to thyself, Pedro," said the

Senor, "and let me see thy wound." He stepped to Pedro's side and extracted the arrow from his leg. It was only a slight wound and the senor said, "Viva la Pedro! it is but a scratch, viva!" and he proceeded to dress the wound, which was quickly done.

We now set about to make our position more secure. The mountain came sheer down on one side, forming an impregnable barrier, a massive heap of stones joined this wall on the left and we drew the heavy wagon up on our right. In our front we piled up a high wall of stones, thus completely enclosing ourselves. A small brass cannon which we had brought along, was mounted on the stone wall and niches were fixed between the stones for our guns. This impromptu fortification was about twenty feet square and was proof against an ordinary band of savages.

When our fortification was completed, I produced the six suits of mail and had the satisfaction of seeing my companions, Senor Hernando and two of our servants incased therein. I had worn my shirt of steel all the time as also had Jack and Ned, but we now donned the complete suit of link steel armor, which was proof against arrow-shots or sword thrusts. The Senor was delighted with the coat of steel which I gave him. It fitted him perfectly and one could not but admire him in his new dress. In my imagination he was a true representative of some grand old knight of chivalry. Jack and Ned, too, looked like heroes of olden times and the two vaqueros resembled

ed knights of the Cross. Upon the whole, had an ordinary civilian of New York happened upon us at that time he would have taken us for a company of Knight Templars or Knights of the Golden Fleece straggling home from the Crusades. But such we were not, only a band of travelers cooped up in a lonely mountain pass by a swarm of jaguars and Indians expecting an attack at any moment.

While we were thus lying in our fortress watching and waiting for the enemy, a flash of fire suddenly shot up in the valley below us, followed by another nearer by; then others, all about us, flashed up until it seemed that the whole valley was a streaming mass of fire.

"Signals," exclaimed the Senor, "who would have thought there were so many of the devils near."

"Do you think there is many Senor?" I asked.

"Judging from the signals, there must be a hundred," he replied, "perhaps more. They will attack soon."

"We will have a fierce encounter then, and our success depends on our ability to keep them out of our camp."

"It does," he replied, "if they break over yon wall they will overpower us in spite of these arms," pointing to the armor, "Look out, they are moving"

So they were. Dusky forms could be seen passing back and forth, across the open, about fifty yards below. It was evident they were preparing for a general attack. Presently an arrow came whizzing through the air striking

the wall of our barricade. This was followed by a mighty hurrying together of the savages in the open, and a general rush towards our camp.

"Now is our time, lads," I cried, "aim low and make every shot tell."

Our guns belched forth in rapid succession, each volley mowing the savages down without mercy. A yell, that that echoed through the mountains, went up from scores of savage throats and a shower of arrows and missiles were poured into our camp. The fight now became general. The savages were pouring showers of missiles into us, while we were sweeping them with destructive volleys from our guns. Every man within our barricade was fighting for life, even wounded Pedro was lying behind the wall loading and shooting his piece with the coolness of an old soldier. The savages, despite our murderous fire, were stealthily coming up the slope. They were now dangerously near, and it was evident that unless something was done at once, they would scale the wall in the very face of our rapid firing guns. They were in fifty yards of us. I called to Jack to bring the small cannon to play upon them, which he did, the grape and the canister from its mouth mowing down many of them. For an instant they halted, then rushed forward again. While Jack was re-loading I called to Ned,

"The bomb, Ned, the bomb; light it quick and let the Senor hurl it into them."

The bomb was procured and lighted instantly. The Senor took it, lifted it on high and at the

proper time hurled it into the midst of the mass of savages below. In ten seconds the powerful dynamite bomb fell to the earth, then came a blinding flash a dull, rumbling roar and a horrible yell from the ranks of the enemy below. The bomb had done its work. Scores of savages were lifted bodily up and hurled into the air; others were blown into the ravine near by and others were blown to atoms where they stood. It was the most effective and destructive missil of war that I have ever seen brought to bear upon an enemy. The band of warriors was annihilated. Those who were beyond reach of the exploding shell became horror stricken and fled down the slope in consternation. In two minutes after the bomb was thrown into their midst not a savage remained before our walls.

"That was a master stroke!" exclaimed the Senor, "where did you find such a destructive missil as that?"

"They are common in America, Senor," I replied with satisfaction, "they are called dynamite bombs."

"It is wonderful, powerful," he replied, "had I known how destructable it was I would never have touched it. I thought when it first exploded that the end of time had come; the very mountains shook, so violent was the shock."

"It was terrific," said Jack, "the whole earth about us trembled and I too, thought the mountain would topple over on us, but then, Senor, where are the savages?"

"By St. Peter," he answered solemnly, "at the

rate some of them were leaving when I last saw them they must, ere this, be in Paradise—the rest in hades."

"Fact is," said Ned "they are gone, swiped off the earth, as it were, and that is like we want it Hades or Paradise, they are no more and I propose we look over the field."

"You are right, Ned," I said, "come!"

We secured a lantern and hastened to the corral where our stock had been left. As we passed over the scene of the conflict we could see heaps of dead savages lying over the ground. We had done some terrible work.

On reaching the stockade our greatest fears were realized. All of our ponies were gone, one oxen was devoured and another slain and half eaten. The remaining two were terribly lacerated and moaning piteously. We unloosed them and started back to camp taking them with us. Two ponies which had broken loose, were caught and another was heard whinneying in the thicket. What had been the fate of the others, we did not know. As we were hastening across the open towards the camp, a cry for "help" rang out on the midnight air. Ned and I were alone; we stopped and listened. What could it mean? whence came the cry? The Senor and Jack now came up: they too, had heard the cry. We listened. Again that cry—wild, piercing, distinct,—was repeated and was echoed back from the mountain. Then again the agonizing cry, "help, help!" rang out. The cold chills ran up my back; the Senor was shaking, Ned and Jack were panting for breath. It was a woman's voice

we heard. Who was it; where was she? Once more that heartrending cry, "help, help," echoed through the mountains. There was no mistaking, the voice was a woman's uttered in English; either it was human, or as Senor Hernando put it, "the spirits in the infernal regions were pursuing us."

"Come!" cried Ned, seizing my arm, "it is there," pointing down the valley, "come" and Ned and I hastened away.

"Stay, my friends," cried the Senor, "go not there, I beg you!"

"Why not?" I asked, impatiently, "is not some one crying for help? Perhaps one of our own countrymen is in distress and it is our duty to go."

"Desist, in the Virgin's name, I beseech you," he answered, "the demons of hades have risen against us!"

"Demon or human," cried Ned, "we are going to see into this mystery."

Again that wild wail of despair echoed through the mountains—the most blood-curdling, piercing cry I ever heard.

"Come Ned," I cried, unable to endure the suspense longer, "we will go alone. Jack you and the Senor return to the camp with the stock, and on your lives do not attempt to follow unless we call; come Ned!"

We hastened away leaving Jack and the Senor astonished and alone.

"May I come Rog?" called Jack after us. "No," I returned, "go back and guard the camp; come

if I call," and we hurried on. Reptiles went scurrying through the brush as we ran, but we heeded them not. Savages might be lurking near, but what cared we, some one was in distress and needed us. We dared face any danger to relieve a suffering man. In a short time, the piteous cry for help rang through the valley, this time nearer at hand. We hastened on.

"Hurry Ned!" I whispered, "the voice is not far away."

"I am coming, Roger," he replied, pushing by me, "I am anxious to get a glimpse of her who owns that voice."

It seemed that instinct, intuition or some divine power had led my companion to *know* that the voice was woman's, and I believe that the Universal Director had long ago so ordered that this youth should have the inspiration and courage to rescue this girl, the goodliest of women I have yet seen, and that she should be his guiding star ever afterwards. A divine hand was beckoning us on, inspiration led us and courage won the victory. Ned, the most faithful youth yet born, was now possessed of that intuitive inspiration that seldom ever comes into the human soul. He seemed to *see* and *know* who was there and what was to follow.

We were now in the thickest of the jungle and made but slow progress. In a few moments we had crossed the thicket and came to an open space again. We had cleared about half this space when a light to the left and further down the valley shot up. Then again we heard that terrible cry. The light went out, and we sped forward

in the direction of the flashing fire. Ned was a swift runner, and he was several paces in advance of me. We had now cleared the open and were passing into another thicket. Suddenly Ned stopped and cried out,

"Great heavens, Roger, look yonder!"

I stopped and looked in the direction he pointed. To my horror, I saw a girl bound to a small tree, around which a dozen warriors were dancing. Her hair was hanging about the shoulders, her eyes turned toward heaven, her garments were torn into shreds and her hands were clasped, as in supplication, before her. An expression of deep despair and terror was upon her face, and her whole being and soul was a pleading, suffering, tortured human, that would arouse the heart and passions of any man. Piled high up about the stake and around her, were broken branches, grass and sticks, which had already been set on fire and was slowly burning its way towards its human fuel. The savages were circling around this pyre, singing and shouting in gleeful delight. It was a heartrending scene. A helpless woman to be sacrificed in this far away land by a godless band of savages. I could not look idly upon the cruel scene longer. I unsheathed my sword and dashed into the midst of the half-frenzied savages. Ned followed me closely. In an instant I had struck down the nearest savage, breaking the circle, through which I rushed to rescue the girl. The fire was just beginning to lick about her feet. I cut the cords that bound her, and snatched her from

the flames.

The savages were now fully aroused and closed in upon us from all sides. I supported the girl in my left arm and shot out my right, bringing down a savage at each thrust. Ned stood back of me, fighting like the demons he had to deal with. The girl was between us.

Although five of their number were down, the odds were still against us, but our helmets and coats of steel were proof against the terrific blows from their clubs. Two of the savages rushed upon Ned at once dealing him such powerful blows that he was felled to the earth. I saw him fall but was so hard beset that I could not turn to assist him. But he did not need it, for he recovered in an instant, thrust his hand into his belt, secured his revolver and fired it rapidly at his foes. Both fell to the earth dead before they could deliver another blow. He now turned and fired into those who were opposing me, leveling a warrior at each shot. But one remained, and he seeing all his companions down, gave a yell and dashed away, Ned firing at him as he fled. The victory was ours.

Ned now recovered his feet and we turned our attention to the weak and motionless girl at our feet. When Ned was knocked over by the savages, I was obliged to let my hold on her go in order to beat off the savages, and she had fallen exhausted to the ground. Ned raised her head tenderly and gazed into the passionless face.

"Brandy, Roger," he cried, "give her brandy."

"Here," I replied, handing him a flask, "give her only a few drops at a time."

Ned's hands were nervous as he dropped the liquid between her lips, and his face bore a troubled, agonizing look. I stooped and chaffed the cold hands. Presently the warm blood began to course through her veins. Ned administered more brandy, and bathed her pale face with it. He never once took his eyes from the lovely image before him.

"Will she recover?" he asked me.

"Yes" I replied, "see, she moves."

"She does, she does!" he cried, "she will recover."

"Give her more brandy," I said, "she will regain consciousness in a few moments."

Ned gave her the brandy, then bent over her and whispered, "we are friends, have no fear." She seemed to understand him, for she nodded her head and muttered something between her lips. Presently her eyes opened and she tried to rise. She saw Ned and gazed into his eager face with surprise.

"Give her more liquor Ned," I whispered, "she will be able to rise in a moment." He gave her the spirits.

"Curses upon the foul fiends," he cried, "how do you you suppose they came in possession of such a fair maiden, Roger?"

"I have no idea," I answered, "she must have been stolen from some mission—or somewhere, it is a mystery.

"They shall suffer for this," he hissed, "woe to the savage that crosses my path henceforth!"

"They have already paid the penalty Ned," I

replied, we have slaughtered many of them this night."

"True" he answered hotly, "but there must be others who had a hand in this horrible work. Bear me a hand here Roger, she is trying to rise."

A spot of crimson flushed across her face, the heavy lashes parted, the eyes flew open and she struggled to rise. We lifted her up. She was dazed and bewildered. She looked at us, her lips parted and she said,

"Who are you, what has happened?"

"We are friends and have rescued you from the savages and a horrible death, fair maiden," replied Ned.

"Oh merciful heaven!" she cried as she looked about on the warriors, "it was horrible; take me away; the Antilas, the Antilas!" She was now able to stand and she seemed to realize the terrible ordeal through which she had just passed,

"Take some more of this, daughter," I requested as I presented her the flask.

"Thank you," she answered sweetly, as she took the spirits from my hand, "I feel much better now, I must have fainted,"

"You did, indeed," replied Ned, "we feared that you would not recover."

"It was terrible," she replied, with a shudder, "oh the very thoughts of such a horrible death is enough to drive one mad—burned at the stake—merciful God forbid. But to whom do I owe my preservation? Let me see your faces."

So intently had we been engaged in resusci-

tating the maiden that we had not thought to remove our helmets. We now removed them and stood before the lady.

"My name is Edward Bently, at your service, dear madam," replied Ned earnestly, "and this is Roger Evans. We are Americans."

"My own countrymen!" she exclaimed, "how fortunate that you came in time to save my life. From my heart I thank you."

"We are unworthy of your thanks and we would gladly do as much more for you," replied Ned, "I stand ready now and at all times to defend you to the last drop of blood; our lives are at your service. But fair lady what is your name?"

"Edna Kirtland."



## CHAPTER SEVEN.

## THE SECRET PASS--A WONDERFUL LAND.

**E**DNA Kirtland! When the lovely girl before us uttered her name, a shock of surprise and wonder flashed over me. Was it possible that the girl who stood before me was the daughter of my old friend and companion in the U. S. Navy? If so, how did she get here—to this savage land, thousands of miles away from home?

“Who was your father?” I asked her.

“Herschel Kirtland, Captain in the U. S. Navy,” she answered, in surprise.

“Great heavens!” I cried, “my bosom friend.”

“You knew my father then?” she asked.

“I did, indeed, my daughter,” I replied, grasping her hand and clasping her to my bosom. “How did you come here and where is your noble father?”

“Come, Rog,” put in Ned at this juncture, “it is time for us to be off. And he cast a withering glance at me as I released Edna from my embrace. Foolish Ned; I hope he was not jealous of me then. He afterwards denied it, but to this day, I believe he was. He had act-

ed strangely ever since he first beheld Edna bound to the stake, and I now recalled how attentive and tender with her he had been all the time, and I guessed that he was already deeply in love with her. And jealous of me; foolish Ned! What a trial was yet in store for him.

I saw the wisdom of heeding his advice, and with Edna between us, we set out for the camp. We had not recovered more than half the distance when I heard a sound as if some one moving. We stopped short, not knowing but it might be lurking Indians or some wild beast. The object came on and I called out,

"Hello! whom have we here?"

"Jack," came a voice, "I am coming to you," and in an instant he joined us and we proceeded towards the camp. We related to him the events that had occurred since we left.

"But why are you out?" I asked.

"I heard shots in your direction," he answered, "and fearing that you were in serious trouble, hastened to your assistance. The Senor is wild with fear for you, and Pedro is calling on all the Saints in the catalogue to protect you!"

"The blind idiots," exclaimed Ned, "had we listened to the Senor, this brave girl would ere this have been burned at the stake."

"Don't be too hard on the Senor, Edward," I replied, "he is a brave and noble man, but he is superstitious. When he heard Edna's wild cry of despair, he thought that all the devils in hades were pursuing us."

Ned remained silent after this thrust, and in a few moments more we reached the camp to the satisfaction of the Senor and Pedro. When the Senor learned that we had rescued a fair and noble girl from the savages, instead of meeting spirits and devils, he was satisfied. Edna promised to relate her adventures to us on the morrow, and the remainder of the night we rested as best we could.

When the morning came and our stock had been attended to, we all gathered about Edna, who looked refreshed from her horrible night's experience, to hear her story of how she came into this wild region.

"My father, and your friend, Mr. Evans, is now dead. He was sent, by our government, to Iquique in the beginning of the Chili-Peruvian war. He commanded the gunboat *Revenge* and it was his duty to protect American citizens along the Pacific coast. He brought me with him. While lying at Iquique my father received orders to leave his command and go into the interior to look into matters at Santa Cruez, where there had been considerable trouble. He again took me with him, thinking it would benefit me to make the journey. We started out on the second day of Nov. 1889, and reached our destination ten days later. In a few days his business was completed, and we prepared to return to Iquique. But on the night before the day we were to leave, the town was attacked by a wild, howling mob. Our doors were battered down and my father and his companions were butchered before my eyes. Poor father, fought des-

perately unto the end. But he was cut down, as were the rest of our gallant men, by the Bolivian recruits and their Indian allies. What happened immediately after this, I do not remember, but I was snatched up in some powerful arms and borne away. When I regained consciousness, I was on horse back behind a warrior. All about me was a motley band of Indians. They carried me thus day and night, week and week, through the wilderness into these mountains. I prayed to die; I suffered agony and pain beyond description. I tried to kill myself, but they prevented it; I tried to die, but could not. May God deliver me from such inhuman savages henceforth. Days, weeks months of this horrible misery I endured. Then you came hence; you were watched; for several days we have been following you. Last night, as you know, they attacked your camp. I attempted to escape but they caught me and brought me back. After their defeat and serious loss at your hands, the few who escaped were so enraged that they determined to be revenged by torturing and burning me, the results of which you already know.

I am alone and friendless in the world; mother and father both dead and I am far from home. It would be a blessing to my tortured soul, were my miseries ended."

After she had told her pathetic story, none of us for a time could utter a word, even rugged old Senor Hernando and Pedro were weeping. Ned and Jack wept like spanked babies, and I

had to draw my coat sleeve across my eyes to keep back the tears, but they trickled down my cheeks in spite of me. Finally Ned, after a desperate effort to overcome his emotions, gasped out.

"You shall never want for a friend and protector while I live, dear Edna."

"Nor for a father and counsellor as long as the warm blood courses through my being, daughter," I cried.

"This strong arm shall defend you always" said Jack.

"Dear daughter," said the Senor, "I am always a friend to the friendless, a protector of the weak, and a father to the fatherless; by Saint Peter, he who molests you again will have to cross my dead body first!"

"Saint Jago preserve thee," exclaimed Pedro.

"I thank you my friends for your faithful pledges; may you never have cause to regret what you have done for me."

"Never, never!" we all cried in a breath.

"These Antilas are a terrible race," she continued, "and there are several clans of them, they may attack you again, if you go further South, where they are congregating at this time."

"Do you think the remant of this clan will attack us again," I asked.

"No" she replied, the "few that now remain alive will seek to join their brethren across the mountains, should you chance on them there, they would overwhelm you."

"Then by your guidance we will avoid them,"

I replied, "we will resume our journey to-morrow."

Here I will state that never an Antila molested us more. Edna proved of great service to us not only in avoiding the savages but in various other ways. She never allowed the Senor or myself to cook again, which we had been forced to do since our cook had left us, and she cared for Pedro, dressed Ned's bruised head and looked after our comforts. She was never idle, but set about her self-imposed duties cheerfully and with delight. In our eyes she was a heroine and perfection itself. Many a savory dish did she prepare for us in our journey over the mountains, Ned never ceasing to adore her. He would ride by her side for miles and never tire of listening to her sweet, charming voice.

We resumed our journey early the next morning. We were forced to leave our wagon behind on account of the perilous mountain passes and all our chattels were packed upon the oxen and ponies. We had recovered five of the broncos and they proved to be very docile, carrying their loads with perfect composure.

On the tenth day after our battle with the Antilas, we pitched our camp on the crest of a high broad mountain, on the very spot the Senor assured us, where he and Don Carlos had camped ten years before. We were now in the very midst of the magnificent Cordillera Geral range, peak after peak rising up about us and stretching away in the dim distance. A wild confusion of peaks, ranges and chains, surpassing in beauty and grandeur any mount-

ains I have ever seen. Snow crowned peaks loomed up about us and far away could be seen the mighty volcano belching forth the fire and lava that perpetually fed the burning valley, through which we had passed. Many active volcanoes could be seen in the South and West.

"There is the eldorado," said the Senor, "yonder is the secret pass, and there is the Golden Spur over which we must pass." Our eyes followed as he pointed out these interesting objects. The Secret Pass lay across the Golden Spur, which was eternally guarded. We could see the mountain of the Golden Spur, but no glitter of gold, which the Senor assured us was there. If the pass was there, we were near it, if it was not there, nor no people beyond, then farewell to our hopes.

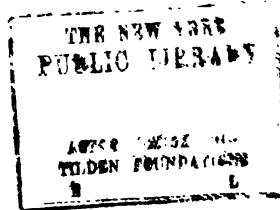
"But it is there," said the Senor, warmly, "Don Carlos, the Saints rest him, has seen it. When the first rays of the morning sun cross the mountains, we will see the Golden Spur!"

"It is there," exclaimed Edna, "I have never seen it, but somehow, I know it exists. I shall see it first, to-morrow."

"I will be with you," cried Ned, with delight, "when to-morrow's sun peeps out, I shall see the Golden Spur and the dark pass beyond!"

"We'll see, we'll see!" I replied, "who shall be first to behold it, on the morrow."

Feeling confident that in the morning we should see the Golden Spur, we retired for the night. How fully our hopes and expectations were about to be realized, I will now set forth.





**THE PASS OVER CAPAC MOUNTAINS.**

During the night, I became very restless, and could not sleep. I arose and dressed, and stepped forth into the darkness. I wandered about for some time, enjoying the stiff mountain breeze, and admiring the grand scenery about me. At length I grew tired of this, and crossed to the Western side of the plateau, and sat down. I had not been there long, when suddenly a bright blaze flashed up, on the Golden Spur and then died out. What could this mean? Was it some great signal to the people beyond? or was it some strange freak of nature? These questions were fitting across my mind when I felt a gentle hand press my shoulder and a sweet voice said,

"It is there; did you see it?"

"Yes, Edna, I saw the light, did you?" I replied, without looking around. I knew it was Edna's voice.

"I did," she answered, "and I also got one short glimpse of the world beyond. It is there Mr. Evans, I have seen it!"

"Then you have seen more than I," said I, "but I know it is there. See, the dawn is coming!"

"It is, indeed!" she exclaimed, "now watch for the Golden Spur." And she gazed intently forward.

The light grew brighter. In a few moments the sun peeped over the Eastern mountains, and shone full upon the peak of the Golden Spur—then a bright golden mass shone out from the opposite mountain lighting up the valley below, and the adjoining mountains with

a brilliant halo of polished brightness. The glittering spot on the Golden Spur equaled the glorious sun itself for effulgence and splendor. For about a quarter of an hour the flood of light lit up mountains, and then it faded away. The sun had dodged behind the peak near us, and the Golden Spur was left in darkness.

Our companions had joined us in time to witness this great freak of nature, but Edna and I seen it first, much to Ned's chagrin. After discussing the strange phenomena, we returned to camp, break-fasted and resumed our journey, determined to reach the base of the Golden Spur ere sunset. The descent of the mountain was difficult, but by noon we entered the valley below. In the open valley we made better progress and by sunset we reached the base of the mountain of the Spur. Here our pathway was completely block-ed. The Golden Spur, which jutted far out over the mountain side, was fully ten thousand feet above us. Frowning rocks, piled compact-ly up, formed a perpendicular wall in front of us, from the base of the mountain to its summit twenty thousand feet above. The smooth granite walls of solid masonry stretched North and South as far as the eye could see. Not a notch or break was visible in this formidable barrier. The wall rose sheer up to the snow capped peaks and the gorge or cannon which we were in, seemed narrow in either direction, the great mountain closing up the gap in the distance.

The next morning we prepared for the ascent of the mountain. It was evident that the rest

of the journey would have to be accomplished on foot. We packed our effects in bundles soldier fashion, and set out. Before leaving the camp we dismissed the three vaqueros, who had remained faithful to us, and I gave them the five broncos, two oxen and such other equipments as we could not carry. Pedro preferred to remain with his master. What the fate of the men was I never learned.

Our party was now reduced to six souls. Each of us was panoplied in the chain armor, even Edna agreeing to wear Ned's steel shirt, each carried a sixteen shot 38-caliber Winchester rifle, one revolver, a long saber and a pack of fifty pounds each. Edna carried only a small bundle containing linens, a revolver and a short cutlass. She dressed in a loose hunting suit like the rest of us, and she presented a very war like appearance when she was equipped and stepped in file between Ned and myself. The small cannon and a quantity of amunicions, which we could not carry, was secreted in a cave. We afterwards secured these and just in the nick of time. In addition each man carried one hundred and fifty rounds of cartridges for each gun. We made up our equipments in two bundles each carrying them by relays.

Thus equipped, we began the ascent of the mountain, wirding up the narrow ledge that led to the Golden Spur. This ledge was extremely narrow, and at times, we were forced to lie down and crawl forward with caution in order to keep for toppling into the chasm below. I went in front followed by the Senor,

then Edna, Ned and Pedro came next and Jack brought up the rear. Below us the gulch was dark, but the white rocks, which we were on, glistened in the sunlight. Even the ledge we were on wound, like a white thread, about the mountain. For several hundred feet up the mountain, the walls of rock were parted; on one side was the ledge on which we were creeping up, on the other side and next the opposite wall, a deep chasm. Higher up these walls seemed to run together, forming a perpendicular wall above us. We crept slowly on towards this wall. The mountains did, indeed, close up, but a ledge or vault about four feet wide and ten feet high wound on into the mountain. This vault, the Senor avowed, was the secret pass. We entered this dark passage, which widened out as we proceeded, determined to follow it to its end. We groped slowly onward in this dark vault. When we had covered about five hundred yards I suddenly stopped short and uttered a cry of warning. Far in the interior a light, similar to the one I had previously seen, flashed up and then died out. It flashed up again and was gone like a meteor. But that one last flash reveaved to me the narrow opening between the walls in front of us.

The Senor, who yet believed in demons and spirits, uttered a cry of horror. I seized his hand and pressed forward, dragging him after me. The others followed us. The passage narrowed again, and we had to squeeze through. I grasped my blade in my right hand and held it squarely out in front of me, and with my

left hand I clung to the Senor. He in turn grasped Edna's hand, she Ned's, and so on down to Jack. Tied together in this manner, we forged ahead. Further on, the passage widened again, opening into a large room, which seemed filled with a dim, strange light. The entrance to this room was wide enough for two to enter abreast. I sent the Senor to the rear, with Pedro and called Jack to my side with Ned and Edna next to me. Again that effulgent light flashed up. It faded away as before, but immediately following the flash a wild, wierd cry was heard in the distance. Grasping Jack's hand firmly, I called out,

"Come on my friends, have no fear, we are about to make an important discovery." And I dashed into the aparture followed by the rest. This chamber widened outward, and in the distance glowed a dim unnatural light which penetrated the remotest parts of the cavern.

The floor of this large chamber inclined gradually upwards, and I calculated that it led to the surface of the plateau beyond the peak of the Golden Spur. I was right. We passed through this chamber and in an hour we reached the open on the summit of the plateau. We stood upon a great flat rock which jutted out over the mountain side forming the Golden Spur. On either side, mountains rose up, the crowns of which were covered with snow.

"This is the Golden Spur," said I.

"Yes," answered the Senor, "and there is the Pass," pointing further up.

"It must be," replied Jack.

"And there are stationed the guards of the Pass," said the Senor.

"And there is the tower of the signal," said Ned, "and we must pass it." And as he spoke, as to emphasize his words, the light again flashed up more brilliant than ever.

The elements about us were as bright as mid-day (the sun having set) for several moments and then it was dark. Again we heard that unearthly cry, which echoed back and forth among the mountains, grating harshly upon our ears. We hurried across the rock, the Senor protesting, towards the phenomenal light and in a short time were at the foot of the upper pass. Here we held a brief consultation in which we decided to push on, notwithstanding the darkness. We pressed up the narrow avenue, the sides of which were lined with vast columns of white rock and intricate paths which terminated at some yawning chasm. Hour after hour we labored on in this gloomy intricate avenue until we were almost utterly exhausted. At last we entered a large hallway or alcove which seemed to be filled with spiritual forms surrounded by a faint light. A rushing of many waters could be heard; a terrific wind was howling through some of the grottos in the place and low howls, as of demons, and dragging of chains and crunching of bones, could be heard.

We listened for a moment with bated breath and beating hearts at the weird sounds about us. The Senor was shaking in every joint and

Pedro unable to hold his tongue, was calling on all the Saints in Paradise to deliver us from the clutches of satan. The unnatural noise and the forms gathering at the head of the hallway, filled us all with awe. We were about to meet the terrible guardians of the pass.

Then came a rushing; the walls of the grotto swayed, a hurrying to and fro of giant forms—then pandemonium. As if by instinct we formed a circle about Edna, and put ourselves in an attitude of defense. When the powerful guard of men, I must say, and not devils as the Senor would have it—rushed upon us, we were prepared for the attack. Our long blades flashed out to meet the ponderous pikes of the enemy. These men were at least seven feet tall and powerfully built, dressed in long white robes and armed with long spears, short yellow knives and bucklers and shields. And the head was protected by a thick leathern helmet, while under the long robes could be seen the flash of bright armor. They were no mean foe, and events proved that we were no match against them. Several months after this, we met some of them single-handed in the open field, but our skill overcome their strength.

It was difficult to see them in the semi-darkness, but we plied thrust after thrust at them as they advanced. Our blades were not long enough to reach them, while they could easily punch us with their long lances. We had no time, to use our fire arms for they were so near us that it took all our efforts to parry the blows they aimed at us. This struggle lasted for some

time, but fatigue was overcoming us and I saw that we were ultimately doomed to go down, unless something unusual should happen. Poor Ned, I saw him knocked over and he fell to the ground exhausted. Pedro followed him, Jack was giving way, his thrusts becoming more feeble; the Senor, be it said to his credit, was now thoroughly aroused and fighting away like a true knight of the Cross--the three of us still stood, Edna between us.

Edna, brave Edna, she alone saved us. Seeing the desperate condition we were in, she drew her revolver and shot between us at the giants that were closing in on us. That shot saved our lives, for the guards were astonished at the report and fell back in horror. This pause gave the rest of us a chance to secure our fire arms, and we poured a volley into the midst of the guard, and they fled in confusion. It was well, for I was utterly exhausted. As the forms of the guard disappeared, I fell to the ground unconscious. The rest soon followed my example. The unceasing march up the mountain, the fatigue of our unequal battle with the guard and want of sleep combined, caused us all to pass off into a lethargic sleep which must have lasted many hours.

When I awoke from my long trance, the sun was pouring down into my face, and my limbs and body were so benumbed and stiff, that I could not move. I could see that I was in a strange place, and not knowing what had happened while I slept, I cried out,

"Jack, Ned, Edna, where are you; what has

happened!"

"We are all here, Mr. Evans," said a sweet voice which I knew was Edna's, "do you wish to get up?"

"Am I hurt? wounded? badly?" I asked.

"No not badly" she answered, "only bruised and stiff."

"Then I will be up soon," said I, "Where are the rest? are they wounded?"

"They are sleeping; Ned is wounded, the rest are like yourself, only bruised."

She gave me some spirits which I quaffed freely, and in a few moments I got up and looked about me. We were on a high plateau several hundred yards away from the Golden Spur. My companions were still sleeping. Only Edna was up. Noble girl, she had attended us all through the long hours while we slept.

"How came we here Edna," I asked.

"I do not know, Roger," she answered, "when I awoke several hours ago, we were all here, as you see us. Since then I have been attending and watching over you and the rest ever since. Ned and yourself regained consciousness first; the others are still sleeping."

"Noble girl; brave Edna!" I cried, "you have saved our lives."

"I hope so, Mr. Evans," she answered, as she hastened to look after the comforts of the others.

While she was attending to my companions, I set out to explore our new situation. As I said we were on the summit of a high moun-

tain. The air was still and cold and a big frost had formed during the night. The secret pass was gone and what I took for the Golden Spur was not the spur. I could not locate a familiar land-mark. We must have been moved during the night by our foes many miles away. Tired out, I returned about noon and all the rest were up. Ned's wound was not serious and he was up chatting with Edna when I returned. All were discussing our strange adventures. Where were we, and how did we get here? were questions we could not solve—at that time—all was a mystery to us.

In the afternoon I, followed by Ned and Edna, set out on another trip of exploration, this time towards the West. We went higher up the mountain, hoping when we reached the edge of the plateau, we could locate our position or get a view of the land we were searching for. In a couple of hours we reached the edge of the mountain and as we looked into the valley below a simultaneous cry of wonder and admiration burst from our lips. Below us lay a great valley dotted over with magnificent cities, hills, domes, houses, gardens and lakes—a grand panorama of all that is beautiful, picturesque and sublime.

"Eden," exclaimed Ned.

"Paradise," I cried with rapture.

"Heaven," exclaimed Edna.

"The Eldorado," I said, "the beautiful Unknown Land."

"The Ophir of Solomon," replied Ned, "habit-

ed by a great people,—a race of royal people."

"Perhaps the refuge of the lost Incas of Peru," said I.

"Or the lost tribes of Israel," said Edna, "let us hasten thither."

"We will," I replied, "come we must hasten to tell our companions of this wonderful Ophiris."

With one impulse we turned to retrace our steps to where our companions were, but when we turned round we were confronted by two powerful men dressed and equipped like the guard we encountered on the previous evening. One of them carried a golden staff and on his bosom glittered a golden crescent. The other had a horn in his hand, gilded with silver and studded with glistening gems set in gold. They did not offer to molest us, but he with the rod pointed one end at us and the other towards the beautiful valley below, speaking to us but we could not understand what he said. We afterwards learned that he said,

"Come with us if you would go thither."

Seeing that they meant us no harm, I motioned for them to lead us to our companions, and then we would follow them to the valley. They seemed to understand me for they immediately set out towards our camp. On approaching the camp Jack and the Senor, seeing us in company with the guard, seized their guns and would have shot the strangers down had I not interposed,

"Desist, friends!" I cried, "these are friends

come to lead us to the valley below."

They immediately lowered their guns and gazed with mingled astonishment, first at us and then at the powerful strangers. Again the man with the golden staff made signs for us to follow them to the valley. I explained to Jack and the Senor that we had discovered the eldorado and that the men had come to lead us thither at once. Then the strangers set off and we followed them down the mountain.



## CHAPTER EIGHT.

## IN A LAND OF STRANGE PEOPLE.

**A**S we proceeded down the mountain others of the guard joined our escort, some carrying our luggage, others forming in squares about us. They were the same guards with whom we had come in contact on the pass. It was by their hands that we had been moved while we slept. Luckily for us that we had not killed any of them—for they were sacred people—and ere this our lives would have paid the forfeit for such a crime. Our shots had slightly wounded two of them. The firing of our guns had at first filled them with alarm and they fled, but they soon returned and found us sleeping. It was their duty to slay us on the spot but they took pity on us and spared our lives until they sent runners to the lord of the Province who had ordered them to bring us before him for judgement. This we, of course, learned afterwards.

The trip down the mountain was an inspiring scene; about us floated strains of soft music; the air wafted to our ears melodies of sweet, harmonious voices and somewhere in the distance we could hear grand peals as of an orchestra of ten thousand harps. The guards at our side stepped to the time of the music and chanted the strains as we marched along. Bright birds of rare plumage swept through the air over head, and strange animals browsed over the sides of the mountains. Below us lay the enchanting valley; far to the South and West stretched a long range of mountains which joined the mighty ranges we were on, forming a complete circuit about the valley. It was over one hundred miles from the plateau we were on to the dimly outlined range in the South and about the same distance from the vast range in the East to the snow crowned peaks in the West. Thus, by a continuous chain of vast mountains, this veritable Eden was shut off from the rest of the world-- a great amphitheater built and selected for the habitation of the chosen children of the sun. In the center of this beautiful valley was a lake fed by the streams that coursed down the mountains from all sides. Four great cities could plainly be outlined, one about five miles away and at the base of the mountain which we were on, the others further on. The city below us was inclosed by a circular wall built of massive square rocks and defended by strong buttresses and towers fifty yards apart. In the center of the city could be seen a great circular build-

ing which loomed up far above the houses about it. This circular building was surmounted by a great dome which was gilded with pure gold. The sunlight falling on the face of this dome caused it to shine out in splendor equal to the noon-day sun. In the distant cities these golden domes could be seen glittering as stars in the heavens.

Thousands of domestic animals—Vicunas, alpacas, llamas and huanacos—frolicked on the mountain sides, in the meadows and in the valley below. Great fields of rice, wheat and cincoa waved over the valley and beautiful groves of palms, dates, cocoas, oranges and other tropical fruits were dotted over the land. The magnificent picture-vision spread out before us seemed to be too beautiful to be real. Were we only dreaming of this enchanting eden or was it an actual vision of the great land we had been searching for? It was a reality. We were not dreaming of an ideal; the ideal was before us, and even now we were being led by the guardians of the pass into the very midst of the ideal land. The dream-vision had passed.

We proceeded slowly down the mountain, oblivious of all else, save the beauty and splendor of the great country before us. Our conductors paced steadily in front of us and the guards fell in rank at our rear. It was evident that we were bound for the adjacent city. We were so entrapt in the beautiful panorama about us, that we took no note of our immediate surroundings. Ned was the first one to observe that the company around us was increasing.

This fact at first filled us with alarm, yet our guides kept on, and the guards behind, defended our rear. The people who were joining us were unlike the guards, both in size and dress, yet of similar face and contour. The former wore no arms, and the long, white robes that covered the guards, were unlike those on the people. The dress of the people consisted of a mantle that fell from the shoulders to the knees. This mantle was girdled about the waist with a yellow sash in the center of which was a silver shield about two inches in diameter; from the sash fell many bright-hued tassels that dangled around the body of the wearer. The feet were protected by stout leatheren sandals. On the head was fastened a white turban adorned with a single feather or many feathers, tassels, laces of gold and silver and various ornaments, according to the rank of the wearer. The mantles were woven from the vicuna and of different colors. A circular pendant of gold adorned the bosom and a band of gold or silver was clasped about the left wrist. A mass of long black hair flowed loosely down about the shoulders. The face was of a yellowish cast but many of them were fairer, some almost white, the nose was large and the eye invariable black. The average height was about six feet, and the form was robust. Such were the people that were gathering about us—strange people, indeed.

At first they flocked about in groups of four or five, then by tens and as we neared the city by hundreds. They gazed curiously at us.

Some would come close up, look with admiration into our faces, some would touch us and fall back in wonder and others hung afar off, fearing to come near us.

We were now in the hands of these people, resistance would be folly, and whatever it might be, our fate was in their hands. By noon we entered the city of the Temple, Acoor; and, as the massive gates closed behind us, we, for the present, bade farewell to hope and to the world.

The multitude increased when we entered the city. We were placed in litters, which had been prepared for us, and we were borne upon the shoulders of men. A low murmuring of voices greeted us as we proceeded, growing louder and louder until it seemed as one mighty voice rolling through the multitude. Yet there was no discord. Precision and cadence, modesty and courtesy prevailed. The orderly march of the people, the mellow flow of the swelling voices and the respectful courtsey of this mighty throng contrasted strangely the grating shouts, huzzas, push and tumble of the mob in our own land. Now and then wreaths and garlands of flowers, richly wrought with laces of gold, were placed about us as we were carried along the broad, smooth highway. Then a party of richly attired nobles would range in line at our sides and keep pace with us. Some of them addressed us but we could not understand them—only they would point at us and say "Viracocha," which means white, and "barbudos" which is strangers, meaning white strangers.

We were borne along amidst this mighty wave

of peculiar humanity through the magnificent city. When the gates closed behind us all views of the outer world were cut off. The great wall, which enclosed the city proper, was fifty feet high, twenty feet thick and was over ten miles in length. At short intervals the wall was surmounted by towers fifty feet square and one hundred feet high. There were but four entrances through this wall to the city, North, East, South and West. The wall was built of white and yellow granite cubes ten feet in dimensions. These massive blocks were smoothly polished and perfectly joined—so closely fitted, indeed, that even the thinnest knife blade could not be inserted at the seams. All the masonry in this great country is of the same perfect workmanship. All the buildings of the city were fashioned and executed in the same perfect and compact manner only the walls of the houses were not so thick and high. Many of these buildings were large and massive, towering up to the height of the city wall. The largest and most imposing, presumably state buildings, were profusely decorated; the cornices gilded with silver and gold and gems of rare beauty glistened from every angle. The streets were broad and built of stone joined as perfectly as the great wall and as smooth as the costliest marble floors in the finest halls of America. A magnificent city indeed!

Such is a brief description of the city. Now to our own affairs.

The gates of freedom closed upon us; the throng increased and as we neared the temple, in the center of the city, the mass was so dense that

the pulsations running through it resembled the rolling sea. Who can wonder, situated as we were, that an uneasy shudder should pass over us? On my part this troubled feeling lasted but a moment. One can only trust in the everlasting decree of the Predestinator, and face the present and future as best becomes a man, bravely.

When we entered the great square about the Temple the multitude began to disperse and our sedans were surrounded by a double guard, dressed and armed like the guardians of the Pass. As the crowd vanished the grandeur and beauty of the plazza, or square and the temple in the center, became more manifest. The grounds were laid off in squares which were filled with the most beautiful products of nature and man. Trees were hung with golden fruit, while parterres of the most extraordinary kind were planted side by side, glowing with their various forms of vegetable life, skillfully imitated in gold and silver. Among these were stalks of Indian corn, which is the most precious grain of the land, carved out, the golden ears being partially disclosed by the opening of silver husks, and light tassels of silver floating gracefully on top.

Birds of rare plumage were perched among the branches of skillfully wrought trees and vegetables, which were cunningly wrought from the same costly material. Images of animals, birds, reptiles, vegetables and men, curiously and perfectly wrought from gold and silver, were scattered about the grounds. Here and there were sparkling fountains cemented with gold and fed by streams of crystal water which

were conducted through subterraneous channels of silver into the basins of gold. On the bosom of the fountains floated magnificent Victoria lilies made true to nature, the beautiful flowers of which were made of leaves of silver and the petals of pure gold. This spacious garden contains some of the finest statuary and works of imitations of Nature ever executed by the hands of man.

The Temple itself was a masterpiece of engineering in buildings. It was one of the temples of the Sun in the land. The base of the building was a circular polygon two hundred feet in diameter. The wall rose sheer up two hundred and fifty feet to the cornice of the massive golden dome. The dome was a smooth, glittering circle fifty feet high and one hundred feet across at the base, coming to a point at the apex, which was surmounted by a silver staff rising twenty five feet higher. The walls of this magnificent structure were decorated with gold, silver and precious stones. A great stairway of white marble led from the base of the Southern wall to a great hallway near the center of the building.

At the base of this stairway our party halted, and we were conducted into a small room where refreshments were offered us. Our luggage was deposited in alcoves about this apartment. After partaking of choicest viands spread before us, we were made to understand, by signs and motions from our two old guards, that we might dress and arrange our toilet as best we could before our entrance into the

council chamber. We divested ourselves of all our mail excepting our steel shirts and produced our best apparel. Jack and Ned took time to shave and give their moustache an extra twirl, but the Senor and myself contented ourselves with our beard. The two former anticipating such an occasion had lugged along a dress suit each and when they completed their toilet they resembled New York society men more than the wandering adventurers they were. Jack even went so far as to pin a diamond stud in his white shirt front and give his patent boots an additional rub. He was a handsome man and contrasted strangely with the people we were among. The Senor and I donned our blue hunting suits, I added only my epaulets which had graced my shoulders during the civil war. Pedro also brushed up a bit; but he, like the Senor and I, contented himself with his hunting suit. But the most wonderful transformation of all was performed by Edna. When she emerged from her toilet chamber I hardly knew her. She was attired in a neat, well fitting gown, pure white; her waist girdled by a green silk sash and her head was covered with a jaunty black cap. The streams of golden hair was curled in ringlets about her forehead while the massive locks hung in golden waves behind. She carried a fan of the latest pattern in her hand and on her left fore finger glistened a broad gold ring. A beautiful golden chain hung from her neck to the sash beneath which ticked a tiny gold watch. These last trinkets were gifts from

Ned, who had smuggled them all the way from New York to this distant land. He was a sly rascal and bore watching. The apparel she wore, Edna had ingeniously fashioned, from cloths which she had found among our effects, while on the journey hence. I had often noticed her at work of nights but had no idea of what she was up to. She had up to this time dressed like a man. She now stood before us completely transformed a beautiful woman and as noble a one as the sun shines upon. When she approached us I said to her as I grasped her fair hand,

**"Has Helen come to charm Adonis?"**

"No Helen, Mr. Evans, only your Edna decked for the Royal Presence," she replied. "How do you like it?" she asked.

"Splendid!" I answered, "I would not have known you but for your golden hair and sparkling eyes."

"Marvelous, wonderful!" cried Jack.

"Beautiful, charming!" exclaimed the Senor.

"A lovely transformation," said Ned, "I fear that all eyes will be turned upon you up there. But come our guards want us."

And so they did. Our old friends motioned us to follow them to the foot of the stairway. Here a new escort of forty men had formed two by two with a space in the center for us. We were hastily formed in line with the rest. The Senor and I went first followed by Ned and Edna while Jack and Pedro brought up our rear. The ranks closed up and we marched up

the long steps into the interior of the temple. At the upper landing we were joined by four majestic looking personages, whom we afterwards learned were the Incas of Nord. These men bowed to us with respect and paced at our side to the council chamber.

As we passed through the long corridors on our way to the council chamber, I took the chance to cast one look back at my companions. All were bearing up well enough. Jack's face was stolid and indifferent; Ned and Edna seemed content and expectant; the Senor was a little shaky, but I was confident his true courage would come out in the pinch of the game, all seemed filled with surprise and wonder at the marvelous scenes and strange people about us.

"We're in for it now," whispered Ned, as we entered the council chamber, "what's the betting?"

"Two to one that 'all's well that ends well,'" I returned, "be careful; don't act until I consent; keep a stout heart; tell the others."

He repeated my instructions, but the action came near costing us our lives. The Incas at our sides had noted our movements and heard the words. Although they did not understand what we said they guessed from our actions and expressions our intentions--in a sense they understood. At a signal every minion about us silently fixed their weapons and if we had uttered another sound our lives would have paid the forfeit. We were foreign to their manners and customs; we were strangers, therefore spies, captured in the

domain of the Chosen Children of the Sun, a secret, forbidden land where no stranger must ever come. The penalty was death! We had desecrated the Holy Temple, by our profane and uncalled for speech, where no man must speak without consent. This penalty was death! Had we known this at the time we might have trembled violently with fear, but we were happy in our ignorance.

We passed through the doorway into the Council Chamber. Near the center of this magnificent chamber was a golden throne upon which sat the Inca of Nord and his sister, the princess. It was before this royal pair that we were conducted.



## CHAPTER NINE.

## TRIED FOR OUR LIVES.

**A**S we passed through the room, soft strains of music could be heard; melodious voices floated through the hall and beating of muffled drums, apparently in the courts beyond, fell like a funeral knell upon our ears. Here and there about the room were clusters of skillful imitation work, wrought and arranged in the same beautiful and perfect manner as those in the gardens below. The throne itself was a massive piece of gold, tastily carved and studded with gems. Upon this throne, as I have said, sat two persons, apparently brother and sister, the Inca of Nord and the princess. This pair little resembled the people with whom we had come in contact. The features, manners and dress were far different. They were superbly dressed in the finest cloth, richly dyed and skillfully wrought in laces of silver, and gold and costly gems. About the head of the man was a turban of many

colored hues, with a tasseled fringe of scarlet color hanging over the shoulders. Over the forehead, suspended from the many-hued wreath, was a graven medal of pure gold, three inches across, a true representation of the sun. Surmounting this and above the head, were three plumes—one yellow, one white, one scarlet—which completed the head-gear of this oriental prince.

Over the shoulders was loosely suspended a mantle or cloak, woven from the finest vicuna wool, richly dyed and brilliantly ornamented with laces of gold and precious stones. An image like the one on his brow, only larger, covered the bosom; and a bodice, of richer texture still, girdled the waist and completed the dress. His forehead was broad and the features noble. His face was almost white with barely a trace of pink and yellow tinging the smooth skin. The eyes were intensely black, but the hair was tinged with yellow. The face was smooth and round, perfectly balanced, showing at once that he was a man far beyond the ordinary of his fellows—a true child of the Sun.

At his left hand sat his sister, a perfect counterpart of the brother, only in size and dress. The insignia was the same except the loss of the tasseled fringe and golden sun on the forehead. Her hair, too, was brighter, almost yellow, and flowed over the shoulders in natty ringlets. The eyes showed a tinge of blue. The face was fair and lovely and the form symmetrical. An image of the sun adorned her breast, and the robe fell in folds

to the person. A yellow sash was tied about the arm from which dropped pendants of

sparkling gems. The faces of both were immovable, only it seemed that I could detect the faintest winning smile cross the beautiful face of the woman as we approached. Beyond this neither of the royal pair seemed to be aware of our presence, which was announced by a herald, called Tupac Um.

Our guard stopped when within about ten paces of the throne, we were placed in line before the pair and the herald called out,

“Inca Huasco, Mama Ullo, barbudos mitimases balsas.” That is to say, we afterwards learned, “these emigrant strangers have crossed the border.”

In order to give a clearer meaning to what passed I will set forth the words in English.

“Let the strangers speak,” Inca Huasco returned, not changing his position or looking up.

Of course we did not understand a word that had been spoken, only the word “Inca” was familiar, which I knew meant lord or king. Perceiving from their gestures and manners that they wished us to speak, I said,

“Most noble Inca, we are strangers in this unknown land brought hither by your own good people,” which was partly a yarn, but luckily he did not understand me.

He looked up in surprise at the mention of his royal title, and said,

“I understand you not; speak as we speak.”

“What must I say Jack; what shall we do?” I asked turning towards him.

“Make signs to him,” Jack replied, “here bring

this fellow forward and let him explain it," and turning he grasped the arm of one of our early morning visitors and pulled him forth in front of the Inca.

"There, you rascal," he continued, "tell him how this thing happened or I'll break your neck."

This act on Jack's part seemed to surprise the Inca and his sister. They both looked up and gazed curiously at him, the latter smiled and for an instant her glorious eyes were fixed intently upon the handsome muscular fellow before her. Jack met her gaze, and it seemed that each was trying to read the soul of the other. In that one swift, soul-searching glance the mischief was played. A sort of spiritual telegraphy was established between the two. Both seemed to comprehend the thoughts of the other. It was then that the bravest man and most true, and the best and most noble of women looked upon each other. It was then that the balance turned in our favor, and never did woman work so faithful for the love of man as did this one work for us afterwards. While between these two a silent understanding had been established, the effect of Jack's speech and actions had proved to be a hornet's nest in the eyes of the Inca and the other nobles assembled. The latter grasped their weapons as did also the guard behind us and for a time it seemed that we were to be butchered on the spot.

When the princess, who was blushing scarlet, resumed her seat by the Inca, she glanced about the room and grasping the desperate situation we were in, she leaned forward and whispered in her royal brother's ear. She must have said some-

thing in our behalf, for at the motion of the Inca's hand the nobles and guard lowered their weapons and stepped a few paces away.

I then stepped quietly forward to where the guide stood and touched his lips then touched my own, he understood me, we could neither understand the speech of the other. I pointed to my companions, then towards the Spur, he nodded assent; I then pointed from the Spur to the temple and to the Lora, or guards who had brought us hither; he understood me and it seemed that the royal pair did also. I pointed to the Spur and far beyond, then to myself and companions, which they also seemed to understand. I then motioned to the Lora to relate the circumstances to the Inca, which he did. He told the Inca how we had scaled the height of the Spur; of our battle with the guards of the pass: of our becoming exhausted, and how, while in this state, the Guards had spirited us away to the mountain above the Pass and how they had, when we recovered, taken us in custody and brought us to the city. He was faithful to us. During his speech the Lora had frequently pointed at us, at our arms and especially at our revolvers. The Inca and the nobles seemed greatly surprised when the Lora related the exploits of our firearms, and expressed a desire to be permitted to examine one of them more closely. Seeing this, I pulled my little favorite six-shooter from my belt and handed it to the Lora who passed it to the Inca. He and his sister examined it closely for a few moments and then beckoned me to his side. He finally made me understand that they wished "to hear it

talk." I shook my head, but he persisted as also did the princess, both assuring me that it would be all right if I harmed no one.

I took the piece in my hand, looked to see if it was all right, and aimed it at a massive golden image of the sun, high upon the wall to my right. I don't know why I pointed at this particular object, but I suppose that it was the best target in sight that I could aim at—or perhaps because a higher instinct than human knowledge, directed my arm.—I know not. I fired, the shot went true and pierced the golden image in the forehead, exactly between the eyes. All eyes in that chamber followed the direction of my hand and when the piece roared out, the Inca, his sister and the guards all started up in astonishment, horror and rage. They were astonished at the flash and report of the gun; horrified at its terrible effect and enraged because the emblem of the Sun, their beloved deity, had been shattered. But alas, the shot almost proved fatal to us.. Immediately after they realized what had been done a hundred hands grasped as many weapons and as many weapons aimed at our bosoms. In another instant and this tale would never have been told. We had committed sacrilege, the penalty of which was instant death. A double death would have been our portion had not the unforeseen happened. We had from instinct, formed a circle about the throne and prepared to sell our lives as dearly as possible. For an instant we stood in this position expecting the onset at once. That instant saved our lives.

Suddenly the Inca, who had never taken his

eyes off the sacred image, gave a start, bounded forward and thrust himself between us and his threatening subjects, pointing all the while at the shattered image.

"Viracocha, Viracocha!" he cried out, "see Viracocha is with them!"

All eyes were instantly turned towards the image and the crisis had passed. The two inch hole, which I had punched in the head of the image, was gone and the face was intact as before! The people gazed at the restored image in amazement and were dumbed with terror. Not a sound was audible in that great hall, except the ticking of the watch at my side. Not a muscle was moved except the straining of eyes towards the image on the wall. Everything was deathly still; even the dripping of the fountain nearby ceased to drip; the melodious music in the outer courts stopped with a snap; the muffled drum was heard no more and the silver tongued voices in the distant recesses were silent. The Sun, the golden sun, the deity of the land only was active. He streamed down through openings above, his rays kissing the sacred emblem on the wall, which lit up the room with a new and peculiar brightness. Had a miracle been wrought in our midst? Had some power of Divine Omnipotence been made manifest? Something supernatural had happened; the image had been pierced and shattered, this would have been sworn to by all present. I will admit now that I was mystified as also were my companions. The hole was gone, the shattered image was intact, and it was shining out brighter and brighter, lighting up the en-

tire room with a peculiar mellow brightness. Invisible spirits seemed to be sweeping through the hall. The unnatural illumination from the face grew brighter. Faster the imagined phantoms swept about the place. Now a far off singing and ringing of tiny bells, as of a host of cherubims, could be heard. The room grew warm, my head began to reel as if intoxicated; my companions looked dazed but dared not speak. The Señor, who had at last seen a vision and a miracle, was shaking in his boots; Pedro fell senseless to the floor. Yet brighter grew the celestial face on the wall, swifter went the phantoms about the hall; louder the singing and ringing of bells and warmer grew the air in the whirling room. A low murmur of agony and terror ran through the fainting multitude. Unable to stand the strain longer, the Inca Huasco staggered forward, grasped me and we slowly fell to the floor, locked in each other's embrace, yet for awhile longer I was conscious of what was going on about me. Mama Ullo uttered a cry of "Viracocha," swooned away and fell heavily forward, but was caught in Jack's strong arms; the natives fell about the room upon their faces. Ned and Elias bowed to the floor; the Señor went to his knees praying to the Saints to break the spell; the room swam around, the face blazed more vivid, the spirits swept like flashes of lightning round about, the singing swelled to one grand, sweet strain—then my sight failed me, I heard no more—all sense was gone, I eased off into a stupor and knew no more.

How long we lay in this strange trance, I

know not. When I awoke I was lying upon a couch in a different room. I lay thus for some time trying to collect my scattered senses and recall what had happened. Little by little I patched up the events that had befallen us, and even now the scenes of that hour are clearly and definitely impressed upon my brain. I then tried to banish the thoughts from my mind—tried to think of Tom, of other days, but alas it was useless, I could not see or think of anything but the halo on the face and the whirling-spirits.

I could bear the suspense no longer, and turning on my side I called out,

"Jack, Ned, Edna, Senor, where are you?"

"Here am I, you galloping idiot," came a voice, "what do you want?" It was Jack's voice.

"Come here Jack, where are the rest? what has happened?"

"All here Rog," came another voice, "how do you feel since you have blown the brains out of yonder blasted Sun-god image?"

"There now, Ned," I replied, "none of your nonsense. What has become of said brains, and where is the hole I plugged into its skull?" At which thrust they all laughed heartily.

"It was the face of God Senor," said another voice, "it hath pleased him to save us from the hands of these guards. All the Saints and Chernbims of heaven came into that room just then, Saint Peter himself leading the host. The saints be praised."

"The diabolato himself was in the midst there."

of, Senor," said Pedro, "I saw his black face scowl when the Senor and the Inca fell."

"To hades with your blasphemous pratter," cried the Senor testily, "make yourself scarce or I'll break every bone in your infamous body!" Whereupon Pedro vanished.

"Let be," I said, rising, "I want to know what has happened and where we are at present."

"First question, a miracle; second, in the Inca's royal garden house one mile from the Temple," answered Ned.

"How come you so wise, Solomon?" I asked.

"I saw the one performed, I have located the other and measured the distance, Sun-god destroyer," he answered humorously.

"He speaks truly Mr. Evans," came another voice which I knew was Edna's, "God has been merciful to us once more and instead of being with him in Paradise, we are in the hands of a kindly people."

"Who knows but what this seemingly kind people may not prove to be more deadly than a Boa," replied Jack curtly, "we must come to trial again one year hence."

"Wherefore, Jack?" I asked.

"Such has been the decision of the Inca and Incana of this province. Our case has been referred to the Inca Manco Tupac, Inca of the Empire. At least I had been able to understand this much by signs and motions and phrases of the moon."

"So be it then," I replied, "sufficient is the day for the evil thereof. Let us make the best

of life while we live; let me arise and dine."

They lifted me up and carried me to the garden. I was too weak to walk. It seems that I had been more overwrought in the council chamber than any of the rest, for it had been two days, since the extraordinary events recorded occurred in the Temple. All the rest had fully recovered in a few hours afterwards and had been removed to the house we now occupied. Inca Huasco was the first to overcome the spell and his sister was next. Jack recovered from the strange delusive sleep soon after and the three of them arranged for our future.

The Inca and his people now regarded us as celestial beings, and we were reverenced as the Children of Viracocha coming directly from the Sun. For had not the invisible god made himself manifest in our presence and had not the visible heavenly orb smiled upon us and kissed our faces, restoring his image that I had shattered? Huasco and his sister and all the people of Nord henceforth regarded us as supreme beings and they remained true to us ever afterwards. The princess Ullo worshipped Jack as a divine oracle and held us all in the highest regards. Her love for the one and reverence for the others, played a great part in our future, proving that a beautiful woman's love and friendship would stop at nothing short of its desire. She had a true heart and a noble soul.

After recovering, the Inca ordered that we should dwell in his own palace for the space of one year, where we were to be instructed in the

quichua or court language, under the special directions of the Inca and his sister and the High Priest of the Temple. After this year of probation and instruction we were to be taken to Kara, the capital city of the land and tried before the Inca of the empire, Manco Tupac.

Our arms and effects had been restored to us and brought to our new quarters in the palace. Servants and teachers had been provided for and our two old friends of the guard were to do guard duty in our quarters. We were allowed free access to the royal palace and gardens and even of the Temple and city if we wished. All our wants were anticipated and provided for and it seemed that we were to have an easy walk over, as Jack put it, in establishing ourselves in the confidence of this people. But alas! how often one is mistaken in hasty conclusions. There is always a calm and still waters before the storm fury breaks.

On the following morning our tutors arrived. We agreed to make the best of our time and let no opportunity pass that would be for our betterment. We fell to our studies with a will and vim inborn in all true Americans and as the time went by we made rapid progress. Here I will state that at the end of the year we were all masters of the elegant quichua language; and Jack, who was an adept lawyer, was well versed in the statutes and customs of the land.

However one fatal mistake had been made; we had entered a land where it was not lawful to come, we had desecrated the Holy Temple which was a grievous penalty, and lastly we had com-

mitted sacrilege, the penalty of which was death. The seriousness of the last two offences was somewhat alleviated by the miracle that had been wrought and the divine restoration of the shattered face. In fact, we were at once acquitted of these offenses, through the good influences of Inca Huasco, the princess and the people of Nord, and would have had but little trouble in establishing ourselves, had not other and more fatal mistakes been made.

This came about in this wise; the Incana of Nord, Mama Ullo, had from the moment her eyes met those of Jack, fallen passionately and hopelessly in love with him and her frequent visits to our quarters only intensified the flame; and, alas, he, too, became enamored of the beautiful princess. It was a genuine case of pure, eternal love at first sight. Later it fell out that the lovely princess was betrothed to the Inca, of Kara, who was her cousin and who was infatuated with her. This complication afterwards involved us in many difficulties—indeed, this and a similar case which afterwards occurred, brought about a civil conflict in which we were participants.

But more of this later on. I will only relate events as they transpired, beginning with the beginning and ending at the end.

The Inca and the Princess Ullo often visited us in our quarters, as did hundreds of people, and were delighted with our rapid advance in their language. In the course of a few weeks we could discourse with them freely, much to the

gratification of the Princess, who never grew tired of listening to us, and especially to Jack. She took particular pains with him and when she learned that he was trying to master the laws of the country she spared no pains in gathering information for him. Thus time went on.



## CHAPTER TEN.

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY.

If my readers will bear with me for a short time and are willing for us to quietly master the quincha language, I will attempt to give a brief description of this wonderful land, its people, their customs manners, religion and their origin. The first I will record from personal observation, the latter I will set forth as I gleaned it from the *quipu* of the people, the historical records found in the Temple of Viracocha in Kara. Indeed, too, I learned much from the old inhabitants, in the Sacred Valley near the Holy Lake, while completing our studies in Kara. I shall not attempt to give an exhaustive account of this wonderful country and its inhabitants, but shall confine myself to facts as I know them, and as I have gleaned them from the Aranian manuscripts found in the Temple, adding nothing which is untrue, nor lending my own imagination to the truth. Nor will I show much credence in the legends of the people, only such as agree with recorded facts.

Here is the true account as I saw and learned it.

This great and unknown land lies ten degrees

South of the Equator, between the mountain systems of the Cordillera Geral and the Cordillera del Norte. It contains an area of about twelve thousand square miles and has a population of five million souls. It is peopled by the descendants of the ancient Peruvian Incas. The Northern limit is on the summit of the central range of the Gerals, about 10 deg. 30 min. south. This unexplored chain of mountains is of volcanic origin, some of which are now in an active state, some of the peaks towering to a height of twenty thousand feet. The general contour of the mountains show an unbroken front on either side. The mean attitude of this range is ten thousand feet above the sea level, stretching from its twin chain on the east to an arm of the same system in the West, forming a barrier on the North, over one hundred miles long. The arm from the northern range turns southward on meridian 62 deg. forming the western limits. This arm of the Gerals joins the mighty del Norte range which presents a formidable wall in the South. This vast chain turns in the South east and runs along meridian 66 deg. northward forming the Eastern line, joining an arm of the Gerals in the North thus completing the circuit.

The mighty system of the Cordillera del Norte contains the highest mountains adjacent to the country. In the South where the two systems join some of the peaks reach an attitude of 22,000 feet. Also in the North east where a juncture of the two systems is made are found peaks of great height some of which are in a state of volcanic eruption.

The backbone of both systems enclosing *Tava* is above the snow line. The exterior walls are perpendicular, the interior slopes gradually from the summit of the high plateaus towards the valley below. East and West, North and South beyond the border line vast ranges stretch away as far as the eye can see. So intricate and difficult are the passes in these mountains that even the native Antilas themselves become lost. Even should one succeed in crossing these mighty ranges, he would not dare to scale the rugged walls that surrounds the interior.

For hundreds of miles on every side beyond the mountains stretch unbounded forests, filled with deadly reptiles, wild animals and Indians. In all this unexplored territory has no man ever been except Don Carlos and Senor Hernando, who came before us. Civilization is yet a long way off from *Tava*. The nearest point where white man lives is a mining village in the South called *Pata-guis*. The nearest river out side is a branch of the Rio Camarara, 100 miles away.

Even though any man should escape the dangers of the forests and mountains, unless he possessed the key to some of the secret passes his journey would come to an end. No one, nor company of men, nor army of men, could force the pass, so closely is it guarded by the vigilant Lora Oracles, who are men of super-Herculean strength. The northern pass has been blocked up since we came and the guard on the Golden Spur doubled. I repeat that it would be a vain and dangerous task for any man to seek an entrance into the country. Though the batteries of

the world were brought to bear upon the natural defences of the land no impression could be made upon its eternal walls. *No man can enter, no man must leave*, for ere a foot, going or coming, should reach the height of the Spur the mighty Lora would stop it. This great people are so secure in their position that they do not fear or even expect to meet any foreign foe.

For four hundred years they have lived here in peaceful security and the next four hundred—yea eons and eons of time will find them enjoying their simple freedom. They can never be conquered.

This enchanting country, viewed from the height of the Spur, is spread out like a beautiful picture—combining all that is grand, sublime, beautiful and picturesque into one vast panorama. In the center of the valley is the Holy Lake, into which is coursing the mountain streams, like silver threads. On the Northern shore of the Lake is the beautiful city of Kara, the capital of the empire, which is filled with massive dome capped temples and magnificent palaces. South of the Lake is the Sacred Mount, Capac Urcu, with its pink and white terraced walls; further on and to the right, baths. Near the baths is located the great Temple of the Sun, *Pachacamac*, around which is situated the Inca's superb gardens and the Houses of the Virgins of the Sun. Far to the left is the Holy Mountain, *Coricancha*, around which is situated vast stores and treasure-houses. On this mountain is found vast quantities gold and copper, which would yield millions and millions of money if the mines were properly work-

ed. Far beyond this mountain is the city of Torca. Nearer and still to the left is the opulent city, Vicuna, so called from the enormous quantities of Vicuna wool that is produced and manufactured there. Near this city is Mount Manco, where is found thousands of diamonds, some of which are larger and far superior to the world famous Kohinoor that graces Victoria's crown. The wealth of the Eastern empires is scattered about over this mountain, the natives using the precious gems only for settings in cornices in the temples and cutting stone. In a word, untold millions of treasures are buried in this wonderful land, nor will the hand of civilization ever touch it.

Nor is this all. This is one of the most productive valleys in the world. It fairly teems with vegetation. Fields of grain, corn, cinoa, potatoes, sugar cane, cocoa; groves of cinnamon, coco, oranges, bananas, figs, grapes and all tropical fruits and flower gardens, stud the land from line to line.

Vast store-houses, filled with grain are scattered over the land, which contain enough food to last the whole country for several years. There is no chance for a crop failure. As it seldom ever rains, the whole country is a perfect net-work of irrigation canals and conduits, which run from the tillable sides of the surrounding mountains throughout the entire valley. The air is soft and exhilarating. Here one, though in a tropical country, does not have to endure the heat of an Equatorial sun, nor the chilling blasts of a Northern blizzard. In the valley it never frosts, on the

border mountains the snow never melts. It rarely ever rains, and the terrific blasts of a midsummer thunder cloud is unknown. There is absolutely no conflict in the laws of nature. There is no discord among the people. The same daily routine life, as if by clock-work, goes on, year after year, age after age, the same to-day, yesterday, tomorrow, through the centuries. Fixed laws; fixed religion, fixed domestic life,—now and forever the same. Such is a brief sketch of this wonderful land, this earthly Paradise, *Tava-Arania*.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN.

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY.—HOLY LAKE.

**A**FTER a stay of nine months in Anoor, we were permitted to make a journey through the country. We were attended by Inca Huasco and the Princess Ullo on this tour. We had learned the beautiful quincha language almost perfectly in this time and could discourse freely with our companions. The two Lora guards also came with us, as well a considerably following of nobles and servants. Up to this time we had never been but a few miles from the city, and now as we set forth from it we knew not whether we should ever enter it again, for after making a tour of the country we were to be taken to Kara for our final trial. Our journey through Nord was of but little note. The objects of greatest interest lay further on.

Passing from Nord into the province of Kara we approached one of the most wonderful works that nature has seen fit to build. This is the Holy Lake with its attendant springs, streams and geysers of boiling waters, from which great

masses of steam and vapor is shooting into the air. Descending the shores of the lake, we find ourselves walking about in a most exhilarating vapor bath, while all about us and beneath our feet along the narrow pathway, the shallow water, from innumerable spring, is boiling and bubbling on its course to the Lake. Unique causeways of solid white granite have been skillfully laid off and wound about the springs, as cunningly planned as the intricate web. One only needs to step off this narrow pathway to test the heat of the trickling water beneath.

These boiling streams are utilized by the ingenious Tavans for various domestic purposes. Here are situated the great laundries of the land, thousands of people being employed to do the washing for the empire. Thousands of people, too, visit this enchanting place daily, bathing in the magic, waters which is said to be an elixir for all diseases. They cook their *charqui*, or dried llama meat, and boil their potatoes by simply hanging them in nets and dropping them into the boiling stream. Upon the bosom of the lake, which is about six miles across, can be seen hundreds of *balsas*, or small skiffs, darting back and forth through the water; as if propelled by magic. The water of the lake is warm and pleasant. The cold waters pouring down from the perpetual snow-crowned mountains are met in the lake by the waters from the boiling springs which always keep the body of the lake at a pleasant temperature.

The waters of the lake and springs possess

the most diffused mineral qualities and rare medicinal properties of any waters in the world. The body of the lake is formed principally of water from the pure mountain streams, while from the near by springs is poured into it a considerable quantity of water of various mineral properties. In fact these springs contain a new and peculiar mineral which is said to contain medicinal properties, which, if constantly used, will keep a person alive forever. I would be glad if a few of my yankee brethren in New York, who are always on the hunt for some kind of spring in which to bathe and grow stout, could come here and wash away their diseases, but, alas, they cannot. To my certain knowledge, after a residence in this wonderful country of eight years, no one, who bathes in and drinks these waters, ever sickens or dies. I have not, nor has my companions, experienced a moment of pain since we adopted the use of these waters. Let he who will, gasp and wonder at these statements but they are true. I verily believe that here is found the "Fountain of perpetual youth," so vainly sought for by the Spaniards in the West.

I have found in this valley, men and women of remarkable age; and, if recollections and traditions can be relied upon, there are a few here who crossed the mountains and valleys with Inca Manco Capac and de Arana nearly four hundred years ago.

Be this as it may, there are people here very old, and a death in this valley is a rare occurrence, while doctors and medicines are totally unknown.

Near the Holy Lake is a geyser, rising from a huge cone, like the most exquisite coral, up which you can climb to the mouth of the crater, several hundred feet above the surface of the lake. From the broad rim of the crater you can look over into the interior and see what is going on. Far down below, somewhere in the bowels of the earth, there is a rumbling, thumping, dull sound, and if you are not careful while you look a spurt of hot steam will dash into the face, impressing you with your perilous position. The Senor, who is quite awkward, came near toppling over into the chasm when a gust of steam took him full in the face. When the warm breath of steam is felt, you draw back and look up and thousands of diamonds will shoot up then fall and rattle down the sides of the cone. It is nothing but hot water, but the drops resemble diamonds in the bright sunlight. Then there comes a sudden roar, the air scintillates, and it seems as if all the jeweler's shops in New York had exploded at once. Streams of hot water spurting into the air and volumes of steam are pouring from all sides while the rumbling and roaring increase. I have seen many curious freaks of nature in my time but this geyser is the most fascinating and wonderful I have ever seen. It is a strangely beautiful and delightful piece of workmanship.

To the west of the Royal Geyser is one of the most attractive places in Tava. It is the Terraces of Huasco, situated on the sides of Mount Huss-car. There are two terraces, formed and built alike in all respects except color; one is white, one is pink, and both are built of a peculiar formation

resembling granite. The beauty in both form and color of the White Terrace is beyond the power of description or imagination. The graces of its irregular curves, its series of stairs and buttresses, extending from the banks of the pan-shaped crystal lake below to the top of the conical mount, covering a superficial area of one hundred acres, is beyond the power of any pen or brush. On the opposite side of Mount Huascar is the twin sister of this wonder, the Pink terrace, or as it is called by the natives *Itschmac*, denoting the red stairway, extending as the white one, from the base of the mountain to the rim of the crater at the top. It spreads out like an open fan. At the base of the mountain the steps of this endless stairway are three miles long, getting shorter and shorter as they wind round the cone, until they reach the ring of the extinct crater five thousand feet above, where they seem to come to a point. This terrace is much larger than the white one, the steps of which at the base are only one mile long. The terraces join on either side of the mountain, forming a continuous circular stairway from the base of the cone to the crater's rim. The graceful curves of this natural stairway are broken, here and there, by great buttresses, which stand out on the side of the terraces, keeping sentinel over the grand panorama spread out around the Sacred mountain. This cone surpasses any mountain in the world for its beauty and splendor. I have climbed the mighty peaks of the Himalayas, struggled over the wonderful glaciers of the Alps and scaled the heights in the Rockies, but nowhere have I seen anything that

would equal Mount Huascar in grace, beauty and dazzling splendor.

Scientists would say that this wonderful freak of nature was formed during the unknown ages of preglacial times, by the action of water, heavily charged with silicica, which bubbled up from the unfathomable depths of the conical column. This solution spreading out over the sides of the mountain, slowly building this wonderful stairway, through the ages, more gigantic and exquisite than any structure ever carved by the most cunning artificers of the kings and potentates of the Orient. At the top of the mountain are basins of crystal water, the depths of which are bluer than the heavens, reflecting all the tints of the rainbow the violet, primrose and sapphire. The pure water trickling from the basins are continually crystallizing in new accidents of form and color, each one apparently more beautiful than the one that had preceded it, all mingling and rejoicing as they pass down the stairway until they are lost in the waters below. Thus, as our "scientist" brother would say, slowly, eon after eon, this wonderful work of nature has gone on, obtruding itself upon layers of rocks and trees on the mountain side until the whole was covered with a delicately carved structure of ivory, alabaster and pearl, glinting in the sunlight like unto a beautiful stairway leading into heaven, so pure, sacred and divine that human feet dare not tread thereon.

At sunrise the golden rays of the sun kiss the sacred white terrace, mingling with the reflecting scintillations of the dawn, producing a light of pure gold, so glorious and bright as to seem al-

most divine. At noon the effect is entirely gone and the terrace reflects its own pure light, as a polished mirror, as white and stainless as a polar snow. At eventide the Pink Terrace produces its most peculiar flush of beauty and glory; and, as the sun sinks behind the distant mountains, the whole structure is lit up with a flush of a mid-winter sunset upon a frozen cataract, or a stairway of purest, snow tinged with millions of stars set in violet and gold—a happy blending of all the tints and colors known to the nations. At the top of this terrace are many boiling springs, which gush from the base of the crater's ring, red as the purest rose, from which, our sage of science would say, this vast and marvelous wonder was built. The waters in the depths are as blue as a molten sea of sapphire, and looking into bottomless basins is like looking into the pellucid waters of the South Pacific ocean at sunset, where unique shapes of coral and mandrepore waver and glisten in an indescribable mass of riot and beauty. When the waters rush over the walls of the basins they resemble mingled sheets of red and sapphire, which have, for ages past, been weaving and forming this wonderful pink stairway, until it would seem that, in its marvelous building, Nature had done her best and man is satisfied.

The people of Tava knocks the philosophy of the scientist on the head by saying that this Sacred Mountain and its stupendous stairway was built by their Deity, the Sun, for his children when he first sent them on their mission to earth, and that it is to be an emblem of his everlasting power and constancy to his faithful children.

When he rises in the morning he greets his children by kissing the pure white walls of the Sacred Mount, and when he bids them adieu at sunset he salutes them with a similar token—flooding the Western slope with his golden tears which stain the pure, white rocks—an everlasting testimony of his regret in parting with his chosen people. The mount will grow larger and more beautiful until the end of time, when all the children of the Sun will be gathered upon it and taken home into the heavens, by the Intli, where they may dwell forever.

Such is the legend of the people. I cannot deny it, nor yet can I agree with the scientist. I am not a Sun worshiper nor a scientist, so I will leave the question for the parties in dispute to settle. Senor Diego de Arana, a man of high repute among the natives, and a pioneer of Tava, avows that Mount Huascar was designed and built by a divine Originator especially for the Children of the Sun. Let he who doubts disprove.

END OF PART FIRST.



**“OPHIRIS.”**



**Part - Second.**



*The Journal of DIEGO de ARANA  
and His History of PHIRU and of the  
OPHIR.*



## PART II.

## —INTRODUCTION.—

I will now pass from the description of the country to its history. The compound word *Tava-Arana* has a double or significant meaning. Tava, which means country, is derived from the ancient Peruvian name, *Tavantinsuyu*, which means the the four-quarters of the world. Arana, is the name of the pioneer, Diego de Arana, a Spanish Captain, who was left by Columbus in command of the first colony planted in America. Arana discovered the beautiful valley of Tava and the country was named by Manco Capac, *Tava-Arana*, or Arana's country.

This beautiful and unsurpassed valley was discovered by Deigo de Arana in the year 1510, It was subsequently peopled by a remnant of the ancient Peruvians, under the dethroned Inca, Manco Capac, after their last struggle for supremacy on the heights of Vilcabamba and by Deigo de Arana and his followers, in about the year A. D. 1542. The present inhabitants of Tava are pure descendants of the ancient Peruvians, the Incas. With only a few exceptions, their habits, religion and government are the same to-day as they were

four hundred years ago, or even a thousand years ago.

The Incas, or Children of the Sun, are the supreme and absolute rulers, both of religious and domestic life. The Incas of Tava are direct descendants of the original Children of the Sun, Manco Capac and his sister-wife, Mama Oello Huaco, the Inca, Huasco Tupac, being the twenty-sixth prince to don the scarlet borla. The Inca being supreme, or above all, his word is law, his action and being divine. All the other Incas of the realm are at his command and the necks of the people, as it were, are at the feet of their ruler. The Inca of the realm is assisted by four provincial Incas—Inca Huasco, of Nord, a brother of Inca Tupac; Inca Villac, of Torca, also a brother; Inca Atulac, of Kara, a cousin, and Inca Arna, of Aranía, also a cousin,—are rulers, or as we would say Governors, of the four states. Then comes the Inca of thousands and Incas of hundreds—forming a social system of rulers and rule that centuries have failed to shake. Ordinary misdemeanors are adjusted by the Incas of Hundreds or Thousands, difficult state questions by the provincial Incas, and complicated questions—such as religious or governmental disputes, are referred to the Inca of the realm. However, any case in civil equity may be appealed to him. He fixes all laws, his subordinates enforce them. It is unlawful for the heir-apparent, or Holy Inca to consort with the Lora, or common people, and hence his wife must be a descendant of the royal stock. The marriage of brother and sister is prohibited, the coya or queen,

usually being selected from among the Inca's cousins—Virgins of the Sun. It is believed that an Inca can divine the thoughts, actions and deeds of his subjects, and that no man can keep a secret from him. I have learned, in after years, that it was due to the foreknowledge of Inca Huasco that our lives were spared by the guards of the Pass when we were overcome on the heights of the Golden Spur. He saw us in a vision, and his sister, princess Ullo, had a vision in which she saw a handsome white stranger battling for his life, saw him fall, and as he fell, saw him cast one despairing look of appeal towards her. After these visions they immediately dispatched *chasquis*, or post-runners, to the Spur commanding the Guards not to molest us but to bring us to the city. The word came just in the nick of time, for the Guards, overcoming their fright, had returned to where we lay and would have made an end of us at once had not the *chasquis* arrived.

For the history of ancient Peru, or Phiru or Ophir, I am indebted to de Arana's wonderful translation of the quichua manuscripts and the quipu records, for they are quite beyond me. Whether his account of Ophir be true or not I cannot say, but the people declare to its truth, and it seems to me that Ophir could have been in America as well as in Asia or Africa. There is not a country in the world that contains more gold and precious stones than Peru and Tava fairly teems with the precious metals and gems. In the following pages I shall set forth

only the account as I found it recorded in the Aranian manuscripts. If anyone doubts the truth of it, I can only say that he can come and investigate for himself or draw his conclusions and be content therewith, the latter being the best and fraught with less danger. I repeat that I am not accountable for the statements concerning pre-historic Peru, but I believe that they are about as true as any other account of the location of Ophir.

Whence had these people their origin? How came them here? Who taught them to worship the Sun and other heavenly bodies? Where did their ideas of an invisible Ruler of the universe, a resurrection and future existence originate? Whence their legends, laws and civilization? When the skeptic shall have solved these riddles he will definitely locate the the Ophir of Solomon, tracing Jewish customs and Pheonician religion down through the centuries to the present customs, worship and civilization in Tava.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER ONE.

IN WHICH IS GIVEN A HISTORY OF DEIGO DE ARANA.

**A**S I have frequently mentioned the name of Deigo de Arana in this connection it is proper that I should set at rest the mind of the reader in regard to this important personage; for on him hinges the whole fabric of the history of this secluded land—perhaps the author of its existence. Among the great store of relics, contained in the vaults of the temple of Corican-cha, we found a musty volume of Latin manu-

script, which proved to be a journal of the life and adventures of that notable man, together with a history of the Peruvian-Incas from the earliest period to the conquest of their country by the Spaniards; the subsequent flight of Manco Capac and his people from Vilcabamba to Tava, down to his death, A. D. 1560.

I am under obligations to the High Treasurer of the State, Inca Zeze, for the discovery of the manuscripts and to Edna and Ned for its rendering from Latin into English and to Senor Hernando for his aid in translating that part which was in Spanish. I am a very poor Latin scholar of the modern school, but this bearing a date of 400 years was far beyond me and it was with great difficulty that my companions rendered an accurate translation.

I will now set forth in my own way an extract of that part of the translation from the original manuscript, relating directly to the events of the life of de Arana, reducing the journal to as few words as possible. To do this, it will be necessary to begin at the beginning, and let the old explorer tell the story himself, thusly:

\* \* \* \* \*

I was born at Palos, Spain, in the year of our Lord 1470, was educated at Salamanca under the tutorship of Leon de Carabal. I sailed on the *Pinta* with Columbus to the Indes in 1492. On the 14th day of October 1492, we made a landing on one of the India isles, and afterwards discovered other islands, small and great. The natives were well developed men, being reddish in color and docile in manner. Some of these we induced

aboard our ships. At the close of the year 1492 we landed on an island, called Hayti, by the natives, which our Commodore christened Hispanolia. Here we built a fortress, from pieces of one of our vessels which had been wrecked, and communication was established with the natives, who treated us kindly. On the second day of January 1493, Columbus sailed for Spain, leaving me in command of the fortress *La Natividad*, which was garrisoned by forty men. For some time all went well and we lived royally and secure, but in the course of a few weeks a part of my men, headed by Gonzalo de Gamba, became unruly and abused the Indians greatly.

Now during my stay in Hayti, one Canonabo was Cacique of Ciabo, the gold regions, and he was a warlike and ferocious man. The people of the entire island were more or less subject to his despotic sway. He despised the white man and he would accept no offers of peace. Now when the de Gamba faction became abusive, Canonabo declared war upon us. On the 12th of March I fitted up an expedition and proceeded to Ciabo to locate the gold fields. The Chieftain received us and treated us well for a time, but through the good advices of his beautiful sister Anacona, I learned that he meant to entrap and kill my whole command of thirty men. On the day before this heinous plot was to be developed, I secretly withdrew from the vicinity, taking with me the lovely princess, Anacona, who had become enamored of me and I of her.

When we reached the fortress we found that the whole population, instigated by Canonabo, was

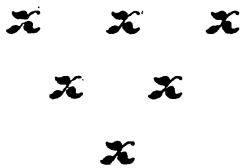
in open rebellion and were besieging my companions and our Indian allies in the fort. I cut my way through the mob and joined my force with that in the fortress. We held the howling savages at bay for the space of ten days when our provisions gave out. One by one my men were slain until my garrison was reduced to six cavaliers and twelve natives. When at last our stronghold was set on fire, I saw that only ruin and death awaited us. I then ordered a retreat to the bay, where I had previously caused to be built a small boat, in which was stored provisions and ammunition. I took with me the princess, whom I loved and had made my wife, my six companions, three of whom had wives, and four native allies, making a total of fifteen souls. In our dash from the fort to the boat, fifty yards below, we were sorely pressed, not one escaping without a wound. We pushed the boat from the shore and in a short time were beyond the reach of our foes. This event occurred April 1, 1498.

For many days we drifted on the rough waters of a vast sea, not daring to make a landing nor knowing whither we went. Our provisions ran short, and after passing through the islands of the Caribs, land was seen no more. Two of our party, de Gama and a native died of wounds, and the rest of us were famishing of hunger. However, when reduced to our greatest extremity, the providence of God interceded in our behalf, and on the 9th of November we discovered a long stretch of coasts on either side. We also soon realized that we were passing this coast at a rap-

id pace without effort. We were on a great river called *Amazona* by the natives and the tides of the sea were pouring into it. By a mighty effort we made a landing, procured a quantity of provisions and resumed our journey. I knew that we were on a continent, perhaps Asia, and I believed that the mighty river was the Ganges in India. We found but few traces of human habitation in this vast wooded region as we proceeded up the river. We continued our journey several weeks, passing many great rivers. At last we reached an Indian village and being kindly received we abode with them one year.

Learning from the natives of a more progressive people in the South, we determined to go thitherward. Procuring a few natives as carriers and guides, we journeyed Southward, crossing wide plains and great mountains, until we reached the border-land of what I afterwards learned was *Phiru*, the empire of the Incas, or Children of the Sun. I learned that the present ruler was Inca Huayna Capac, a great and good man possessing vast riches, and that his capital city *Cuzco* or Center, lay some two hundred miles further South. I deemed it prudent to call a halt and bide a time on the borders before proceeding to the seat of the empire. Land and houses were allotted to us, and for four years we continued our residence in the high plains of *Hulanta*, the Indians recognizing us as superior beings, sometimes calling us *Viracocha* because of our strange dress and white faces, but our wives and servants they called *barbudos*, for they were strangers and like unto themselves.

At the end of the fourth year, we were summoned by Inca Huayna's heralds to appear in Cuzco and be present at the great annual feast called *Raymi*. As the *chasquis*, or post-runners, had already notified the emperor of us, we deemed it prudent to obey his commands. Accordingly we went thither, the year being 1500 A. D. We were generously received, by the magnanimous people, into the city which was filled with many magnificent buildings. We knew not whether this was some opulent city of the Orient, of which we had heard and read. The grandeur of the buildings, the elegance of the people and the lavished wealth I saw in this great city would have filled my Spanish brethren with envy. No city in the known world could boast of such vast treasure.



## CHAPTER TWO.

## ARANA AT THE FEAST OF RAYMI.

**N**OW this Festival of Raymi is celebrated at the beginning of the summer solstice, when the Sun-father has touched his southern limit (Dec. 21.) and begins to retrace his steps towards the land of his loving children. To this great and rare feast we had a special invitation by the emperor, Inca Huayna Capac, himself. On this occasion quarters were allotted to us, as well as to all the nobles of the realm of the Sun; and people from all the Tavantinsuyu, or four quarters of the empire, flocked to the Sacred City to celebrate this national festival. On this occasion also the young prince, Huascar, the heir-apparent was to be initiated, which was to be followed by national games. It seemed that the whole nation was turning out to participate in these games and be present at the festival. Fully a quarter of a million of people were present. The good Inca, Idol Child of the Sun, reigned and many victories achieved by him were to be celebrated and recorded by the quipucamayus, or quipu keepers.

Now for a space of three days before the feast, did all the people fast, it being a crime for any one to eat or keep a light burning in their houses. This law was not broken in a single instance. On the third morning the people assembled in the square to witness the rising of the Sun. The Inca, his family and all his nobles issued from their palaces, joining the multitude in the great square at daybreak. All were dressed in the gayest and finest apparel, each vieing with the other, in presenting the the most costly dress. Dazzling ornaments of precious jewels flashed on the persons of rank, while canopies of beautiful feather-work, richly tinted with the finest fabrics, interlaced with gold, were borne over their heads by attendants. Gold, silver, diamonds and precious gems were to be seen every where and on every one. Pedro Fillepo, my companion estimated that not less than fifty thousand peso de oro, (about \$30,000,000.) in valuables was displayed on this occasion. I do not doubt it, for I am sure there was more gold in Cuzco at this time, than was ever in the coffers of Spain at one time.

When the vast throng assembled in the square, all eyes were turned towards the East to witness the rising sun, and as his golden rays kissed the gilded domes and cornices of the temple a shout of adoration and praise broke forth from the multitude, accompanied by songs of triumph and a soft, wild melody from harps, strung with gold; first, then swelling louder and louder as the deity's bright orb, rising above the Capacian mountain in the east, smiled in all his glory upon

his Chosen Children. Then the harmonies of ten thousand harps seemed to mingle in one sweet accord and ten thousand voices lifted in one long strain of praise to the smiling Father in Heaven

Then followed the libations of the Inca and his nobles. From a huge golden vase, filled with fermented liquor, the Inca filled many golden goblets, passing them to his royal kindred and drinking a portion himself. This vase\* is a remarkable piece of workmanship, is of pure gold, seven feet high five feet across at the top and of such great weight that sixteen men are required to carry it. This part of the celebration lasted about the space of an hour.

Now when the sun had fully risen, the Inca followed by the whole concourse of people, proceeded to the temple of Coricancha, where all, upon entering the sacred edifice, took off their sandals. None save the Inca, the priests, and members of the royal household are admitted. I as Curaca of my band, being a Sun-child, was permitted to be present at this sacrificial assemblage.

Now this sacrificial offering was humane. Only grain, flowers, sweet scented gems, the firstlings of the llama, vicuna, huanaco and other domestic animals, were put upon the sacrificial pyre. No human being was made a victim, nor have I ever witnessed a human sacrifice since my sojourn among this people. But in former years, it is said, the most beautiful maidens of the empire adorned the brazen altar. But on this occa-

\*This Sacred vessel now sits in the temple of *Coricancha* in Kara and is still used at the Feast of Raymi by the Incas.

sion only the first fruits of animals were sacrificed. The high priest, Villac Vmu, after killing the animals, opened the bodies seeking to read or interpret, from the different appearances of the entrails of the victims the deep and mysterious lessons of the future. Twenty years after, on a similar occasion, a few years before the death of Inca Huayna Capac, I saw this ceremony performed, and in his divinations of the future the High priest said: "Hear me, noble father, Inca Huayna, thy doom is fixed; in five years thou shalt die. Thy kingdom will be divided between two sons; bloody wars will follow and one shall be overcome, imprisoned and slain. And then a strange and mighty white race shall cross the deep and destroy thy kingdom and kill thy children, demolish these temples and devour as the jaguar devoureth the llama—this empire of thine, even Phiru, shall be destroyed and thy children scattered as the whirlwind scattereth the chaff. But a remnant only shall be saved."

Now I. Diego de Arana, a true Catholic and a Spaniard, did hear this prophecy and do now testify that all has come to pass as was spoken. For have not I seen Pizarro and his cavaliers enter Phiru and lay her people and her institutions low? I knew they would come. I myself forewarned Inca Huayna\* of their coming and also

\*Huayna Capac, son and successor of Tupac Inca Yunganqui and father of the three brothers, Atahualpa of Quito, Huascar, of Cuzco, and Manco Capac, the last Inca of Peru, was borned in the latter part of the fourteenth century and died at Quito, A. D. 1525. He was one of the most powerful and sagacious princes who ever swayed the scepter of the Peruvian empire, having con-

divers times did he warn his people to beware of the white strangers that should come into the quored Quito and northern Chili. He knew of the incident of Balboa's landing in South America and he received tidings of Pizarro's first visit to his empire, in 1424, at the Rio de san Juan. He predicted that these strangers would come again and by their prowess and superior arms, of which he had heard, reduce the empire and snatch the scepter from the hands of the "Children of the Sun" forever. He had been prepared for this by other supernatural occurrences—comets flamed across the sky; the earth had been shook to her foundations by a violent earthquake; the moon was seen girdled with rings of fire; the face of the Sun had been darkened by an eclipse; a thunderbolt had fell on a temple and consumed it: a condor was chased by many hawks which pierced it with their talons until it fell dead in the square of Cuzco, and many other unaccountable events occurred which filled the superstitious monarch with dismay. And then, too, the time for the fulfillment of the prediction of the Oracles was at hand, which was that after the reign of the twelfth Inca a race of white and bearded strangers would come and rend the empire. A third and the most notable event to cause Huayna Capac to make these prophecies was the advent of a white stranger into his empire, who told the prince that a race of mighty people were coming from the sunrise who would wrest the kingdom from the Incas and and take it for their own. He told the emperor how the white men would cross the mighty waters in winged ships, and how these men like himself, were powerful and carried arms which would talk as the thunder and flash as the lightning, killing many men at a great distance. These events, he said, had been decreed by the Almighty God of heaven, who was infinitely greater than the Sun, and that it would surely come to pass that these men would come under the banner of the Cross, lay waste the empire of the Sun, sweep away its temples and treasures and slay the people. All this and more besides did the white stranger tell the Inca in the year 1510, twenty-five years before the coming of Pizarro. Inca Huayna believed the story, the signs, the Oracle and the prophecies and often warned his people of the impending doom. Alas, how soon did all these prophecies prove true!—NOTES.

land.

After the sacrifices were over the Inca, followed by all the nobles and people, proceeded to the Gardens of Yuca where the national games and dances took place. On the second day of the festival the young prince, Huascar, was initiated and at the dance, given in honor of the event, he and all the nobles of the Sun danced to a golden chain six hundred feet long with links as large as the wrist. This wonderful chain they carried over their shoulders. The moon shining down upon the silver domed temple filled the gardens and the dancing forms with living splendor. All the people were happy. This feast lasted twenty days, when the people returned to their homes.

Now in the tenth year of my sojourn in Phiru, did Inca Huayna Capac adopt me as a child of the Sun and make me Inca of Vilcabamba, where I ruled over a thousand chosen warriors—men of valor. I commanded this force until the death of the good Inca Huayna, when I joined forces with Inca Huascar against his brother, Atahualpa, the man of Quito. The good Inca, Manco Capac, did also join us in the war against Atahualpa and we fought long and valiantly for Huascar's cause until his overthrow and capture on the plains of Quipaypan. After this defeat, I with Inca Manco and two hundred picked men from Vilcabamba, crossed the Anta Mountains and the plains beyond and came unto this land, which we called Tava. Here we founded a colony and fortified the passes, determined not to submit to the

man of Quito. After this we returned to Phiru, where we found the whole country in a turmoil over the arrival of the dreaded white and bearded strangers, who had already succeeded in crossing the Anta mountains and in making Atahualpa captive.

Now, as I loved Inca Manco Capac as a brother, I prevailed on him to show a friendship for the Spaniards, which he did for a time. But when Huascar was murdered and Atahualpa treacherously slain by the heartless Pizarro, his wrath was kindled against the intruders as an oiled fire. However, he heeded my council, and I, being a Spaniard, secretly connived with Pizarro to place Manco on the throne. Pizarro consented to this and accordingly Manco reigned over the empire of the Sun a season. But Manco soon tired of being a mock monarch, and seeing the temples and deities of his people torn asunder, their institutions overturned, homes destroyed and treasures swept, he renounced the Spaniard, threw off his yoke and fled from Cuzco, a free man, to my stronghold in Vilcabamba and incited his enslaved subjects to rebellion, and rise, as one man, to throw off the Spanish yoke, which they did.

Now the Inca Manco Capac was a mighty man, strong, brave and handsome, with a winning manner, like unto his father, and the people flocked to his standard by thousands. And laid siege to the Holy City, Cuzco, and burned it, Manco ever being in the van of attack. He was a match for any Spaniard whom he met. He was clad in heavy armor plated with gold, and mounted on a splendid charger. And the men of Pizarro and

Almagro fled before him, none daring to meet him in equal combat. Now I knew his cause was just and I fought by his side against my countrymen, slaying many in battle and taking a few captive.

And we pressed them sore in Cuzco and would have routed them from the land had not fresh recruits joined them and drove us back. A long and bloody war followed and many thousand of our men perished.

Now after a space of five years Manco was forced to retreat from before Cuzco, and take refuge in my stronghold in Vilcabamba. Here we held the enemy afar and would have held the place forever but for one thing. In Cuzco Pizarro held Inca Manco's adorable wife Sayri, and his gifted and beautiful sister, Alicia, hostages unto death unless he surrendered. Now Sayri was burned to death by the Spaniards, and Alicia was likewise to die, but Manco surrendered not. After every attempt to save them had failed, Manco, in despair, did offer the beloved Alicia in marriage and a share of the crown of the Incas to he who would rescue his sister from Pizarro alive to him.

Moreover did Inca Manco promise divers treasure in gold, silver, sacred vessels and a certain golden box\* in which was locked the secrets and history of the noble race of the Children of the Sun. This and much besides did he offer to the

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\*This sacred box, which is about two feet square, now lies in the treasure chamber of the temple of Coricancha in Tava and contains great rolls of manuscripts of skins, several golden plates and tablets. The inscriptions and heiroglyphical tablets are quite beyond any of our party. They are evidently very ancient.—Tr.

person who would rescue his sister from Pizarro and bring her alive to Vilcabamba. Now my eldest son, Leon, had oft seen the beautiful princess and had greatly admired her and would have sought her hand in marriage long since had not the laws of Phiru prohibited such a union, it being unlawful for a Virgin of the Sun to consort only with the royal stock. Howbeit his chance was now come and so soon as Manco's offer was made known to him, he proffered his services to the Inca, who was greatly pleased.

"Go forth, my son," he said, "and all things shall be as I have decreed and even more, and may yonder Chasca guide you forth and back with the beloved Alica in safety."

"So sure, my father, as Chasca shines in yonder heaven," replied Leon, "will I do as you wish, and will bear the beautiful Alica, thy sister, to thee in safety or forfeit my life."

"May *Cupay*\* blind thine enemies, weaken their arms and confuse them in their pursuit; may *Pachacamac*† deliver thee and her from their tortures. Go forth and fail not to return ere *Hualca*‡ hath twice disappeared."

And he, with a brave heart, set forth on his perilous journey. He wore next to his body a coat of the best steel, but his outward habit was like unto an ordinary Phiruvian. Now Leon de Arana, my oldest son, was thirty five years old,

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\**Cupay*, or hell. The abode of evil spirits.

†*Pachacamac*, or God of the heavens. Universal and invisible Ruler of mankind.

‡*Hualca*, the moon-mother. Ere the moon hath been in full and change twice.

and a brave and strong man, his personal prowess being equaled by no man. His height was seven feet, his frame was large, his muscle was firm and well developed. The strength of him was wonderful; and he who received a full blow from his mighty arm never lived to tell the tale. He loved a friend to intensity and as intensely hated an enemy and his generosity to the one and his cunning with the other was rarely overmatched. Woe to the Spaniard who would now dare to cross him.

Moreover his cause was just, his love for the beautiful Alicia fired him to the utmost. Every inch of the route to Cuzco was familiar to him and he was thoroughly conversant in the Spanish tongue. The quipu of Inca Manco, which he carried with him, would insure him the aid of every soul in the realm. He knew every path and pass from the valley of Maranon across the Cordillera to Vilcabamba and Cuzco—secrets known to but few. So he set forth by the secret pass, and passing over the mountains entered Cuzco on the tenth day, maintaining great caution in his movements. Being dressed as a native and possessing a powerful physique, which was greatly admired by the Spaniards, he had but little trouble in enlisting into the army under Pizarro. He was placed on guard about the captive's quarters, but he experienced great difficulty in communicating with them. However while doing duty on the fifth day he saw Alicia and she recognized him, wondering how he came there and whether he had deserted to the enemy. He showed her Manco's quipu and then she knew he had come to deliver

her. On the eve of the seventh day she chanced to pass him and said,

"To night, when Chasca shows his face, I will be ready, Viracocha; all is well. Pizarro is gone to Lima."

"Then meet me at the East corner of Coricancha, Princess Alica, when Chasca smiles."

The night was dark. No ray of light save the bright glow of Chasca, pierced the sable curtain of night. The city was quiet; a slothful guard slept at his post; they passed silently out. At the appointed hour both appeared under the shadow of the temple. The giant arms of Leon gathered up Alica, his princess, and bore her safely from the city and towards Vilcabamba. By day they hid in the caves or sought shelter and food from friends; by night they traveled. Leon succeeded in eluding all pursuit until the twelfth day, when, on ascending the mountains beneath Vilcabamba, a violent snow-storm overtook them. The trip over the mountain passes is always dangerous, but during a terrific storm it is extremely perilous. While struggling up and on with his precious burden he was suddenly confronted by a new peril. A party of five Spaniards, who had been informed of their whereabouts by some treacherous Indian, had scaled the mountains before them and were now trying to make their way through the storm to the valley. As Leon rounded a bend in the pass he saw the cavaliers not fifty yards away. When they saw him they dashed at him forbidding him the only pass to Maranon.

Now Leon, though a mighty man and brave, was now no match for the force before him, being weak of hunger and exhausted from over exertion with his precious burden up the storm ridden mountain. His first thought was of the safety of Alicia. He knew it was she whom they sought, as a great reward had been offered for her re-capture. Now he knew of a cave nearby and he hastened to place the princess in it. The troopers fired a volley at him as he fled but luckily none hit him. When Alicia was placed in safety, Leon advanced to meet the enemy who fired at him again, wounding him in the arm. He drew his massive blade and sprang into their midst killing two of his assailants on the instant. The others thereupon set upon him so heavily that he in turn was felled to the earth and would have been dispatched at once had not Alicia come to his aid. Now she, in some manner, had procured a small fire-arm from the Spaniards in Cuzco, and had all the while kept it so closely concealed that even Leon was ignorant of it. She intended to slay herself with it rather than fall into Pizarro's power. Seeing Leon down, she knew all would be lost unless she acted quickly. She ran up behind the cavaliers, fired the piece at them killing one on the spot and then with the ferocity of a lioness assaulted the others. Leon hastily recovered his feet and between them they succeeded in beating off the two remaining knights.

They spent the night in the cave and in the

early morning set forth again on the perilous pass to the valley of Maranon, which they reached after two days of fatigue and suffering. From the outer posts of Maranon dispatches were sent by the chasquis to Vilcabamba, warning us of their safe arrival and of their encounter with the Spaniards on the pass. Two days later, and on the eve before the last full moon of his allotted time, Leon appeared in Vilcabamba before Inca Manco, bringing with him the beloved Alica.

"I have returned, oh, father," he said, "and by the power of Viracocha and the guidance of Chasca, I have brought the fair princess, thy sister, Alica."

"It is well," replied Manco, "thou art brave and hast proved faithful. When Chasca smiles on Vilcabamba to-morrow eve thou shalt have thy reward."



## CHAPTER THREE.

## LEON'S MARRIAGE.--THE LAST BATTLE.

Now, ordinarily marriages in Phiru were universally celebrated at certain and fixed seasons, during which time all persons of marriageable age were called together in the great squares of the cities and villages throughout the empire. Upon consent of all parties concerned the pairs to be united in turn passed before the Inca, or Curacas of the different provinces, who pronounced them man and wife. The ceremonial was very simple, nothing being required but the consent of the parents,—only brothers and sisters could not marry. The Inca always presided in person at the marriage of his own kindred; he would take the hands of the different couples, and placing them within each other, would declare the pair man and wife. The blessings of the deities were invoked for the happy twain, and the best wishes of all were that the wedded couples might enjoy life and be successful in their undertakings.

Now on the occasion of Leon's marriage the rules of state were disregarded, Manco declaring it to be his purpose to carry out his promise at once, to which all parties concerned agreed.

And heralds were sent out to summons all the people who could to attend this marriage and to participate in the festivals that would follow.

When the hour fixed upon for the marriage had come and Chasca glowed in the Eastern skies, great crowds of people flocked to the great square in Vilcabamba to witness the ceremony and to partake of the feast. Presently Inca Manco appeared arrayed in all the royal splendor befitting a Child of the Sun. He was seated on a massive golden throne; around him were grouped all the dignitaries of the empire, among whom, and on the right hand, was Leon; to the left was the beautiful princess, Alica. She was dressed in a rich white gown, her head was decked with bright plumes and her brow was adorned with a wreath of many-hued feathers, studded with rare gems and gold; her eyes sparkled as stars and her cheeks glowed as the adoring Chasca above—emblems of a happy bride. At a signal from Manco a herald stepped forth, proclaiming to the people the offer of the Inca, how Leon de Arana had accepted it, how he had fulfilled his promise and brought the beloved Alica safely from Cuzco to Vilcabamba, and that now Inca Manco Capac was present to redeem his pledge by giving his sister, Alica, in marriage. Furthermore a share in the throne was also to be given Leon de Arana.

"Hear ye this, all ye people," continued the herald, "the marriage between the princess Alica and Leon de Arana is about to take place, is there one here to dispute it?"

"None!" came from the throats of ten thousand people, "none!"

Then let none dissent hereafter forever; Inca Manco, beloved of the people, let the marriage proceed."

"Hast thou Leon de Arana," said the Inca, "or thy kindred aught to say?"

"Let thy will be done," replied Leon, "I love the fair Alica; I have delivered her to thee; thy reward is mine; as life shall last the princess, thy sister, shall have my strength and love as her defense."

"Hast thou, Alica Capac, daughter of Huayna Capac, aught to say?" again asked Manco.

"Thy will be done," spoke the lovely princess. "In the presence of thee, my brother, and all this people and in sight of all the favoring gods, do I declare that all is true what Leon hath said. I love him as my life; a true companion will I be unto him; thy will be done."

Inca Manco smiled the faintest smile of approval and taking each by the hand, joined them and said,

"Here, in the presence of this vast assemblage of the Children of the Sun, and beneath the benign influence of yonder adoring Chasca, who is kissing us a sweet good-night from the Sun-father, do I Manco Capac, Inca of the realm of Phiru, declare Leon de Arana, a brave, strong and noble man and my sister, Alica Capac, united in wedlock. May the gods of our fathers bless and protect them on their journey through life, and may Viracocha be with them and all of us forever."

The marriage was over. A murmur of approv-

al ran through the multitude, the throng separated and the festival was begun. Every heart was happy, for the moment all troubles of the past were forgotten. Songs were in every throat. Sweet strains of music floated in the air. The scene impressed me with similar scenes in the golden days Huayna at the feasts in Cuzco. Leon and Alicia were happy and joined with the people in the songs; Inca Manco was happy, the people were happy. But, alas, all this rejoicing and revelry was, ere the morning, turned to sorrow. A Chasqui, covered with dust, and greatly excited, pressed through the throng, mounted the stand by the Inca's throne, and hurriedly whispered in Manco's ear. At first the Inca's face lit with a flush, then, as the Chasqui finished, he turned ashen pale. For some moments he sat motionless and spoke not. I saw that he was in deep trouble, and waited impatiently for him to speak. Finally he collected his bewildered senses, and rising slowly, and with dignity befitting a king, he cried,

"My children, the Spaniards have come!"

"To Vilcabamba!" echoed a thousand voices.

"Even to Vilcabamba," he answered gravely, "they have followed Leon, crossed the mountain, forced the passes of Maranon and are advancing hither; we must go and meet them."

"We go," cried the warriors and chieftains, "woe to the Spaniard we meet this hour." And the Inca generals and chieftains sought their posts and began to collect and organize their bands. In a moment the festal boards disap-

peared and all signs of revelry was gone, only the shouting of men and marshaling of companies into solid phalanxes and brigades was heard in the city. I was now too old to be of much service on the battlefield and I entrusted my command of chosen warriors to my son Leon, as also did Inca Manco, and the massing, movement and action of the whole army rested solely upon him. How faithfully and valiantly he proved his trust remains to be shown. Now, while the army is collecting I will set forth how it came to pass that the Spaniards fell upon us.

When Leon left the cave, on the morning after his encounter with the scouts, the two cavaliers who escaped from the conflict, secretly followed him unto the heights overlooking Maranon, where they beheld Vilcabamba in all its glory. They then departed, hastening to *Huamanca*, where was a Spanish settlement, and informed the governor of what had happened and what they had seen. Now this Governor, Baron Alcan, whom I have often seen, was eager to invade Vilcabamba and he hastily collected an army of two hundred men. He, guided by the two scouts, set forth towards Vilcabamba the same day reaching the cave ere night fall. Now Huamanca being only thirty miles below Maranon, the intrepid invader succeeded in reaching the heights on the second day, on the third he forced the pass and on the fourth marched with one hundred and fifty men toward Vilcabamba, driving post after post before him. Fifty men he left behind to

guard the pass. Now down this narrow pass, flows a shallow sacred stream which covers the space from wall to wall, across which tradition says, no man, foreign to the Sun Children, can come and live. Alcan crossed the sacred stream!

Now it fell out that the enemy came on the same night of Leon's marriage. The rest of the night was spent in gathering and equipping our army, which, under the command of the dauntless Leon and the brave Phiruvian warrior, Inca Tschalci Yupanci, was, ere the sunrise, in motion towards the plains of Maranon to meet the invaders. Our army was ten thousand strong. One hundred of the strongest and most valorous men wore coats of mail taken in battle from the Spaniards. Fifty captive Spaniards, who enlisted under our banners, also wore coats of mail and carried guns and toledo blades. These united with our brave strong band made a company of one hundred and fifty men, any of whom in personal encounter was equal to the enemy. Leon placed himself at the head of this company and led them in the van of attack. With this army Manco determined to make a last desperate stand against the invaders; the troops, to a man, so resolved also. When the golden rays of the sun peeped over Capac mountains into Maranon, a halt was called and Inca Manco thus addressed his army,

"O, my children, chosen Children of the Sun, as you hope to rest in the eternal bosom of Pacchacamac in the great beyond forever, be thou

faithful to thy gods, to thy Inca and to thine country this day. Bare thy breasts before yonders enemy, murderers of our brothers, wives, children; they who have destroyed our homes, demolished our temples and trampled our land and institutions; attack them, slay them, drive them hence, as the mighty Condor drives the hawk; leave not one alive. The realm of the Children of the Sun was at peace when they came, it flourished as the forests of Andean pines; all just persons within its domain were happy and we were a favored and prosperous people. They, unbidden, have come; laid our country waste, destroyed our armies and scattered our kindred as the foam of the sea. Our temples are pillaged, our palaces pulled down, our stores destroyed and our sons and daughters trampled in the dust. Now is the time to be avenged; arise, my sons, advance upon yonder living wall, resolved to conquer or to die. Man to man, breast to breast, meet them, slay them drive them hence into the sea and free our land forever."

So spoke the noble Manco. A mighty shout from ten thousand throats shook the air. The sun kissed the vales of Maranon and shone full upon Vilcabamba. Resolute, relentless, the army began to move.

We were now in full sight of the enemy, who were hastily advancing to meet us. Alcan formed his cavaliers in line and the battle began. The Spanish muskets and cross-bows opened upon our ranks with fatal effect, but our warriors did not flinch or falter. They closed in, with a terrific rush, for a hand to hand conflict. The toledo

blades flashed; blade met blade, man, for once, met man. Leon and his chosen band cut through the ranks of the enemy and attacked them in the rear. Inca Yupanci set his forces about as a crescent, attacking flanks and fronts. Our men bore down, with long lances, upon them; brands of fire, showers of missiles and huge stones were hurled into their midst; foe contended with foe; friend was parted from friend; arms clashed and men were falling as rain on every hand. The enemy was parted asunder, their forces scattered. In vain did Alcan endeavor to rally his band; in vain did they shout their battle-cry, "Santiago!" It was a hand to hand combat: every Spaniard had to defend himself against a hundred warriors. Here, at last, did the Spaniards meet a fierce and determined foe. Here they met an organized army of resolute men, fired for victory or death!

And in the thickest of the fight was Leon. His massive frame could be seen hacking and hewing away at his kindred, felling men as thistles and urging his warriors on. Indeed his Herculean strength and unsurpassed courage inspired the whole army that day. Even the enemy admired him, some of whom pronounced him the devil himself, so utterly did he destroy all who dared oppose him. His cause was just. He was fighting for a kingdom and a throne; for the liberties of an oppressed people.

The enemy seeing their cause hopeless, faltered. A retreat was sounded, which was accomplished with continuous fighting, our warriors hanging doggedly on their flanks and rear. However they succeeded in forming a compact

square which the utmost valor of our men could not break. It was Manco's purpose to let not one of them escape, so when the retreat began, he dispatched a strong force to hold the pass, not knowing it was occupied. Now Alcan's guard at the pass drove our men back, holding the ravine until their comrades advanced. This fresh troop joining Alcan's battered band held our men back until the whole force entered the pass. But our armored men, under Leon hung heavily on their rear harassing them greatly. The pass proved a death-trap for many of the enemy. Some of our men scaled the heights and poured showers of stone upon the retreating Spaniards; others hurled lances and missiles into their midst, Alcan stationed twenty men across the ravine to defend the rear, while he with the remnant of his followers, ascended the mountains and were seen no more. Now this rear guard did fight valiantly. Shouting the cry of "Santiago," they would rush against the mighty host in front, killing many of our warriors. Two fell, now five, now ten, one was taken alive, another fell beneath a hundred blows; all were wounded and bleeding, yet desperately did they combat the host. But nine remained alive. Inca Yupanci rushed forward among them; he was struck down; the enemy dragged him into the ravine, our men fell back in terror. "Cupay!" they cry, "will devour them." Now the mighty Leon rushed upon them, two more were killed, and then another; only six remained. They fought like demons. At last Leon snatched the body of Inca Yupanci from them

and bore it in triumph from the pass. Then our warriors rushed upon the cavaliers and they fled. Night had come and the battle was ended. One hundred and ten Spaniards lay dead on the field, ten were made captives only thirty escaping alive. And no more did they come to Vilcabamba, no more did the Spaniards track the pass of Maranon. It was a great victory and for two weeks did Inca Manco permit a continuous festival of rejoicing.

At the end of the feast did Inca Manco call all the people together and thus address them,

“Children of the Sun, my beloved people, you have done well; the Spaniard has fled before you, his warriors you have slain, but he will come again. He is mighty in Cuzco and Lima, our ancient realm is gone; we cannot recover it; here we are not safe: we will be hunted like the doe we will be destroyed from the face of the earth, we must fly. Far away have I, and the good Viracocha, de Arana, prepared a place for our abode. A place, stored with riches, where none but true Children of the Sun can come, where gold abounds and plenty grows. Pachacamac bids us go thither; Viracocha says come and be free, the Intli smiles assent, Chasca will be our guide. There a temple is built wherein all can worship; strong and mighty guards defend the only pass. There Illapa will do battle for us; the Virgins sing songs of assent; Villac Vmu, our high-priest, divines it well and I, the Inca of all Phiru, say come we will go thence to that land where is peace and plenty. Are all my children ready?”

“All, all, all,” came from the virgins and the

priests, "all, all, all," achoed the thousands.

So on the twentieth day of our great victory the people made ready for the journey and on the rising of the first new moon we set forth, thirty thousand strong. There was only one regret in leaving Phiru; in Lima the Spaniards held the infant sons of Inca Manco and his beloved and martyred wife Sari, captives. They were Sayri Tupac and Tupac Amaru,\* yet now there was no hope for their rescue and Manco had other sons by another wife. Vilcabamba was turned over to an old Inca Yupanqui who was to hold it for the Inca's sons should they ever escape from the Spaniards. Many people prefered to remain with Yupanqui in Vilcabamba. Only the strongest going forth.

Now after this manner did we journey; Inca Manco and myself, with five thousand warriors, did go first, followed by the women, children, virgins and priests with the llamas and vicunas laden with goods and treasures. Then came Leon and Inca Yupanci with five thousand warriors in the rear. Now the amount of treasure we brought away was immense, requiring two thousand llamas and vicunas to carry it, each breast bearing fifty pounds. This was the treasure brought, five golden thrones, five festal vases, fifty golden tablets, the golden box of secrets, divers plates of gold and silver, angles and cornices of gold plate, vessels of sacrament and sacrifices, five golden

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\*Sayri Tupac submitted to the Spaniards and became a christian. On his death Tupac Amaru became Inca. He was captured in Vilcabamba in 1572 and put to death in 1573.

altars, divers works of imitation, such as trees, birds, corn and beasts wrought in silver and gold; golden laces, crowns etc. A vast amount indeed but insignificant compared to the treasure found in Kara.

Now in this manner did we journey hence, being molested by no man. On the fifth moon we passed over the mountains into Tava without causality or even the loss of a vicuna! Indeed it did seem that a higher power directed us hither. For no man died on the way and none deserted. All that was taken from Vilcabamba was brought hither entire.

And when all had crossed over the mountain through the Western pass, the pass was blocked up and sealed and a guard set over it, that no man might come hence. So did we block up the other passes and set guards over them. And we found all therein as we had left it. And the people sung a new song and with willing hands and happy hearts settled the land. And built houses, temples, palaces and cities—even the city of Kara on the Lake, and henceforth was molested of no man.



## CHAPTER FOUR.

IN WHICH DEIGO DE ARANA GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF  
THE ORIGIN OF THE PERUVIANS.

**N**OW I was becoming old and useless as a worker or governor and the good Inca Manco Capac and his co-Emperor, Leon, were managing and directing the affairs of our new Tava well enough without my aid; and, too, the great High-priest, Villac Vmu was directing the building of new and magnificent temples, so there was no place for the old Viracocha, save in the new temple Coricancha only. Now in this sacred place, which was completed after ten years, was stored all the secrets and treasures of the Incas. This building was a great and beautiful structure. Here Inca Villac was supreme and he spared no pains, labor or treasure in erecting and adorning it, the completed building being equal to the old Coricancha in Cuzco and more beautiful in outline. Villac was a good and wonderful man having a knowledge of affairs unsurpassed by none, and delighted in explaining to me the secrets of his people, which I found to be in this wise:

More than a thousand years ago, according to

Villac and to old quipi registers, *Pachacamac*, the "Invisible God of the Universe," sent two of the Chosen Children of the Sun, the visible god-father, to inhabit the earth in Phiru. Now the god-father sent Manco Capac and sister-wife, Mama Oello Huasco forth and they came to Phiru where they found a mighty race of people to subdue and teach. Collecting many of these natives about them the celestial pair proceeded to lake Titicaca, and from thence to the beautiful valley of Huana, where they built a city, which is Cuzco, or the center. They built temples of gold, which is tears shed by the sun, and palaces, and subdued the neighboring tribes, incorporating their principalities within the Realm of the Sun.

This divine pair taught the people the arts—to spin, weave, dig metals, cultivate crops and the science of warfare and above all to worship the heavenly bodies as gods. After their mission was completed they went home to their parents in heaven to dwell forever. They were succeeded by their children who were Incas, or kings, of the empire.

Now the empire of the Incas continued to grow greater, down to the death of the good Inca Huayna Capac, when it was divided the results of which I have already set forth. Now this story of the original Manco Capac and Mama Oello was quite fascinating and should have proved conclusive, but to me it seemed incomplete. And wherefore? Why should I question the veracity of Villac and the quipu? Now did not Villac interpret the quipu as saying that a mighty race was found by the Celestial Pair in Phiru? Who

was this mighty race, whence did they come and whither did they go? These questions racked my brain both day and night, and they seemed to perplex Inca Villac. But I tormented him continually about the matter until at last he agreed to unlock the secret to me that I might record it with my own hand.

"In yonder golden box," said he, "is stored the secrets of this nation. Let Leon give to thee the key to it and I will reveal its secrets to thee inasmuch as lies within my power."

I procured the key from Leon and we unlocked the sacred box, when lo, a sight met my gaze the like of which I never beheld. Therein were rolls of manuscripts of skin, together with three tablets of gold each, containing one hundred sheets of thin gold upon which was graven hieroglyphics and images totally foreign to my knowledge, but like unto Pheonicians or Egyptian characters of which I have seen duplicate copies. And there were ten plates of silver likewise engraved, but some were in different characters. There was one massive volume of records written in characters entirely different from the others. Now the sheets of this volume are made of vicuna skin, whitely tanned and neatly trimmed. The script in it resembled ancient Hebrew inscriptions, of which I have seen many in the monasteries of Spain. And there was another plate larger than the others, and different. The body of this plate was made of silver and was twelve inches square. In the center of this plate was cut a circular hole into which had been fitted a solid piece of gold two inches across; and rays of gold ran

from the center piece across the plate, like unto the rays of the sun. Indeed Villac declared that it was an emblem of the Sun-god in miniature which I doubted not. About the edges of the plate were fitted the images of other deities—the moon, the stars, the elements, the rainbow, the heavens and purgatory, all curiously and skillfully wrought, each deity arranged and tinted as they are seen in the heavens. This tablet was a magnificent piece of workmanship, the whole network of deities so cunningly and skilfully wrought that all resembled a painted picture, though it was composed entirely of metal. Villac claimed that Manco Capac brought it to earth and left it as a perpetual memento of the true gods in the heavens. Be this as it may, the plate was a perfect piece of workmanship, the like of which, I doubt, could be produced by any of the artificers in this day.

There was also another silver plate of the same size, but solid, and containing an inscription in Greek. Now I am thoroughly well acquainted with this language, having learned Greek under my able preceptor in Spain. Only this inscription was very ancient, the composition containing but sixteen letters, but I could make out the words well enough. And this is what was written on the second plate, which I will set forth in Latin,

In the thirtieth year of the reign of King Solomon, the Hebrew, did I, Doric Polyanthus, come with the king's Steward, Jason Isreal, across the sea, to fetch gold, silver, peacocks and white wood from the king's distant domain, OPHIRIS.

And digged much gold from the white mountains and

loaded many ships for the king but, lo, a mighty tempest wrecked our fleet and no ships ever come hither again. And sixty souls escaped the wreck and we built a city near the lake on the mountains, and married the Amazons and flourished mightily. And Jason Israel was king in Ophir. And reigned twenty years and died and his son Jubal reigned and builded temples and cities.

DORIC POLYANTHUS.

On the reverse side of the tablet was this set forth,

"O, man, whoever thou art, know this, that in the thirtieth year of the reign of King Solomon, the Hebrew, I came with Jason Israel, his steward, to Ophir to fetch gold, but the tempest destroyed our fleet of ten sail and we were left in the land. And these are the people that escaped, twenty Hebrews, twenty Pheonicians, five chaldeans, five Egyptians, three Syrians, five Zabians, two Greeks, the rest being lost in the sea. And we were left in the land and built a city on the plains. And Jason Israel was king of Ophir and we waxed mightily in the land and worshipped, every man as he had been taught, but mostly after the manner of the Chaldeans and Pheonicians, which is the heavenly host. And grew rich in lands and gold. Then Jason Israel died and his son Jubal Ezer did reign. This inscribed in the fortieth year by Doric Polyanthus, the Hellas."

Here the inscription ended, the writer evidently dying. Villac helped me not a little in this translation, he seeming to divine the meaning of the words as I spelled them out. I read to him from my Latin Bible what was said in it concerning Ophir, at which he expressed great surprise. Taking the massive volume of manuscripts in his hands Villac said,

"This is written in the original Quincha, the art of which is now lost, and contains a record of this

people for above a thousand years. Traditions of our ancestors have been handed down through the ages, one of which is that our fore-parents came from across the mighty waters, escaping the flood. In the land from whence they came a mighty king ruled and governed the people justly and with wisdom, possessing a broad mind and great riches."

"And whence the tablets and rolls?" I asked.

"They were brought with the rest and placed in the sacred box by our forefathers. I cannot divine them, but they must be records of great and notable men. Since the time of the divine Manco, no man has been able to read the inscriptions, but tradition tells us of a great flood in which vast numbers of men were destroyed, only eight being saved alive. From these all men had their being. Another says that some day all the earth will be destroyed again by fire, when Pachacamac shall gather all just persons unto the Sun-father in the heavens and the unjust shall be tormented forever in Cupay, and that men will not be then as now, but spirit."

"So it is recorded," I cried, "in this divine book, the Bible of God!"

"Then," said Villac, "our divinities are a unit; yours a God, the first cause, and mine as Pachacamac the Invisible, Universal Original parent of all. Both the same and co-equal."

"Indeed," I cried, "but one Jesus Christ came to earth and died in order that man's sins might be atoned and he be saved from eternal wrath; and he arose again on the third day and ascended into the heavens to prepare a place for us."

"And did not Manco come to earth?" he asked, "did he not teach men aright? did he not perform his divine mission and return again to the heavens?"

"True," I replied, "but doth Manco manifest his presence with the Original by intermission for Man's pardon? doth he fill men's hearts with love and lead them aright now? Hath the divine Manco power to read men's souls and judge them in the hereafter according to deeds?"

"Manco is divine; he knoweth all men; he will judge all men; the heart of the Universal One beats as his heart; he teacheth men aright; he will finally gather all his children into his home beyond the rainbow and the stars into heaven, where they shall dwell with him forever."

"Then indeed your Gods and mine are the same," I replied, "but we divert the question; can you tell me more of this ancient people; can you divine to me the secrets of the tablets, rolls and manuscript?"

"I can," he said, "but not now. Be content to know that the race of the Children of the Sun are of divine origin, and that the ancient ancestors of the Incas were great and mighty men, who enjoyed all the blessings of the Universal Father, Viracocha, whose divine face is white as snow, and that all men had their being from the invisible Original and Universal ruler, Pachamach, who holds the heavens in his hands. Some day I may tell you more."

And with this he said no more and was gone, leaving me alone to ponder over the secrets of the Sacred Box and the origin of the Children of

the Sun at will. Now the name *Ophiris* was equivalent, in the Quinchua tongue to the name of the Inca empire, *Phiru*. Might it not be one and the same name? Was it not possible that this was the Ophir whence Solomon sent his ships for gold? Is it not probable that the far Indes\* is the Ophir of old? Was not Ophir the Aurea of India, and therefore may not the Incas of Phiru be descendants of Jewish parents?

On other days the High Priest, Villac Vmu, helped me translate the inscriptions on the plates, tablets and the volume of manuscripts, only the rolls were beyond us, which I will set forth in a General History of Phiru and Tava.

Behold all things written of Ophir† and of the origin of the people of Phiru have proven true by the records in the tablets and the volume of manuscript and I have set them forth in a history with my own hand and have locked it in the Sacred Box of secrets with the other records. I know moreover that even *Phiru* is the *Ophir* of Solomon, for I have seen evidences of a mighty people, who lived before the Incas, not only in Cuzco but

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\*De Arana, like Columbus, seemed to labor under the delusion that the country he had discovered was India and not a new world. Ophir was supposed to be in Farther India.

†In the Bible is this found concerning Ophir: "And Huram sent him (Solomon) by the hands of his servants, ships and servants that had knowledge of the sea; and they went with the servants of Solomon to Ophir, and took thence four hundred and fifty talents of gold and brought them to King Solomon,"—2 Chron. 8:18.

"And the servants of Huram and the servants of Solo-

on the plains of Tiahuanaco, where is many marvelous ruins of past ages. But the History is written. I am now old and cannot do more than

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mon. which brought gold from Ophir, brought almug trees, and precious stones. \* \* And the king made of the almug trees terraces to the house of the Lord and to the kings palaces."—Ibid.

"For the king's ships went to Tarshish with the servants of Huram: every three years once came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold, and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks."—2 Chron. 9:10-21.

"And they (servants) came to Ophir and fetched from thence 420 talents of gold to King Solomon."—1 Kings, 9:28.

"And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug-trees and precious stones."—1 Kings, 10:11.

Speaking of the Ophir of Solomon Josephus says: "Moreover the king built many ships in the Egyptian Bay of the Red sea in a place called Ezion-geber, now Bernice. . . . And Hiram, king of Tyre, sent a sufficient number of men thither for pilots, and such as were skilled in navigation, to whom Solomon gave this command: That they should go along with his own stewards to the land that was of old called Ophir, but now **Aurea Chersonesus**, which belongs to India, to fetch gold. And when they had gathered four hundred talents together they returned to the king again."—Josephus, Book 8, 6:4.

. . . And brought the king from **Aurea Chersonesus**, a country so called (Ophir), precious stones and pine-trees . . . which were to the sight like the wood of a fig-tree, but whiter and more shining, and six hundred-sixty talents of gold."—Ibid.

Ptolemy says: "Beyond **Sapphara**, on the gulf of Camboya, is located **Supara**, a district rich in gold . . . Supara the fair shore the Ophir of Solomon. (Chersonensis Aurea, in Eastern Asia.)

commit myself to God, trusting that the eternal Father of all will continue to watch over and protect the Children of the Sun in Kars.

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Humboldt says: "The Phoenicians made long voyages, proceeding 4,000 miles east of Cerne and Hanno's Western Horn, far within the tropics to the Prasodic and Indian seas, . . . . to the distant gold-fields of Ophir and Supara. . . . . The traders to Ophir may have found the basin of the Erythruian and Indian seas, other sources of gold besides India itself."—Cosmos, Vol. 2, p. 136.

Columbus was convinced that the land he had discovered contained the Ophir. He says: "The excellence and power of the gold of Ophir cannot be described; he who possesses it does what he will in this world; nay, it even enables him to draw souls from purgatory to paradise." (llega a que echa las *animas* al *paraiso* ") Possibly the conclusion of de Arana that *Phiru* was the Ophir of Solomon was right. No land is more favorably adapted for pursuits for gold than Peru.—Tr. Notes.



## CHAPTER FIVE.

## DE ARANA'S ACCOUNT OF OPHIR.

**N**OW in the foregoing I have set forth a brief history of the Empire of the Incas, as I found recorded by their quipus, but this in no way is a solution to the question of the origin of this peculiar and powerful race of people. Now the inscription, in Greek, on the tablets is significant, and I knew, after I had completed the translations that the cunning Villac was keeping some mysterious secret from me. Therefore I set about studying the volume of manuscript recorded in the quinchua dialect. Meantime I was continually tormenting Villac to throw more light on the subject, and he, becoming somewhat reconciled to the idea of aiding me in my attempt to untie the mystic knot, and then we made rapid progress. However the rolls of ancient papyrus records we were unable to translate, but only that portion of the records which were written after the establishment of Jason Israel as king of Ophir.

It would seem that a new language was spoken in Ophir soon after Jason's government was set up, for the massive volume of

manuscript was written in a tongue and characters far different to any of the other records. The volume was made from vicuna skins and written, according to Villac in the original quinchua language, the art of which is now lost. This volume of hieroglyphics we could not understand, as also the other tablets, they possibly being accounts of the voyage to Ophir, and written by different people—perhaps Egyptians, Phoenicians and Jews.

Now the quinchua records, which are more easily to understand than the quipu registers, sets forth an account of the events in Ophir in this wise,

"In the thirtieth year of the reign of King Solomon, king of Israel, did he send forth ten ships to Ophir. The command was given to the king's steward Jason Israel, the Hebrew, to go forth to Ophir to fetch gold and silver, pine-wood, peacocks (coraquerque) and precious gems, and to return from thence to the king in three years. And behold Jason Israel came to Ophir as commanded and in the tenth month of his stay the ships were loaded and ready to return unto the king but a mighty tempest swept the coasts, the earth trembled violently, the ships were loosed from their moorings and were wrecked with all on board. And those who escaped the flood remained in Ophir unto this day. No ships ever came again and the people elected Jason Israel to be king of Ophir, and he builded a city near the sea and he and his people took unto them wives from among the natives and digged much fine gold.

"The number saved from the ships was sixty souls, all being white men, wearing beards like unto their fathers across the sea. For many years did the people live subject unto their king and he builded another city on the lake called Tita, and in the midst thereof he erected a great temple, like unto the one his king, Solomon was was building in Israel, wherein to worship the gods. And the king had a great army and all the country round about, even from the sea to the great white mountains, was subjeet unto him. He was a great and good man, beloved by all, and when he died he was entombed in the temple which he had built, and his son Jubal Ezer, was made king. He reigned in Ophir for fifty years, building many cities and temples, teaching the people; and he died and he was buried with his father. His son, Jason Vir, was king, and he was a mighty man and wise. He caused records of every thing that happened in Ophir to be made and he builded a great temple in *Tiahuan*, which is a wonder unto this day, and put therein priests, and wise men to teach the people. And he was a great and good man, following after his fathers before him all his days. In the fortieth year of his reign he died and was succeeded by his son, Vir Missai; who was unlike his fathers but rash and war-like. And there were many wars in the land; the king punishing the people much. But he died and was succeeded by his son Jason, and he by sons even unto this day. Behold all the deeds of the kings of Ophir are recorded in *Tiahuan*. And the land

is filled with many people and cities and is even a great kingdom like unto that of the mighty King Solomon's in Israel. Behold after twenty generations this is recorded in the temple of Vir in Tishuan by the teacher, Geber Eanin."

Here there is a gap in the record and the account is taken up by another hand at a later period. It runs in this wise,

"After twenty kings from Jason Israel, Tulac died and the line of this house became extinct. Then was Topa Llantu, the tyrant, made king. Now Topa made war and many people fled from Ophir, some North, some South, and settled, but Topa pursued them, but they beat him back and he ruled only in Ophir. And he died and the land was without a king and lords ruled over the people for five generations.

"Then was Virac Topa, fifth in line from Topa Llantu, made king, and he was a good man, uniting all the nations. And he built a great temple in Tiahuan beside the one built by Jason Vir, only larger and more beautiful. And he called the temple *Viroco*, which means white as the sea-foam, and he also builded many palaces, and great roads; and he tamed many wild animals. And after fifty years he died and ascended to the gods from whence he came. And his son, Topa Hula, succeeded him and he died and was succeeded by sons even unto this day. Behold these are the sons that succeeded Virac Topa; Topa Hula, Virac Llantu; Llantu Yaku, the wise; Viraco Topa; Hualpa Roquo, the old; Roquo, the warrior; Tulac Piqui; Anar Zela, the tyrant; Topa Intli, the great and wise one; Supac Intli; Huallo Supac;

Hualco, the mighty one; Sulpac Intli, the Sun king; Hualco; Viraco Tiahuan; Tiahuan, the first son of the great king Viraco Tiahuan aided Manco Capac in building Cuzco; Viraco Hualco, brother of Tiahuan and Manco, was deposed by the latter after a great and bloody war. The three sons of Viraco Tiahuan, the good, were all wise men, but Manco was wisest of all, he supplanting his brothers and ascended the throne after the fifteenth generation from his fore-parent, Virac Topa.

"Manco Capac, the great and wise man, won the favor of the people, usurped the throne of his brothers and was made king." And even in this generation did he reign and he was the wisest man who was ever made king. Now Manco, the divine, builded a city far above the city on the Lake Tita, and he lived there, made wars and taught the people. And he was called Inca, which is king, and he called his city Cuzco and in the midst of it he built a temple, called *Coricancha*, which is of gold; and the temple in Tiahuanaco he named *Viracocha* which is the god who rules the heavenly host, and all the country round about he said was to be *Phiru*. The nations beyond *Phiru* was *Tevantinsuyu*, or four parts of the world. And many wonderful things did Manco, and the people worshipped him as a god, and his sister-wife, Mama Ocello Huaco, as a goddess. And all the people from the Anta mountains to the sea-coast were subject unto him. And his face was bright, like unto the Sun, and he was called a Child of the Sun. He perfected many great laws and established a system of worship

for the people and taught them much. He died and was carried by the spirits of the Universal Creator, Pachacamac, to his eternal abode in the Sun. His like was never seen in Phiru before. He was succeeded by a son, Inca Yupanci, who taught and followed laws accordingly, as his father, all his days.

"This done by the Master of Quinchua Records, Inca Pantu, at Cuzco, in the third year of Yupanci."

And thus the record ends and at last I am satisfied, much to the grief of Villac. The good man at last was bound to admit that the first Manco had his being as other men and he saw that the theory of Manco's divinity was exploded. Yet Manco, he said, was divine!

"He is a true Child of the Sun," continued Villac, "although he was born of man, and his descendants down to our own Manco are all true Children of the Sun, and divine."

I did not dispute the question, giving Villac his own way, for I was already satisfied that Manco was a great man and that his descendants down to the present Manco were wise and virtuous monarchs. Behold also have I not found the Ophir of Solomon and the true origin of the Children of the Sun? Is not the history and ancient records complete from the time of the landing of the steward of Solomon unto this day?

And this is the account of Ophir as I have learned from the ancient tablets and quinchua records.

END OF PART SECOND.

## ***OPHIRIS.***

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### **Part - Third.**

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***Containing an Account of what Befell the  
Exploring Party in Tava and the Conclu-  
sion of the Story. . . . .***



**PART - - - - THIRD.****CHAPTER ONE.****THE WRATH OF ATULAC. OUR FINAL TRIAL.**

**D**URING the year which was allotted us to become acquainted with the language of the nation, the people, and the country, we were permitted to travel some, visiting those places which I have already described. Our *Amatusas*, or teachers, journeying with us over the country, and we made rapid progress in our studies. The Quinchua dialect is very simple when once one becomes accustomed to its peculiar accents and lisping sounds. We visited the Holy Temples in the province of Kara, and here, for the first time, we witnessed the ceremony of sacrificial offerings. We also visited the famous temple, Coricancha, in the city of Kara. This temple of the Sun is a magnificent structure, resembling the temple of the Sun in Anoor, only more massive and costly. Here we met the High-priest of the Realm, Villac Um. This venerable old man showed us through the temple and explained to us the order of religious worship—the ceremonies, sacrifices and festivals. The noble old father paid marked attention to us during our

stay in the Holy City.

Several years afterwards Villac revealed to us the Sacred box of Secrets, which contained intact all the tablets, rolls of manuscript and *Quinchua* records found by de Arana, and also Arana's translations and histories of Ophir, Phiru and Kara.

As we traveled from place to place various nobles of the land joined our party. Inca Huasco and the princess were almost continually with us. We invariably traveled from post to post on horseback. Kara is well stocked with a splendid breed of horses, those in the Royal stables being particularly fine. The horses of Tava are a gift of the Spaniards, or rather a forcible appropriation by the Peruvians. When Inca Manco Capac made his final exodus from Peru, he brought sixty war-horses, captured from the conquerors. Princess Ullo took special delight in informing us of the history of the land. She would point out objects of interest and relate their usages and history. Inca Huasco was also well informed, and to these two I am greatly indebted for much of the information of Tava and its people, I have set forth.

On these excursions the princess was almost continually with Jack, and it was apparent to all that the spark of admiration that had at first kindled in her breast for him had, by constant association, been fanned into flames of love. It was also evident that her love was returned with equal intensity, although Jack never hinted such a thing to us. He was too noble to speak of such a delicate matter to her, for, as yet, we were

trespassers in this secluded country, and our trial was yet to be. We knew not what results our final trial would bring. We were favored by many people, especially by those of Nord who knew us better, and we had some powerful friends, but yet we were guilty of a double crime, trespass and sacrilege, the penalty of either of which is death. Our lives hung in the balance.

Another serious trouble threatened us. The Inca of Kara, Prince Atulac, attended us a portion of the time on our journeys through Tavaland, and he noted, with jealous suspicion, the intimacy between Jack and the princess. This noble was the proposed husband of princess Ullo, and his jealousy ripened into intense hatred. He was a man of power and it was apparent that he would use his influence against us when we came to our final trial. The princess, as did all of our party, showed him every courtesy, yet he would fly into a passion on every occasion that presented itself, much to the disgust of the whole party. On one occasion he withdrew from our party in a furious rage. It so happened that, while we were on the Terraces, the princess rebuked him for some trivial matter, and she turned aside leaving him alone and joined Jack.

"For shame, thou naughty man," she said to him, "wouldst thou misinform the strangers."

"A curse of the Intli upon them," he cried, "and wouldst thou cater to the barbudos who have come hence to pry out our land?"

"They are no spies," she returned coolly, "but noble men, and brave and true. Thou hatest

them because thou art not so wise and fair as they."

"So thinkest thou, oh, princess," he rejoined hotly, "thou art fascinated of them. Thou wouldest desert thine own people for them, but," he added facing her squarely, "soon they shall come to judgement. They shall surely die; Cupay awaits them. I and the oracles declare it."

"Thou art the power, indeed!" she replied. "Never, so long as the warm blood courses through me or my brothers, shall these strangers, who are messengers of the Sun, suffer. Begone, sir; no more of thee!"

"Thy Royal brother, the Inca, of Tava, dare not oppose me even for thy sake," sneered the villain, "thou I fear not, seeing in thee but an untrue woman. I go, princess, but remember I shall come again and thou apostate, and these infidel barbudos, shall feel my power and taste my wrath. Farewell." With this he ground his teeth, glowered fiercely upon the princess and us, then turned and hastened away.

I, as well as Jack had overheard this spirited conversation and we felt that the storm was coming. Jack shook his ponderous fist at the retreating Inca, saying,

"You and I, my brave fellow, shall meet again,—then shall the fates decide for us."

"Whither goes he, princess Ullo?" I asked in some alarm, for Atulac had proceeded to the base of the Terrace, mounted a splendid steed and was galloping furiously towards Kara.

"To the Holy City for audience with my brother, Inca Manco Tupac. He will seek to enrage

Tupac against thee. But, lo, I and Huasco have already had ear with Tupac in thy favor and all is well."

"Would it not be best for us to follow him before the Inca at once for audience also?" I asked.

"Thou art wise and speakest well, Viracocha," she answered, thoughtfully, "come, we will go even now."

Our party had now gathered about us. We explained the situation to Huasco, Arna and the rest and all agreed that it was best to follow Atulac to the city. We descended the polished stairway, mounted and followed the flying prince towards Kara, the capital of the Empire, feeling that the hour for our final trial was at hand. Atulac arrived in the city an hour before us.

As we approached the city we met chasquis mounted on royal chargers, speeding over the country to summons the nobles of the land to the Holy City. One who had been dispatched for us said that the Inca was shortly to pronounce judgement upon the barbudos,

"Wherfore the haste of our divine brother?" asked Huasco of the chasquis.

"He hath so decreed to please the noble Atulac, who hath had audience with his majesty this hour."

"The curse of Cupay upon the meddlesome condor," replied Huasco warmly, "he had best beware of my power. Viracocha I will champion thy cause and even though against the whole nation will I defend thee. Let Atulac beware!"

"May Intli confuse his poisonous tongue!" exclaimed the princess, "I, too, have power and he shall feel it ere the morn."

"Do you think he will have influence with your royal brother against us?" asked Jack.

"He will, Viracocha," said Inca Arna as he joined us, "he has much power in Tava and Tupac fears him. Inca Villac Yupanci is enlisted in his cause. He is a cunning, treacherous man and will stop at nothing short of his desires."

"Then our case must be a hopeless one," said I.

"Not while Arna, the Inca of Arania lives," replied prince Arna, "and can strike a blow in the defense of the innocent. Tupac dare not yield entirely to Atulac's wishes."

"In case of Tupac's death who would be Inca of Tava?" I asked.

"Huasco," replied prince Arna, startling at my abrupt question, "Tupac hath no heir."

"Then who?" asked Ned.

"Villac Tupac Yupanci, then Atulac as the proposed husband of princess Mama Ullo."

"I see," said the Senor, "Atulac knows a thing or two. Three and a throne. Let the line of the true Inca be warned."

"It shall never be!" cried Huasco, vehemently. "Atulac is ambitious and would not scruple to wrest the borla of Tava from our house and place it upon his own brow. No sister of mine shall ever wed him. Come, we will hasten to the end of the matter." And the two nobles, followed by a

troop of attendants galloped forward. Hernando, Jack and Pedro kept pace with them, leaving Ned and I alone with the maidens.

We were yet some two miles from the city. When the troop of riders dashed away I joined the princess while Ned reigned up beside Edna. For some time we paced along the princess not seeming to be aware of my presence. She gazed into the blue heavens apparently lost in thought. I could not screw up the courage to break in upon her reverie, but contented myself by noting the rare beau'y of her face. Her clear features and graceful outline formed a perfect picture between me and the sky. Her face was nearly pure white with barely a tinge of scarlet mounting each cheek, and it wore an expression of determined resolution. The raven black hair fell in waves about her rounded shoulders. The eyes were black and fixed steadfastly upon some unseen object in the heavens. Her body was slender and agile, her habit was perfect and tasty, the *ensemble* forming a beautiful woman who was pleasant to look upon—a noble woman both to win and rule the hearts of men. No wonder Atulac was cut to the quick at her rebuke. No wonder he was fired almost to a frenzy when he saw her being won away from him, no wonder that he, even now, was seeking our destruction that he might have all chances to win her. She pranced at my side still gazing into the heavens. Ned and Edna were chatting gaily behind us, but she heeded them not, but continued to rivet her eyes into vacancy.

"Of what is the lovely princess thinking?" I asked unable to remain silent longer. My voice startled her; she lowered her face and looked

quickly and steadily at me. It was some moments before she spoke.

"Have I been rude, Viracocha?" she asked, "and wouldst thou know of what I was thinking? Thou art true, I will tell thee, I had a beautiful vision just now. Pachamac opened the heavens and said to me, 'befriend the strangers, thou lovest one, he is thine.' A message from Intli hath approved it. In the vision I saw thee, and *him* before the throne. A stormy trial ensued. Tu pac upheld the traitor, Atulac. Blows followed they sought to slay thee and *him*. The Sun was darkened and thou and *he* were borne away in triumph by Huasco. Then I saw an army gathered and *he* was in it and thou Viracocha and all the strangers. Then did the army march to Collcam-pata field by the Lake where it met the host of Atulac and Tupac. A mighty battle was fought; men fell as leaves; fire and smoke arose over the Holy field and mighty thunders roared. And *he* led our army on, driving the hosts before him. Thou didst send burning missils into their ranks, Ned, at the head of a gallant band, charged into their midst, he fell unhorsed but lived and fought again. Hand to hand did Jack and Atulac combat, an unseen hand, like thine, smote the traitor Atulac from afar; he fell dead on the field, Inca Tupac dissappeared and was seen no more. The rebel host was scattered, peace reigned again, and *he* came again to me and I was happy."

"A wonderful vision," said I, meditatively, "did you see nothing more, princess?"

"Nothing;" she replied, thoughtfully, "but all will be as I have said. I adore him, Viracocha; watch thou over him for me, be near him always

Beware of Atulac and my half brother, Villac Yupanci, guard thou against them, they mean thee harm. When you come to the Council Chamber cluster near prince Arna and Huasco; let the High priest, Villac Um, be between thee and the throne always."

"I will heed your excellent advice, fair princess," I replied, giving her my hand, "and will ever thank you for your kindness. But here we are in the city. Let us join our friends at the palace immediately." We were now at the court of the Royal Palace, and dismounting, we joined our friends at the gates.

Our year of probation was out. We had been expecting a summons from the Supreme Court for some time, but the princess, Huasco and others had protested that we would never be brought to final trial. Yet we expected it. Our studies were completed and all of us were fairly conversant in the language of the country. Jack had made a special study of the laws and traditions of the land, preparatory for making a strong defense in our behalf. We had some strong and powerful friends, too, who were willing to sacrifice their lives for us. Especially were the people of Nord, the most powerful state in the Realm, devoted to us, believing that we were superior beings. Some even believed that in us the original Manco Capac had returned to earth. The miracle wrought in the Temple of the Sun, at our first coming, was known to every soul in Tavaland. We were looked upon as divine beings, the people even bowing before us in humble adoration, as we journeyed through the opulent Empire. Not a single person,

up to the hour of Atulac's passionate outburst, had shown us the least hostility. Our pilgrimage through the country had been heralded with delight by the people. It was upon Atulac's face that the first cloud had gathered. From that hour the cloud and gloom thickened, threatening to blast the land until at last its vengeful blackness burst, in all its fury on the field of Colcam-pata, a month later.

We joined our advance party at the portals of the palace, formed in line and marched to the Council Chamber of the Empire. The Inca and his court of nobles were already assembled. The Inca was seated on the ancient golden throne of his fore-fathers. At his left hand stood prince Atulac and Inca Villac Yupanci with their attendants. Behind the throne were ranged the nobles, standing near or back, according to their rank. Immediately in front of the throne stood the aged High-priest, Villac Um, a fourth grandson of the great high-priest, Villac Vmu. This good man was the most commanding and intellectual personage in Tava. He was a friend to us, heralding our coming into the land with gladness. Several other priests sat near where he stood. To the right of the throne seats were arranged for Hu-aaco, who was heir apparent, princess Uilo and their retainers. Outside the Bar of the Court, and filling up the vast interior of the hall, circular seats reached from one side of the wide aisle of the court to the other. This great auditorum was the place for the people and spectators. The avenue leading from the doorway to the throne was twenty paces wide terminating in a circular

recess around the throne. Lined up this avenue and about the Court stood the Royal Guards. This guard closed up about us as we approached the throne completely blocking up the only avenue of escape.

As we drew near the throne and while the nobles of our party were taking up their respective positions, it seemed that a shadow of doubt and uneasiness crossed the brow of Inca Tupac. His eyes wandered restlessly from one party of his nobles to the other and then to us. Did he relent his command for us to be brought to trial, or did he, like the princess, foresee the end and shrink from its consequences? Atulac sat stolid and unmoved. Inca Huasco and prince Arna looked expectant and confident. The princess, who had Edna by her side, gazed with intensity first upon Jack then upon her Royal brother.

We were ranged about the throne in a like manner as before the throne of Huasco a year before, and the scene was much the same, only more magnificent. Our all old friends, the Guardians of the Pass, were stationed near us, while the Royal Guards closed up, encompassing us and the whole court. The embellishments of the great hall-like ampitheater were dazzling. On every hand was seen works of imitation rich tapestries and gorgeous decorations in profusion. Burnished images of the deities of the land, skilfully carved in gold and silver, adorned the walls of the hall. Far in the rear of the room, and on the wall behind the throne, was painted a natural picture of the elements. The whole wall was a pale blue like

the sky across which, here and there, floated a silver lined cloud. Stretching from the floor, in each corner, to the ceiling twenty feet above, was a perfect rainbow, a perfect reproduction of the bow in the heavens. In the center, and beneath the bow, was an image of the Sun, made of a solid plate of gold ten feet across. His golden rays pierced the blue expanse in all directions. Above the bow and in the right-hand corner was an image of the moon, carved from burnished silver, her rays lighting up the outer world. On the other hand glowed the dazzling Chasca, a multitude of star-hosts, A forked-tongue of lightning sprang from an overhead cloud, splitting the elements with its blinding flash. Beneath the whole was a dark, yawning chasm, Cupay, the abode of the evil spirits. Cupay was vigilantly guarded by *Culcupac*, the evil one. A beautiful and awe-inspiring picture emblematic of all the deities known in Tava. I am satisfied that this is the most curious, beautiful, rich and costly room in the world. The precious metals and jewels here displayed would aggregate millions of money.

The Inca was arrayed in his best and most costly regalia, and looked the very image of an Eastern potentate. The venerable old High-priest, who wore only a bright, tassellated toga, and a long white robe, drawn together in front and clasped by a silver crescent, stood as erect and immovable as a piece of statuary. At a motion from the Royal Tupac he stretched forth his hand in which was a golden staff, and without a motion or look, said,

“Art thou, oh, strangers, ready for final trial

according to the laws of the Children of the Sun?"

"We are," replied Jack, stepping forward a few paces.

"Dost thou, Viracocha, and thy friends expect to live, seeing that thou hast committed both trespass and sacrilege in this sacred land?"

"We do," said Jack firmly.

"Then thou art ready for thy defense. Inca Manco Tupac Yupanci, thou hearest. The case is thine; be thou just according as thy fathers. May Pachacamac and the gods favor thee all."

"Topa Llantac, Royal Guardian of the Pass, what hast thou to say of the barbudos?" asked the herald of the Inca Tupac, of our old friend.

Topa related the events of our coming as they had actually occurred.

"Huasco Yupanci, Inca of Nord, what hast thou to say?" again cried the herald. Huasco gave a correct and impartial history of our trial at his court.

"Princess Mama Ullo, what sayest thou concerning these strangers?" asked the herald.

"Most noble and worthy brother," said the princess rising and addressing Inca Tupac, "the strangers are true people and noble. They are children of the Sun, sent as messengers, by Viracocha, to the people of Tava. They are divine and deserve to live as one of us. They have committed no crime worthy of death, for behold is not the powerful hand of Intli with them?"

"Well said. oh, Virgin," said the Inca smiling upon her. "Inca Atulac, of Kara, we will hear thee."

Prince Atulac arose to his full height. He ad-

vanced to the foot of the throne, glancing as he did so toward us with a piercing look of hatred and scorn. A fickle smile flitted across his face as he bowed before the Inca and began to speak. We were prepared for the passionate outburst that fell from his lips. This was to be the crowning effort of his life, to fail now, meant utter ruin to his hopes. He must win or perish in the attempt.

"Oh, Manco Capac, Royal and Divine Inca of Tava," he said in clear distinct tones, "know ye this, four hundred years ago, our divine forefathers planted us in this sacred valley where we should be molested of no man. A decree, just and holy, was then made that none must intrude upon it's sacred precincts. Our fathers were great and wise men. Our ancient kingdom in Phiru had been wrenched from their grasp by the unholy hands of the white strangers; our temples were stripped of their splendor and demolished by the apostates; our palaces were pulled down and our cities burned to ashes by the heartless invaders; our Incas, nobles, fathers, mothers and people were trampled upon and ruthlessly slain by the steel hearted murderers. The foot of the strangers ground heavily upon us and their sharp weapons showed us no mercy; we fled from our beloved land and ruined homes, coming here, where no man could follow. I warn thee, oh, noble Inca, to beware of the false and fickle strangers; let the laws laid down for us by our fore parents be perpetuated and enforced. Our hearts and sacred customs must not be trampled upon by the barbudos. These people have sought us out, others like them will follow as in the days of old. Be thou not,

oh noble Tupac, as the great Atahuallpa, but be on thy guard. Let these infidels be punished according to the laws and customs of our land. The penalty of the crimes of which they are guilty is death, death! Even so order it unto them this day, this very hour, or the wrath of Intli will blast thee and them; Illappa will rend thy kingdom in twain and the hosts of Cupay will seize thee and all the strangers in the land. Be wise, oh, Inca and pass the just judgement of death upon them. Be wise, oh, Tupac and let the strangers die."

We all stood spell-bound. The eloquent man before us was no mean opponent. He had a wily tongue as well as a fearless heart and strong arm. He had argued the case well. As he spoke I felt that we were indeed trespassers upon holy grounds. I knew there was more truth than poetry in what he said. This people had suffered much at the hands of the white strangers. But what people in the New World had not tasted Spanish cruelty? Surely depredations committed four-hundred years ago by a band of maura-ders should not be attributed to us. Our defense must be made upon these grounds, so I confided the matter to Jack.

When he concluded, Huasco, the princess, Arna and other nobles rose to their feet. Weapons were clutched on all sides. The priest stretched forth his hands in supplication. As Atulac retired a hundred angry glances followed him and the priest scowled upon him. Atulac and his followers met their opponent's angry looks with defiance. *The crisis was near.*

## CHAPTER TWO.

## THE RESULTS OF OUR TRIAL IN THE PALACE.

**W**HILE delivering his oration Atulac's eyes flashed fire, his frame surged with emotion and as he concluded he scowled—sardonic scorn of Satan--upon us. His actions and mien clearly defined his bitter hatred of us, showing that in him we had a determined and relentless foe. Inca Tupac sat motionless upon his golden throne seemingly indifferent, yet it was apparent that he approved Atulac's course and indorsed what he said, still he said no word either one way or the other. The first few moments following the conclusion of Atulac's appeal not a sound broke the stillness of the court. All stood motionless and expectant, wondering what the next moment would bring. As I have said many a hand grasped its weapon, many an angry glance was exchanged, yet none made no movement. The Royal Guards were closed up compactly about us, only the venerable old priest stood between us and the throne. After several moments of breathless and anxious suspense, Inca

Tupac looked up and glanced at the angry faces around him. He comprehended the seriousness of his position. As he gazed upon first one side and the other then at us it seemed that a struggle was going on in his mind. Whom should he favor? Is Atulac right and should the strangers die, or were Huasco, the princess and others right and should the strangers live? Were they divine? Were they sent of Viracocha? Were they true Children of the Sun? He looked full upon us; then he turned and gazed intently at Edna, who stood by the princess' side near him. He seemed to reach a conclusion, for instantly he turned again towards us and said,

"Hast thou, oh strangers, word to say in thy defense? Thou mayest speak." After this he seemed to breathe easier.

Atulac again scowled upon us muttered something between his clinched teeth and stepped back to his seat. Matters were going contrary to his wishes, yet he dared not over step the rulings of the Inca. Our friends seemed to be satisfied for the cloud of fear that had gathered upon their faces disappeared when the Inca spoke. We were to be given an impartial trial.

"Most noble Manco Capac, Inca of the Realm of Tava," said Jack stepping a few paces forward, "we have this to say in our defense: We are but pilgrims and strangers on a journey through the world and the gods have sent us hither. As we journeyed over the mountains, in a strange land, we were overcome by thy faithful guardians on the Secret Pass, which we were strug-

gling over, and brought before thy royal brother Inca Huasco, of Nord, who gave us a fair trial. What transpired at the court of thy brother thou surely knowest. The Oracles of the Sun came to our rescue in an hour of need. Our lives were in peril, the Intli sent messengers on the wings of Illappa to protect us. Pachacamac, the invisible and all-wise creator and ruler of the universe, hath favored us by showing his power through us in the Holy Temple of the Sun. The loving gods, both visible and invisible, have showered blessings and powers upon us. Our mission in Tava is one of love and peace and we stand ready to attest, with our lives, that good and not evil will follow our coming. Where we have struck a blow, in this great land of thine, it was only in defense of our lives, which fact even Topa Llantac, thy trusty guard hath related to thee. Thy noble brother commanded us to make our weapons talk and it was in obeying his order that sacrilege was committed. It was by the power of yonder Sun, god of the visible world, that our crime was made divine. Shouldst thou, oh noble Inca, see fit to bring us to execution for this miraculous offense, then would the face of yonder Sun, the all-beholding eye, be hidden from thee and Tava forever. He would withdraw his light and warmth from this fair land and in his wrath he would send his messengers hence to wreak vengeance upon thee. Beware, oh Inca Tupac what thou doest. Let thine heart be guided by the divine justice planted within it. True thy ancient laws says, "he who crosses Capac mountains must die," but it also says, "if a stranger comes into the land deny him

not thine hospitality,' and also, 'he who shall escape the wrath of the Lora Guardians is divine.' Now are we not strangers in thy midst? Have we not escaped the wrath of the Lora Guards and are not we accordingly divine? Do we not deserve thy divine favor and protec—'

"Down traitor, apostate, infidel!" cried Atulac rising, "let the barbudos—the spies—die!" The drift of Jack's argument was too much for the prince; he saw the truth of it and knew where it would lead. He grasped his blade and made a lunge towards Jack, but the arms of the kindly old priest stretched out again, barring the passage.

"Stay thy hand thou rash man," said the father, reverently, "wouldst thou also commit sacrilege in the presence of thy Lord. Let thy spirit be warned."

Atulac paused for a moment astounded, but it was only for a moment. "Cupay seize thee" he cried, "wouldst thou protect these barbudos? Stand aside, I command thee, and let justice be meted out to them!"

"What justice?" demanded Huasco, who now drew near us. "Dost thou call it justice to slay innocent people—strangers sent by the Intli into our midst? What power hast thou, Atulac to intercept and dictate terms of justice to our royal brother? *Thou* who are but a dependent upon his bounty. What hast thou to do in the matter?"

"What vital cord hath the stranger touched in thy breast, Atulac Inca?" asked Arna with a sneer.

"Inca Tupac," roared the persecutor, turning

towards the throne, "dost thou hear this blasphemy in thy presence, and dost thou still desist? See, the meddlesome strangers have allies in thine own court. Down with the trespassers; let the Royal Guard close in."

"Guards take the strangers into custody," commanded Tupac rising, "away with them to fortress Urcu."

"Wherefore, my brother?" cried princess Ullo.

"To await the death sentence," he replied frowning, "away with thee; the strangers must die."

"Not so, Tupac," shouted Huasco; "not so," cried Arna; "not so, not so," came from a hundred throats.

"Away with them," roared Atulac; "away with them," commanded Tupac. Guards, close in."

"Never!" cried Huasco and Arna, "never, never!" echoed a hundred voices, and drawing their weapons our friends sprang to our rescue. Instinctively we also drew our weapons. The crisis was at hand. Our lives now really hung in the balance and no one could tell which side would go up or down. Would our friends remain true? Would they falter in the hour of need? Would they desert us? No, they stood firm. The Guard, as if undecided what to do, fell back, leaving us for an instant in the cleared space. Atulac was determined, the die was cast now, he must go on to the end. Collecting a few of his followers about him he again rushed madly forward, followed by Villac Yupanci and others. Again the spectral arms of the priest shot out between us and our foes.

"Children of the Sun," said he in a clear distinct voice, "desist ere it is too late or the gods will blast thee and the nation."

Atulac, now thoroughly aroused, heeded not the priest but thrust him aside and began the attack. "On, Guards," he cried, "set on the infidels and apostates; sweep them from the land into the torments of Cupay; on, set on!" Some of the Guards heeded him and attacked us, some fell back, and some joined the noble Huasco. The conflict became general. Jack made forward to engage the haughty Atulac. They soon met, their blades flashed in the air, ringing out with a crash as they came together and drawing sparks of fire from hilt to point. Both were powerful swordsmen. They were equally matched in strength, but Jack had the advantage in training and superior arms. The combat raged on all sides. The direful sounds of clashing arms echoed dismal through the great hall. Our party stood on the defensive, repulsing the attacks of the enemy with vigor. All were actively engaged. Men were falling on every side. As yet the scales were equally balanced.

Meanwhile Inca Tupac sat upon his throne seemingly indifferent as to the result of the combat. The High priest was at his side enjoining him to restore order. Princess Ullo, who yet had Edna beside her, was also imploring the immovable monarch to protect us. "The Sun," said she, "will certainly frown upon us unless thou save the strangers." Still he sat there gazing into vacancy. Still the battle waged, unheeded, about him. He said no word, neither did he look

upon the bloody scene. His eyes were fixed upon the heavens, as if held there by a magic spell. His features changed from a dusky frown to a livid hue. He seemed to be drinking intelligence from the fountains of heaven. The conflict became more deadly. It was evident that our party, although outnumbered, was holding its grounds against the enemy. It was, as all realized, a life and death struggle. Unless some unforeseen event occurred to prevent it, the battle would last until either one side or the other was completely annihilated. We had been prohibited, by Huasco, from carrying any of our arms except broadswords, and our enemy had us at vantage. However we always wore our steel shirts, which were far superior to the armor of the enemy, and now they proved invaluable to us. Luckily for Jack he wore double steel on this occasion. His blade was long and heavy and it was apparent that he would in the end overcome his antagonist. Our men were falling fast. The enemy, encouraged by the shouts of Villac Yupanci and other leaders in their party, rushed against us with renewed courage and zeal. Huasco fought valiently; Ned was wounded but still stood his ground; the Senor, like a true knight-errant, was unhurt and hammering away at the enemy. He fought as no other man. He stood erect; his arms, like machine-levers, went up, his ponderous blade flashed, coming down upon the heads of his foes with a fearful crash. In him, my true ideal of the knights of the Middle Ages, was realized. He had the vim

and zeal of a de la Mancha, the strength and courage of Richard Cour de Leon and the dash and energy of the Black Prince. Yet he was no brag nor bully. He merely did his duty in a systematic manner; the same in travel, war or priestly robes. Like don Quixote, he fell upon the enemy as if they were so many sand-bags; like Richard the Lion-hearted, he brought down a man, and often two, at each stroke, Bravo, Senor!

I was wounded and bleeding, but I was able to hold my own against any who chose to attack me. Jack and Atulac were still hewing away at each other. They were breathing hard and every muscle in them strained to its utmost tension. At times they would voluntarily rest upon their blades a moment, catch a few breaths, then renew the attack. Slowly inch by inch, Jack was beating the prince back. He advanced upon his adversary doggedly, seeking every opportunity to send home a telling thrust. The battle was now at its highest pitch. Men, disarmed, struggled hand to hand with men. The scale still hung doubtfully in the balance. The Inc<sup>o</sup>, as if inspired, sat still unmoved and gazed into space. The unexpected occurred.

Suddenly, as if possessed of a devil, as the Senor afterwards expressed it, Inca Tupac sprang bolt upright from his throne, pointed towards the heavens and shouted,

"Intli, Intli; Children of the Sun, Pachacamac is coming, the face of the Sun is hidden!"

"Intli is coming, cried the priest, "the face of god is withdrawn. Viracocha!"

Astounded at these words, every man, except my companions, engaged in the conflict let fall their weapons and started back. The room had become unnaturally darkened. The excitement of the conflict was so intense that none of us had took notice of this fact. Atulac was startled, perplexed, astounded. What did it mean? Was the Intli host doing battle for the strangers?

"Viracocha hath won," cried Inca Tupac, "the hosts of Intli are with them; Viracocha is coming."

"May God and Saint Peter be praised," whispered the Senor to me, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow and sheathed his blade. "By St. Jago, the victory is ours!"

"A timely eclipse, Senor," I replied, pointing towards the darkened sun, "I am all undone."

"And I," said Ned, joining us, "this is the most appropriate and luckiest freak nature has ever played for us."

"May prove the worst one yet," said Jack, coming up, "for in a few moments more I had done with yonder villian for good. As it is he may do us harm yet."

"He may be after punching your ribs for stealing his fiancee," Ned returned, humorously, "yet I doubt whether he attacks you in the open again."

"Let every day provide for itself Senores," replied Hernando. "To-morrow is yet to come. See, our enemies are thoroughly alarmed."

True it was. The vicious Atulac was now com-

pletely abashed. His followers were filled with alarm. They stood cowed and trembling before the throne. Inca Tupac was invoking all the deities known in Tava to release the adorable Sun-father and let him show his face again to his Children. The sun was entirely hidden. The room became so dark in the semi-twilight that one could hardly distinguish friend from foe. The people were filled with consternation and horror. Now was our time to act.

I hastily joined Huasco, whispered a few words of instruction in his ear, which he readily comprehended, and I bade him address his Inca. He, approaching the throne, bowed before Tupac and said,

"Most noble brother, Pachacamac hath made the Sun to frown upon thee for this hour's work. Illapa will blast thee; Intli will sweep down from the heavens and destroy thy people; Cupay will rise from the depths and swallow up thy Realm, and yonder glorious Sun will smile no more upon the world, unless thou this hour declare these divine strangers to be free. They are Sons of Viracocha and true Children of the Sun, sent by the gods on a mission hence and thou shalt surely feel the wrath of our adorable God-father if they come to harm. I have spoken; which choosest thou?"

The Inca stared at Huasco a moment, looked upon the forms of our adversaries, then upon us. He was perplexed and doubtful. The bewildered expression passed from his face. "Let them be free," said he at last, "take them hence to thine own province, let them be thy lords and mine,

only let our adorable deity smile once more." He sat back upon his throne relieved. "Viracocha," he continued, huskily, "release the beloved Sun, let him shine forth again."

"Viracocha bids thou, oh, Sun, to shine forth on the world once more," said I stepping forward, pointing towards the darkened deity. "Let Intli release him and let him shine henceforth and forever smile upon Tava."

As I spoke the rim of the sun passed from the shadow, when I concluded a quarter of his face was visible; then a half, then three-quarters, then presently the full face of the glorious deity beamed down in all his splendor upon the palace and the world. While he was being released the people watched and waited. The hall was silent as the tomb. When the rims began to show and the deity peeped from his dark abode the hearts of the multitude throbbed; when at last he stood out fully released from the clouds of wrath, a shout of praise and adoration went up from the thousands of throats, and the great hall and galleries echoed back the glad cries. The wildest confusion followed. People wrung their hands, foe embraced foe, friend saluted friend, the praise and delight of the people was unbounded. The god of the visible world was born again, and we were heralded as his children. Only one face frowned in the assemblage, only one pair of eyes looked upon the scene with mingled scorn and chagrin, only one person failed to mingle with the joyous people—*Atulac*. He detested the people for being dupes—hated us for our triumph—hated us with a bitter hatred because we had foiled him in his

nefarious attempt. He saw the fallacy of our power—despised us for it and was disgusted with the indecisive Inca and people for being dupes.

He was a man of superior intellect, far above his fellows, yet he was a consummate scoundrel—a villain who would stop at nothing short of his heart's desire—the princess and the throne of Tava.

"Viracocha, Viracocha!" cried the princess in the midst of the confusion, "Viracocha, Viracocha!" shouted the people.

"Come," said Huasco as he approached us, "let us now hasten away. The amulet of Viracocha passeth to the stranger. Thou art freemen, come."

"Peace be to the world," shouted the High-priest, "let the manifestations of our gods continue in Tava forever," he waved his hands majestically about the room, "let all the true Children of the Sun rejoice forevermore. Viracocha is divine, his name is adored, let the people praise his children and shout his beloved name."

"Bless thee, oh father!" cried the princess saluting him, "thou shalt ever be remembered for thy service this day."

"Intli be with thee, oh princess, Virgin of the Sun," he replied tenderly, "thy faith hath this day saved the strangers—and *him*," pointing at Jack.

"We thank you Father," said Jack courteously, as he drew near them, "thou and the princess shall never have cause to rue this day. Come princess Ullc, we are away. Father, farewell."

Our party had collected and was passing from

the palace into the court below, when Jack and the princess joined us. The confusion and shouts of praise had subsided in the Council Chamber and the exultant people were dispersing to all parts of the city. When we reached the court of the palace preparations were made for our immediate departure from the Holy City to Nord. Prince Huasco spared no pains to make our trip to Anoor a triumphant journey, "for," said he, "Children of the Sun, Viracocha, must be royally entertained,"

It was deemed prudent to visit the temple of the Royal *Hamurpas*, or divine doctors, before our final departure, where we could have our wounds properly dressed. This occupied about an hour, at the end of which we mounted and our calvaca de paced through the city. The people were shouting *haillis*, or songs of triumph, in all quarters. As we advanced, streams of flowers were showered upon us; on all sides we were hailed as "Viracocha," "Children of the Sun," and "divine barbudos," by the rejoicing multitude. It was an event worthy of praise and rejoicing, for had not the frown from the face of the Sun passed away and was he not lighting and warming the world again? Had not the Viracocha strangers brushed away the black cloud from his angry face and restored his adorable visage to the Children of the Sun?

We passed through the city in triumph. The crowd had gathered about us until now it numbered thousands. We were hailed as supreme beings. The throng was wild with delight Incas, nobles, dignitaries and hundreds of people

flocked about us. Chasquis were dispatched over the land to herald the glad tidings. Thousands rose as one to greet us. *But the end was not yet.*

As our party was passing through the Northern gate it came in contact with a counter current headed by the vicious Atulac. On seeing us he put spurs to his horse and dashed into our midst, upsetting several attendants. He reigned his horse up alongside of Jack's, dashed his spear point against the ground and cried out,

"Hear ye this thou impostor, son of Cupay, this day hath the finger of Intli interposed between us, yet thou and I shall meet again. Nor God, nor Intli, nor Cupay shall intervene, but I shall overcome thee, thou shalt taste thine own blood, thine own heart shalt thou see; thy body shall be torn asunder and thy soul shall be tormented in Cupay forever. This day I declare that thy life and mine shall be put up against each other for forfeit." Then turning to Huasco he hissed, "Thou apostate, traitor, arch-enemy of the gods, a dupe of these cursed strangers, shalt also taste my vengeance. The four-quarters of earth will I raise up against thee and the kingdom of Tava shall be wrenched from thy house. I go to prepare the thunderbolts of Illapa for thy destruction, farewell!" He then turned to the princess and said, "thou, oh princess Ullo, art a sniveler and a toy in the hands of the treacherous white strangers. Thou lookest upon them as gods, but the day is coming when thy joy at their sight shall be turned into sorrow, thy laughter into tears and thy hope into despair. Upon thee and them be the curse of Cupay."

"Down with the apostate!" thundered Huasco unable to check his anger longer, "down with him!"

"I am ready to meet you, dastard, though in Cupay itself," cried Jack.

"Saint Jago and at him," roared the Senor, "by Saint Peter, down with insulting, perfidious wretch! Ho, there, let me forward; I will cope with him though he be the devil with all hades at his back."

But ere any of them could reach him Atulac was gone. He had delivered his message of defiance and hatred, put spurs to his steed and galloped away, followed by his band and the hisses from the people.

With his going trouble was yet to come. He was a vicious and dangerous man, feared alike by the Inca, the nobles and the people, therefore he was powerful. Men would flock to his standard by thousands from no other reason but fear. He held the people of his province under a hypnotic spell which was broken only at his death. His will was iron, his name feared among men.

As the haughty Atulac disappeared, we resumed our journey. Two days later we reached Anoor. Inca Huasco set about at once, to raise an army. Arna, the Inca of the province of Arania did likewise. The whole country was inflamed to the highest pitch over the coming war.

And war, bitter war, it was, even to the death of many a goodly man.



## CHAPTER THREE.

## CUPID AND PSYCHE IN THE PALACE GARDEN.

"What light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.  
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
Thou her maid art far more fair than she."—Romeo  
and Juliet.

THE whole nation was in a turmoil. Chasquis carried the tiding of the coming war to every part of the Realm. Men gathered in companies, companies formed regiments, from the regiments battallions were made up, from the battallions and brigades armies were formed and marshaled into the field. Few men stood idly by. The provinces of Torca and Kara furnished men for Atulac, while those of Nord and Arania flocked to Huasco's standard. Such war-like gatherings had never been seen in Tava. Never, since the war of succession between Huascar and Atahuallpa four hundred years ago, had internal strife been known to the Children of the Sun. History was about to be repeated. Brother was arming against brother, father against son. The bloody

battle on the plains of *Quipaypan* was to be fought over again on the sacred field of *Collcampata*. Prince Arna, of Arania, collected an army of twenty-five thousand men. Prince Huasco collected a like number from Nord, while several thousand recruits, who were unwilling to join the standard of Atulac and Villac, came in from Torca and Kara provinces. In two months we had an army of seventy-five thousand men, all equipped and eager for the conflict. I was made captain of the Lora Guardians, Jack was placed in command of a brigade of infantry, Ned was made post-captain of the Royal Body Guard and the Senor was made commander of a regiment of cavalrymen. Arna proposed to take the field and command his army in person. Nor was the enemy idle. Atulac, assisted by Villac Yupanci, had collected a numerous army and was advancing towards the capital city.

Inca Manco Tupac was still undecided. He had shut himself up within his capital, not daring to lend his aid to either party. When the news of Atulac's advance upon Kara reached him, he became thoroughly alarmed and fled to Anoor for protection. Prince Arna took immediate possession of the Holy City and manned the walls and citadels. This move checkmated Atulac's advance upon the capital, he deemed it imprudent to hazard an attack upon the powerful city while we, with a splendid army, threatened to swoop down upon him from the North. He drew up his army in the fields of *Collcampata*, on the shores of the Holy

Lake. Our army was ordered to move towards Collcampata and attack the enemy before he could advance further into the country.

A few events occurred in Anoor before our army was put in motion that will be proper to relate here.

We still retained our quarters in Huasco's palace. When the Royal Inca Tupac arrived in the city he was welcomed to the palace by Huasco and the princess. He was a man of noble bearing and features, but he was weak of mind. At times he would vow that the strangers were divine and that Huasco was right, at other times he would fly into a passion and declare for Atulac. He had no stability. He would change a decision or an opinion in two hour's time. He had no fixed purpose. One person in our midst, however, had great influence over him—Edna. He worshipped her. He followed her wherever she went. He would listen, enraptured, to her for hours and never tire. His love for her was infatuation. She could direct him as she wished, yet she despised him. We prevailed upon her to be kind to him, at least until the coming struggle was over, but this affected kindness on her part, led to serious trouble. It fell out in this wise.

As I have said, the palace was surrounded by beautiful gardens. At night, when the grounds are lit up by the silvery moon, the place is enchanting. Here, in the evening, would the royal household resort. On the eve before our departure to meet the host of Atulac, Jack and the princess were promenading in the

garden. They wandered hither and thither over the grounds until at last they became wearied. They sought a secluded spot by the fountain to rest and admire the glittering beauties around them.

"Viracocha," said the princess, "dost thou know that I, even I, predict that our army shall have the victory?"

"Nay, not I," replied Jack, "I had no idea that the beautiful princess was gifted with the power of divination. Upon what grounds do you make a prediction?"

"I can see *beyond* the coming conflict," said she. "I see the armies arrayed for battle. Thou Viracocha, I see leading our hosts, and to victory. Pachacamac rides on a cloud before thee; Intli guards thee; the glorious Sun lights thy way; Illapa comes and does battle against the foe. Thou, Viracocha, art favored of the gods. Thou, though man thou art, art also divine. Thy face wears the smile of heaven."

"Sweet princess," he replied, "thy imagination reaches too far, thou makest me to feel beyond myself."

"Thou art thyself, yet more. Thou art as a god. See, the hosts of Intli smiles upon thy face. Never did yonder all-mother shine more bright, Chasca smiles brightly when thou art near. At thy going their glory will follow thee, and to me—even their favored child,—will all be dark until thou dost return."

"And then—what then?" he asked, his bosom heaving with emotion.

"Then I will walk in a newness of life; the

world will be gay; Intli will shine upon me with a brighter light; the birds will sing unto me a new song; Chasca will kiss my warm face; the gods will call me 'beloved;' the splendor of the adored Sun will never cease to be poured out upon the world, and me. I shall be transplanted in a new sphere—then will I be happy."

"Art thou not happy even now, gentle princess? Dost thou not love me now, and may not I, a poor stranger be thine?"

"Thou sayest truly, Viracocha, I am thine: I love thee, adore thee; but yet I am not thine truly; only doth my heart yearn for thee—it is thine; my spirit is thine. Thou art my true celestial divinity. I worship thee even now—but yet, not yet,—can I give myself entirely to thee."

"Why not, beloved?" he cried, catching her up and implanting a shower of passionate kisses upon her fair face. "Why canst thou not be mine even now?"

"In heart, spirit and soul I am thine, oh, adored Viracocha! My body, my life cannot yet be thine. Pachacamac, Intli, the gods forbid it. Even the pale moon-mother would frown upon me. Lo, *he!* even Atulac, has me bound in fetters. I have been sanctified a Virgin for *him*. Thou shalt meet him. When thou comest hence again, then, even then, will the gods make me wholly thine."

"And thou wouldst have been made a living sacrifice to him? God forbid."

"Even so, Viracocha," she answered. It has been so decreed by my royal brothers and by the priests of the Temple of the Sun. I have ever

abhored him. His cold heart and glittering eyes were like mountains of frozen snow before me. My soul has rebelled against him, to wed him seemed but despair. But I have hoped and longed to be released from his bond; the oracles have declared a better fate for me and long have I waited. Then thou didst come, beloved; thou alone hath loosened the love-fountains of my heart. In thee do the depths of my yearning soul find a warm and sweet response. My spirit flew to thy adored bosom when first I saw thee, and there it finds joy, and peace and love. My heart beats with thine, our love is mutual—— Hark, what cry was that?"

"Some one beyond the fountain," cried Jack, springing to his feet, "come, beautiful princess, we'll see who it is."

They hastened to the fountain. A few yards beyond and near the garden wall, was a cluster of men, apparently struggling with some unseen object. What did it mean? Who was it and what were they doing? Some one was in trouble—perhaps being carried forcibly away. Jack instinctively grasped his blade and hastened to the rescue. It was Inca Tupac and some of his attendants. The person they were bearing away was Edna.

"Avaunt, dastards," cried Jack, knocking the men over right and left, "what mad freak is this?"

"Away with him," shouted Tupac, striking out at Jack, "down with the interloper! Darest thou to lay a hand upon the Royal Inca? Cupay seize thee." And he fell heavily upon Jack.

"Stay thy hand, my brother," cried princess Ullo, rushing between them, "Viracocha, spare him."

"Thou apostate, juggler with the barbudos," thundered Tupac, "dost thou dare oppose the will of the divine Inca? Then thou diest!" and he made a murderous thrust at her. The blow was arrested by the uplifted blade in Jack's hand.

"Stand aside, princess Ullo," cried Jack, "let me defend myself." Seeing that she was powerless, the princess uttered a shriek and withdrew.

Jack and Tupac fell too heavily. Alarmed at this sudden onset the Inca's attendants dropped Edna and hastened to the aid of their master. Jack was now sorely pressed. He was compelled to stand on the defense against the villains. The princess left the combatants and hastened to the side of Edna, who soon recovered from her fright, and the two sped away to alarm the guards of the palace. Meanwhile Jack was stoutly holding out against the foe. He knocked two of his assailants over at as many blows; but the Inca, who was heavily armed, pressed hard upon him. Presently Ned and a half dozen guards appeared on the scene, and seeing that all was ruined, the Inca turned and fled.

A band of the guard, under Ned, pursued the flying Inca, but that wily scoundrel had pre-arranged everything for a hasty flight, and he was soon beyond the reach of his pursuers. He continued his flight to the camp of the arch-enemy, Atulac, and was never seen by us again. What his fate was we never clearly learned. Some say that he was made a subject of Atulac's

wrath, being secretly slain and sacrificed to the gods by that traitor's command. Others declare that he was strangled by Atulac himself, on the night before the battle, and his body spirited away. Still others say that the Intli, seeing his condition, took pity on him and carried him bodily up into the heavens in order that he might not be a witness to the bloody battle that was to follow. His disappearance is a mystery unto this day. Still there is proof positive that his death or transition, did not occur until the night before the great battle on the Sacred fields of Colcampata, nor until he had caused us a great deal of trouble.

He was undoubtedly daft of reason for no sane man would have concocted and tried to carry out such a heinous crime as he intended to perpetrate,—a crime which even in despotic Tava was unparalleled and worthy of death, though committed by the divine Inca himself. Huasco and the princess denounced their brother as a cowardly dastard. The people disowned him as Inca and a majority of the nobles of the Realm, a few days later, stripped him of his official powers and conferred them upon Huasco.

As I have said, Edna, upon our advice, humiliated herself to the company and marked attentions of Tupac, but she, as the rest of us, had not entertained the idea that the unfortunate monarch meditated such serious intentions. It was our purpose to keep him with us, if possible, until after the conflict with the rebellious Atulac; but such was not to be. It seems

that Tupac had, during our stormy trial in the palace, become infatuated with the rare beauty of Edna. He was so hopelessly enamored of her that he raved for her day and night after our departure from the Holy City. For this reason, more than any other, he fled from his capital to Anoor. He attributed the cause of the eclipse to her power. He regarded her as a goddess come to earth on special purpose to wed him. On the night of his flight, he had prevailed upon Edna to walk with him in the gardens. It was his plan to use all his influence with her to flee with him to Atulac's camp and wed him; if this failed, he aimed to kidnap her, bear her to the hostile camp and force her to marry him.

"Adorable stranger," said he to her, "beauty of mine eyes and goddess of my heart, thou hast been sent hither by the gods to make me glad. In my palace are spread all the dainties of the land for thee, be thou my coya. Intli hath declared thee mine, wilt thou come."

"Most noble Inca," she replied, "thou art divine, it is unlawful to consort with the people. Thou art far above me, a stranger in thy land—so far removed from me that such a thing would be impossible. Think no more of it."

"Say not so, beautiful coya, what I command is law, what I do is favored of the gods; oh, come with me! My throne shall be thy foot-stool; I thy servant, Thou art mine, divine and beloved Chasca, more fair than the pale moon, more glorious and adorable than the Sun: come, my boria shall be thy *pastescha*; my Intli thy God; come heart of hearts to my raptured soul and dwell with

me in the Temple of Gold."

"Thou dost but flatter me, noble prince," she returned, "thou meanest not thy words. Thou art unwise to speak to me thus. Such a thing can never be. My heart is not thine; God has given me another to love. Thou canst only be my Inca, nothing more."

"Sayest thou this to me?" he cried vehemently, "My will is law, my word must be obeyed. My power is greater than any man's; thou shalt submit thyself unto me. Beware lovely lady, lest thou feel the sting of my wrath. What I ask, must be; thou, this night shall be mine!" He approached her.

"Never, sir; stand back!" she cried.

"Come, beautiful," he said in a more humble tone, "do not be wroth with thy lord and king. See, the pale moon smiles upon thee; thy face—lovely gem of heaven—is bright like yonder Chasca. The radiant Sun will kiss thy marble cheek when he rises; the Intli host is looking pleasantly down upon thee. Hear the ripple of the crystal fountain, it says, 'thou art love.' The green trees, the bright birds, the sweet *ychu*, the singing people, the invisible spirit-train, all hail thee as the adorable, celestial coya-queen. Come with me to my pleasant bower where thou shalt ever be happy and free."

"Your words are idle, Inca Tupac," she replied firmly, "you heap insults upon me. Be gone, sir, I will hear no more of thy foolish jargon." And she turned away from him.

"Thou shalt not escape me thus, my beautiful Chasca," said he, seizing her, "thou shalt come with me even now. Nor Cupay, nor Illapa, nor heaven shall wrench thee from me. Ho, guards, seize her and bear her away!"

The guards sprang up at his call, seized the terrified maiden and dragged her towards the

wall. She cried out once, which, fortunately, was heard by Jack and the princess, then a rough hand closed about her mouth.

"So my princess, my coya, thou art now in my power. Go quietly, or worse luck to thee," hissed Tupac, triumphantly.

Just as the ruffians were in the act of lifting her over the wall Jack and the princess arrived upon the scene, the results of which I have already related. Poor Edna, she broke down entirely when she concluded the story and for once we regretted that we had urged her to pay any attention to the treacherous Inca. The pain and misery that we afterwards had to endure on his account will be related elsewhere.

Tupac was gone and we were all glad to be rid of him. With his going the borla of Tava passed from his brow.

"My brother, Inca Manco Tupac, is no longer worthy to rule an honest people," said prince Huasco, "I will hasten to the Holy City, don the borla and henceforth wield the scepter over Tava."

"Right you are, Prince Huasco," said Jack, "Tupac has forfeited his crown and is now a rebel against the state."

"When the Sun rises above Capac Mountains to-morrow, let fifty thousand men take the road towards the capital. Thou, Jacka Thompson, I proclaim general of all my hosts. Thou Roquer Evac, art next in command. Ye are all my brothers, Children of the Sun; and thou my lovely lady Chasca, I this night declare a Virgin of the Sun and a sister princess to Mama Ullo Yupanci.

All things were done accordingly as Inca Huasco Yupanci had commanded. In the early morning the army was in motion, fifty thousand strong. Five thousand guards were left to defend and protect the city. Prince Arna held the capital with twenty thousand men.

The war was at hand.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

## MARCH TO KARA.—BATTLE OF COLLCAMPATA.

OUR army was thoroughly equipped. We had thirty thousand infantry, ten thousand cavalrymen and ten thousand archers. Prince Arna held the capital city with twenty thousand soldiers; of this number we could rely on fifteen thousand to take the field, making a total sixty five thousand men. From reports the enemy had an army very near equal to our own. It would be a desperate struggle. We marched from Anoor in bands of thousands; first the horsemen, then the foot, with the bowmen bringing up the rear. Our route lay upon three roads, running within a mile of each other and almost parallel. On the eve of the second day our advance columns bivouaced by the walls of Kara; on the third day our entire army camped in the valley about the city. Inca Huasco, who had preceeded us a few hours, was welcomed into the city by Arna's army and the people. On the day of the arrival of our rear guards, he was crowned, by the High-priest, Villac Um, as Inca of Tava. The people heralded the coming of the new Inca with delight. Shouts and songs went up from the

multitude; the blare of bugles and the beat of drums shook the air and the clanking of armed battalions echoed through the city. Soldiers, headed by nobles, paraded the streets; gaily dressed sight seers crowded the thoroughfares. Men, women and children hurried aimlessly hither and thither. Shouts of "Viracocha," "Inca Huasco," "Prince Arna," went up from the thousands. Here, at least for a time, we reigned supreme; but, alas, a dark and threatening cloud hung over us in the East.

The ceremonies and festivities that followed the crowning of Huasco lasted a week. It was one continuous round of drilling, parading, rejoicing and feasting. The Incas, nobles and the people seemed to banish all thoughts of the coming conflict from their minds. They danced, sang songs, eat, drank and made merry as if peace and quietude ruled the land. Not so with us; we were eager to take to the field at once and have done with it. At last, on the seventh day of our bivouac at Kara, we were ordered to march to meet the enemy. Prince Arna and Jack were made equal in command, each having twenty thousand men. Ned was placed in command of the ten thousand horsemen; Senor Hernando, who was a splendid bowman, was to lead the ten thousand archers. Five thousand men were held in reserve to occupy the stores at Mount Coricancha. I had no command, only Pedro and fifty Guards of the Pass.

What did I intend to do with this insignificant force? It will be remembered that we left our

small cannon and a large amount of munitions in a cave below the Golden Spur. When war was declared I prevailed on Huasco to permit me to go over the Pass and bring them to Anoor. I, with fifty of the Guards, made the trip. The guns, powder, shells and bombs were in excellent condition. I meant to turn them loose upon the enemy. All my companions carried magazine, rifles, revolvers and their side arms, Arna was presented with a splendid revolver, which he learned to shoot and was proud of it. In addition we all wore our coats of steel, which was proof against ordinary missiles. Many of our soldiers wore mail made of copper, which was rarely refined and hardened almost equal to steel. Especially was the copper-mail worn by the nobles heavy and tough. The helmets of the nobles were made of silver, their shields were also of silver rarely embellished with gold and gems.

Our army moved in splendid array towards the Sacred field of *Collcampata*, which lies ten miles east of Kara, between Holy Lake and Mount Coricancha, our objective point being Coricancha, where are situated the vast stores of the nation. A body of cavalry was dispatched, post-haste, to take possession of these stores and drive back the body of rebels posted there. This was accomplished without serious loss.

At night-fall our entire army went into camp on the south shore of the Lake in full sight of the enemy. A council of war was held at which it was decided that the army be divided into three divisions, I superintended this work. I was to occupy the center with my battery. Five thous-

and archers under the Senor was to support me. Jack was to take the right wing with his twenty thousand foot; Prince Arna was to take the left with his division. Ned was ordered to hold five thousand of his horsemen in reserve, while the remainder of his command, under Topa Llantac, was to harrass the enemy's flanks. The remaining five thousand bowmen was to support any weak place in our lines.

No breach was made between the hostile armies during the night. The opposing hosts slumbered peacefully within a few yards of each other. It was the last sleep on earth for many a brave man. No overtures for peace were made, each army accepting the coming conflict as inevitable.

When the dawn broke on the morning before the battle the thousands in both armies were astir. At sunrise both parties were arrayed in line for the combat. The enemy was evidently surprised at our weak center; for, when Atulac and his commanders looked over the field, they began to mass troops in their center, forming solid phalanxs of horse and foot. His right and left wings were left weak and without support. His lines stretched from the lake shore far to our left, forming a crescent, his troops in the center bagging far back into the field many columns deep. This was what I desired, but the enemy's tactics filled Inca Arna with alarm.

"They will break our center," said he, "override you, separate our main bodies and overwhelm us at will!"

"Trust me to defend our center," I replied, patting my guns, not a foe shall cross our line

here: go, lead your own men, like a man to victory this day."

With this he hurried to take charge of his command. The rebel army was now in motion. Like our own men, they were armed with spears, swords, battle-axes, bows and arrows and other missiles. They carried light shields on their left arms and many of them wore copper plate armor. In their center floated the banner of Atulac—a blue back-ground with the host of Intli sparkling over the field. Our weak center filled Atulac with the hope that he could easily break it and sweep our army away at one charge. This was his fatal mistake. I had wished for this exact thing.

Over our center floated the Royal Banner of the Rainbow and the Sun. This was his objective. At a given word along his lines, his columns, like a huge, living machine, swept over the fields towards us. The shock of the rushing cavalry was a signal that the battle had begun. Our infantry met the enemy's flanks half way, broke their unprotected wings and flanked them on either side. When the heavy columns of our assailant's center were within a hundred paces of us I opened my battery, of two cannons and twenty five repeating rifles upon them, raking down the oncoming mass of humanity with shot and shells. The direful report of our guns together with their fearful effect caused the warriors directly in my front to recoil. I reloaded my guns. Quickly recovering from their shock, the warriors formed ranks again and pressed towards us. Again my battery roared out, this time with more deadly effect.

Men fell in heaps through their lines. They reformed and plunged forward once more. Again my guns belched forth their blazing missils, cutting great gaps in the enemy's ranks. Our bowmen let go a cloud of arrows which did splendid execution. The enemy was resolute; the gaps in their ranks were closed up and again they swept over the field towards us. I trained my guns on them in rapid succession; dynamite bombs were hurled into their midst by machines made on purpose. Terrific explosions shook the earth, men went up into the air falling in heaps; the enemy faltered, fell back. Their center was broken.

Meanwhile the battle raged all along the line. Jack's wing was opposed by the heavy columns under Atulac. Both sides fought with desperation. Many deeds of valor were performed on that day. Villac's division was steadily driven in by the brave men under Arna. The enemy was unable to withstand the heavy columns under the noble prince; the cavalry bore down upon their broken ranks massing them on the right. Here was the heaviest fighting. In vain did I try to check the mighty stream of warriors that fled before Arna and the cavalry. I plowed open lanes between them but the wild stampede could not be checked. Jack was hard beset; the entire army of the enemy was pouring against him. His cavalry support was driven in and the two hosts met in combat. Jack's massive form could be seen above the rest, hurrying from post to post rallying his men and fighting like mad. Now and then the crack of his revolver could be heard, but he used it only when personally beset by odds. The

momentum, gathered by the superior force of massing warriors, was slowly but surely pressing his wing back. It was evident that unless the superior force thrown against him was checked his wing would be crushed. At least forty thousand men were bearing down upon his twenty thousand. I dispatched a courier to Prince Arna ordering him to follow up the enemy and attack them in the rear. This was immediately carried out, and I again poured a withering fire into the midst of our foe. This, together with Arna's rear attack, had the desired effect. The enemy was now compelled to defend both front and rear. I kept up a steady fire, as did my archers, sweeping the ranks of the enemy's center. Again there was a gap cut in the opposing army and both wings were about equally yoked. The breach in their ranks was widened by our galling fire.

Now was the time for a decisive movement. I sent runners to summons Ned to advance with his fresh troop of horse. He galloped up at the head of his warriors just at the right moment.

"See Ned," said I pointing to the breach in the enemy's ranks, "now is your time; drive into the gap."

He saw the advantage at once and lost no time in obeying me. He formed his troop into a wedge, placing himself at the point and charged, full tilt, into the heart of the enemy. It was a magnificent sight. I could do nothing now but look on. Right and left the hosts were engaged in a fierce hand to hand encounter. Ned's long wedge of horsemen swept, like a meteor before me, the bright armor of his warriors flashing in

the golden sunlight like streaks of fire. The relentless cavalcade of horsemen drove forward with such force that in ten seconds the whole command was buried in the bosom of the foe. The fresh warriors struck out, right and left, with their long lances and broadswords, scattering their opponents on either side like chaff. Both wings of the enemy were now cut off and entirely surrounded. The soldiers under Villac became demoralized; some threw down their arms and plead for mercy, others fled from the field to escape the wrath of "Viracocha;" those who yet remained with Villac surrendered with him to Arna. Yet the greater part of their army under the dauntless Atulac stood its grounds, fighting like demons at their leader's side.

Jack was still pressed by Atulac and his vicious followers. Ned's horsemen bore down upon the walls of the enemy with frightful slaughter, yet they were unable to break the living barriers that surrounded Atulac. His force was completely surrounded yet they fought like demons and yielded not. Jack seeing the determined stand and guessing the cause, resolved to put an end to the slaughter. He summoned me to come and take charge of his command, which I did. He then singled out Atulac and challenged him to a personal encounter. I was glad to take an active part on the field. I placed myself at the head of the troops and attacked the enemy with renewed energy. Jack called a few chosen warriors about him and cut his way to Atulac's side. For a moment it seemed that the haughty Inca shrank from a personal combat. But only for a mo-

ment.

"At last we meet," he roared, as Jack approached him, "this hour will I be avenged upon thee, thou carrion condor, cursed white-man, apostate,"

"Do your work and then your boasting, hated son of Cupay," replied Jack, "come on, I am ready to meet you."

Without further ado the two champions closed in. Jack could have shot the treacherous villian on the spot and ended the matter at once, but he disdained to do it. A space was cleared about them and they met in the open hand to hand. When the leaders fell upon each other the whole army on both sides ceased hostilities, mutually agreeing to abide the results of the combat between the chieftians. No longer needed in my command I took up a convenient position, determined to shoot Atulac at the first signs of treachery. As in the palace the two men fought upon equal grounds. They hammered away at each other, neither of them being able to gain or lose. It was a hard fight. Their breath came fast; their sabers raised and fell. The prince finally wavered; he fell back a few paces evidently exhausted, but his movement was only a ruse. Jack followed him up; he fell further back. I anticipated him and moved up as he fell back. He saw that he would be unable to overcome his adversary, and was only luring him on to entrap him. When the two combatants were fairly on the side of the circle next to Atulac's body guard, that treacherous villian signaled and instantly a dozen warriors sprang towards Jack. In another

moment and he would have been felled to the earth. That moment was sufficient. I was prepared for this immensity and had advanced to the edge of the ring and was in a few yards of the combatants. When I saw the treacherous design of Atulac. I covered him with my gun. As he gave the signal and as his warriors sprang towards Jack, I fired. The prince fell back dead. I then fired rapidly into the midst of Jack's new assailants, bringing them down in rapid succession. Jack, too, opened fire upon them, and terror stricken, they fled into the midst of the army. This practically ended the battle on our side of the field; for, seeing their leader down the warriors became panic stricken, threw down their arms and surrendered.

Ned's horsemen still engaged the enemy on his side of the field. Arna, after the surrender of Villac Yupanci, attacked the scattered bands over the field and attacked the rear of Atulac's division. Neither of them knew what was going on in our part of the field. Jack dispatched chasquis to all parts of the field with the intelligence that Atulac was dead and asking that hostilities come to an end. The bulk of the army surrendered. Our troops collected and buried their dead as also did the vanquished party. Our loss was five thousand killed and as many wounded. The enemy's losses were greater, their dead amounting to ten thousand, with thousands of wounded. It had been a hard fought battle, but the power of the rebellion was broken.

Villac Yupanci escaped and fled to his capital city, Torca, laid down his arms and submitted to the dominancy of his brother, Inca Huasco. The unfortunate Manco Tupac was not found among the vanquished host, nor could any man among them give an account of his disappearance.

Two weeks from the day we had marched from Anoor we marched back to Kara victorious. The

haillis of the people were sung throughout the nation; the *haravuces* sung a new song and the multitude rejoiced. The spirit of Viracocha had conquered and the people were happy. One of the songs, sung on the return of our army, attracted my attention as being peculiarly beautiful, which I will here try to reproduce.

### THE HAILLI.

The Sun, the glorious Sun, doth rise, Viracocha;  
 Oh, see; he sends his light into the world! oh, see,  
 His golden tears drop here, drop there Viracocha:  
 Oh, see; he warms the world, the blest, the pure, for thee,  
 He lights he warms the world for thee!

CHORUS—O, glorious father, allelula!  
 O, send us triumph, allelula!  
 Our deeds thou dost see, allelula,  
 Our foes overcome, alle, allelula!

Intli, Raymi, the feasts are spread; the wood, the fire—  
 The field in Collcampata won: oh, come and feast  
 With Viracocha this day; oh, draw thou near, our sire,  
 Peep o'er Capacian hills in yonder dim, far East  
 Oh, come and light and warm the world to day!

CHORUS—He comes, he comes, allelula, the divine  
 O, see, he comes, the glorious sun, allelula,  
 He smiles, oh let him brightly shine,  
 Upon his chosen children once more,  
 allelula!

The foe is laid in huacos: Cupay their hosts now bleeds  
 O, see, they fall as leaves, they die as grass: oh sun,  
 Thou hast seen us this day rise, while Illapa feeds,—  
 O, come and let us, Viracocha and thou be one,—  
 He smiles, he lights and warms the world today.

CHORUS—Viracocha, Intli Mamuras Raymi,  
 Barbudos, adorable Viracocha's child,  
 Sun Children, fair thy faces, Intli—  
 O, gods divine, the battle's won  
 Allula, Viracocha, allelula.

## CHAPTER FIVE.

## THE ABDUCTION OF EDNA AND THE PRINCESS.

**W**E had been absent from Anoor two weeks. Not a word of intelligence had been received from that city since the departure of the army. Although only sixty miles away, not one of the chasquis, sent thither from the army, had ever returned; nor had the post-riders, left in the city on purpose, ever reached our camp. Something must be amiss. When the excitement of the battle wore off, the realization of this state of affairs filled us with alarm. What did it mean? Why this silence and why had the chasquis never come back? Inca Huasco, as all the rest of us, felt great concern over the matter. In order to clear away this mystery, it will be necessary to record the events that transpired in Anoor after our departure.

I have stated elsewhere that five thousand guards were left to defend the city. It turned out that a part of this guard proved traitorous. Some of them were hired spies of Inca Tupac and Prince Atulac. These spies bribed the division in

charge of the southern gate and thus managed to secure control of it. After the departure of our army the treacherous guard of the southern gate intercepted all the chasquis, dispatched to or from the city, binding them and imprisoning them in the tower on the wall. Tupac also had bands of men scattered along the highways between the two cities, who captured all the chasquis sent from the army to Anoor. It was the purpose of Inca Tupac to thus cut off communication, enter the city with a strong guard and kidnap Edna. Atulac readily entered into this venture also, it being mutually agreed between the two villains that both the princess and Edna be captured and taken to the Temples of the Sun in Kara province. There they intended to force the two maidens into an unholy marriage. How the schemes of these two rascals were put into execution I will here relate.

Three days after the departure of our army, and while we were encamped at Kara, the two plotters at the head of one hundred men, were secretly let into the city by the treacherous guard at the southern gate. It was midnight. The city was in slumber. Not a sound, save the measured tread of the sentinels and the watch about the temple and the palace, broke the stillness of the night. No one, save the guard at the southern gate, was aware of the presence of the abductors. They silently passed through the city, approached the palace, surrounded it and simultaneously attacked the guards. Without creating alarm all the guards about the palace were either killed or captured. Sentinels were stationed in

place of the guards, while Tupac and a dozen followers broke down the massive doors and entered the building. Edna and the princess slept in an upper chamber on the right wing of the palace. Hither Tupac hastened. In a few moments he was in their chamber. The frightened maidens were roughly seized, securely bound and borne away, they knew not by whom or whither.

The city was left as quietly and as secretly as it had been entered. Not the least alarm had been raised. The people had no idea of what was going on around them. It was several days before the abduction of the virgins was known throughout the city. Then it was not known who had spirited the maidens away nor whence they had gone. Chasquis were sent to bring the news to us, but they fell into the hands of Tupac's men on the way. Searching parties were sent out but they never returned. The city was wild with confusion.

Six days later the abductors reached Pachacamac, or the Holy Temples, with their victims. The unhappy maidens were placed in care of the *mamaconas* of the temples. Under the good attentions of these matrons the maidens soon recovered from their fright and the fatigue of the journey from Anoor. When Edna learned who their abductors were she felt that all was lost, but she was determined to resist the detested Inca to the last. On the day after their arrival at the Temples, Inca Tupac approached the weeping and broken hearted Edna and said,

"Weep not fair stranger, thou beautiful one,

thou adorable Chasca, weep not, for thy lord is come to dry thy tears and make thee his own beloved coya."

"Stand back, monster," cried Edna, her eyes flashing fire of rage and indignation, "dare not touch me."

"Oh, thou adorable one, thou art fair, thou art my heart's desire; cast thee down and worship thy lord. Tupac Inca is divine, his will is power, what he wishes must be done. Thou art now in my power and shall not escape me again, thy friends are far away and cannot come to thine aid; be thou my docile coya and all is well for thee and them."

"Never, villain!" she cried vehemently, "your heart is blacker than the depths of Cupay; go thou evil one and let me return to my friends. I loathe thee, hate thee and though I suffer the tortures of ten thousand deaths I will never submit myself to thee. Touch me not, sir, or thy blood be on thine own head!"

Tupac made a movement towards her, but she intercepted his designs, snatched a small revolver from her bosom and pointed it at him. Edna had never been without her protector, day or night, since her adventure with Tupac in the garden. She managed to keep it concealed from her captors all the way from Anoor and now it stood for her in a time of need. Tupac recoiled before the gun and the enraged woman.

"Down with it lady," he commanded, "or by the powers of Illapa thy heart shall be torn out. Give it to me or I call the *nacacs* to de

stroy thee."

"Never, base coward," she exclaimed, "death would be sweet in preference to thee."

"Then thou shalt surely die," he hissed with mockery, "come, thou destroyers, and rend her limb from limb!"

At his call some twenty five or thirty hideous priests appeared, bearing thongs, some pincers and sharp instruments and some a brazen altar on which blazed a blueish fire.

"Seize her, thou hosts of Cupay," he cried with delight, "bind the cunning stranger-witch; torture her and unless she yields, burn her with the fires of Illapa's wrath."

The slaughterers approached the resolute maiden. She was confined in a chamber just beneath the dome of the temple, two hundred feet above the ground. Four feet from the floor of the room was the top of the wall upon which a narrow buttress jutted out. Seeing that death awaited her, or a fate worse than death if she fell into the hands of the vicious *nacacs*, she with the strength of desperation, turned from the hideous fiends and sprang upon the wall and stepped to the edge of the buttress. She rose up, fearlessly and without a tremor, to her full height on the narrow edge of the wall. Two hundred feet below her lay the green ground; in the vast blue expanse above was the beautiful heavens. A short step and she would be hurled to the one and from thence would her spirit be wafted into the other. Her face was as white as the marble at her feet; her eyes were as calm and clear as the inviting heaven above; from her

head the tresses of hair flowed over her shoulders. She stood erect and motionless. In her hand, out stretched towards her tormentors, she held the glistening revolver; the other hand was lifted towards heaven. As a last resort of escape she had resolved to shoot the Inca dead then hurl herself, headlong, over the precipitous wall.

"Do thy worst, fiend incarnate," she said calmly, "but know ye this, I shall never be molested of thee; if a foot shall move towards me, then thou shalt die and I will jump from the wall." She brought the barrel of her protector on a line with Tupac's heart. "I am but a woman, yet I dare to die an honorable death; thou, born of the lowest depths of Cupay, I defy. I dare thee move. At a motion from thee I fire. I fear thee not, and here in thine own temple with thy hell hounds near thee, I stamp my foot upon thee and none dare resist it."

Tupac was abashed. He stopped, shuddered and gazed, spell-bound, at the beautiful, statute-like maiden before him. He feared her and he dared not move. He had not calculated on meeting with such a stubborn resistance—above all such a fearless defiance. Was she inspired? Was she, too, divine? Could she spring from the summit of the wall to the ground without hurt? Was she as the gods? He swayed to and fro undecided. Not a man moved. Should he order the *nacacs* to advance and see what the results would be? No, for he, too, in that act must also die. Once it seemed that he would give the command and risk the consequences. His voice failed him. He tried to move but his feet would not

obey, he tried to think but the thoughts would not come. The moments sped away, yet brave, resolute Edna stood defiantly and unmoved upon the precipice. Would the spell never be broken? What would be the ending? Would her strength and courage hold out against the terrible strain? Would she collapse and fall before the final moment? Her head felt giddy; once a tremor of despair ran through her being. She breathed a prayer for deliverance, for relief; would it ever come? A step sounded in the hallway. She looked beyond the mob of slaughterers towards the doorway. A form passed into the room. It was prince Atulac. The Inca did not move. His eyes were fixed upon the fearless maiden before him. He could not speak. As Atulac drew nearer he seemed to comprehend the situation. One impulse—perhaps the only good one he ever had—swept through him—it must not be, the gods forbade it,

"What meanest thou by this, Tupac Yupanci," he exclaimed, "why hast thou enraged the lady to desperation? Call off thy dogs and thou and they leave the stranger at peace. Go!"

Tupac glad to be relieved, sullenly turned and without uttering a word, hurried from the room, followed by the *nacacs*.

"Come down, fair lady," said Atulac to her when the others were gone, "and thou shalt be persecuted thus by him no more."

"What proof have I of thee, oh, prince, that thou also will not persecute me?" she asked.

"My oath, brave stranger," he replied, "I have this day sworn to Mama Ullo, thy friend, by all the gods known in Tava, that thou nor she shall be molested of no man until this war is over. An Inca cannot break an oath. I go to morrow to the field of Colcampata and with me goes Tupac. Here thou art secure. If we return, then thou and she must wed us; if we fall then thou art free."

"A fair promise, prince, yet give me a further proof that thou wilt abide it, or else I shall leap forth into eternity. I trust neither thee nor Tupac, both of you are vile men and traitors—foes to my friends."

"Think not so hard of us, stranger, we are but men and cannot resist the tempting flush of a beautiful woman. Here comes the princess, she shall prove me. Princess Ullo, lovely daughter of Yupanci, come hence and save thy friend, the stranger."

The princess advanced into the room. She saw Edna standing on the summit, she saw Atulac. The prince explained the situation to her and she advanced towards Edna and said,

"All is well, my sister, come to me; I vouch for the prince, though villain he be, he shall keep his oath. Leave thy dangerous position. All is well."

"Then let him go," said Edna, pointing at the prince, "I hate and fear them all. I had rather meet death now than be tortured of them again."

"I go, sweet lady, replied Atulac, passing to the door, "thou shalt see me no more unless I win Colcampata field; until then farewell." And with this Atulac left the room.

Assured of her safety Edna left her dangerous refuge and joined the princess.

"Oh, Eda," cried Mama Ullo, as Edna joined her, "oh my sister, I am glad for thee. Thou looked a goddess while on yonder height. Thou art brave; Intli will yet save us."

"May God grant it, my sister," sobbed Edna, "I realized my danger, but I saw sweet angels up there, beckoning me to come; I heard a still small voice say 'well done thou good and faithful servant.' I know that God gave me strength to stand; he approved my decision. I felt that he was near me. But my time was not yet, for heaven has again saved me. What will the end be?"

"Triumph, sweet sister," replied the princess, "behold they will soon go forth. They will never return."

The prophecy of the princess was fulfilled. They never encountered their tormentors again. On the following day the two arch-enemies left the Holy Temple for Collcampata. It was a great relief to the maidens to see the Inca depart —glad to know they were rid of such villains.

"They go to meet their doom," said the princess, "no true Child of the Sun will spare them. In Collcampata the armies will meet. He is there and Atulac cannot stand against him. Go forth brother to thy doom; go forth thou, treacherous Atulac to thy punishment. Cupay will reward thee."

"Surely thou art inspired, my sister," said Edna, "surely God is with thee."

"The gods of the Incas doth inspire me, dear Eda," replied the princess, "I know, I see."

"Can you see no way for us to escape and re-join our friends?" asked Edna.

"None, sister-stranger. See our chamber is guarded; the outer doors are locked and the horrid *nacacs* hold the keys. It would be death to attempt to escape. We must abide here until Colcampata is won."

"And then?"

"Then will he come, and all our friends for us sister."

"Thou makest me to hope against hope, sister Ullo, would God that it be as thou sayest."

"It will; the Intli declare it so, daughter of Viracocha," replied the princess, "dost not thy God bid thee live and hope?"

"Always, dear Ullo, My God, the Lord Jesus Christ, is with me always even unto the end. He took up his abode within my heart when I was a little child. He hath baptized me with his holy spirit and poured out his blood that I might live now and forever."

"Then he is near thee; guides thee, protects thee; thou seest him, lovest him; he makes thee to be good and fair and divine. So is yonder Intli, the favoring god of all the heavens, with me; he sees me by day and by night; he loves me, guides me. His benign influence inspires my soul. He maketh me to look beyond now into the afterwards; he sheweth me what is to come. I am his child."

"Thy gods and mine are the same save in form and name only. Yet is thy Eternal Father a spirit; will he save thy soul when thou art dead?"

Will he cause thee to rise again from thy death-sleep, put life into thy soul and take thee to his home in heaven forever?"

"Even so shall it be to all true Children of the Sun. In the end will Manco Capac return to earth and all the dead shall rise; those who live and those that are risen shall be gathered on the Holy Mount, Huascar's Terraces, and all shall be taken home into the heavens."

"I thank thee, my sister," replied Edna, "I pray God that all will be as thou sayest."

"It will, dear Edna. Come with me, thou needest rest. Soon he will come and thine own love. We must be ready to meet them."

"I trust they may come soon," replied Edna.

"After Collcampata they will come," answered the princess.

The two maidens retired for the night. The guard kept vigil at their door; the *nacae* chanted requiems in the subterranean vaults below. Time drifted on, each moment bringing the end nearer. Firm in the belief that rescue would speedily come the maidens slumbered in peace dreaming of happy days, when trouble would be no more, and awaited our coming.

On the day after the battle, Jack and the *Senor*, with a command of two thousand horse were dispatched by Inca Huasco to the city of Anoor to look into the state of affairs in that city. Especially were they to look after the welfare of the maidens and to escort them at once to Kara, the capital city, where they could participate in the national festivals. Imagine their surprise and grief when they arrived at Anoor and found that Edna and the princess were gone, no one knew whither.



## CHAPTER SIX

INCA HUASCO YUPANCI ESTABLISHED ON THE  
THRONE.

HUASCO was now really Inca. He assumed the purple of the Empire with all the dignity becoming a true Child of the Sun. The *llantsu* he had worn as heir-apparent was exchanged for the scarlet *beria* of his fathers. Villac Um performed the ceremony of crowning the prince as real Inca with great solemnity. A special feast of *huraracu* was held on this occasion to commemorate the event. The veterans of Collcampata attended the feast in full force. The peoples of the four provinces flocked to the city to participate in the celebrations. Friend and foe met on mutual grounds and pledged to each other perpetual friendship. The strife was over; Huasco had won and all alike rejoiced at his coronation. From that day the past was buried. The people heralded the coming of their new and "good Inca" with delight. Even Villac Yupanci deemed it prudent, as also did all the other contending nobles, to lay aside personal hatred and

attend the crowning of his brother, Huasao.

This ceremonial festival began on the second day after the battle and lasted three days, during which the people danced, sung songs and feasted. All business enterprises were abandoned and all questions of state were laid aside. It was a great event, the like of which had not been witnessed in Tava for many years. Vast multitudes collected in the great square of the city. Inca nobles, with numerous retinues of attendants, paraded the streets; regiments of soldiers marched through the city to the step of martial music, and groups of gaily attired ladies thronged the sideways or crowded the overhanging balconies of the magnificent buildings. Songs of peace, love and war floated from the thousands of throats and mingled with the mellow strains from the bands, swelling into one grand, sweet symphony of music culminating, at intervals, in a beautiful soul-stirring cadence.

The song most used on this occasion had been especially prepared by the haravaces, or poets, and ran something like this,

#### SONG OF HURARACU.

Behold, the feast is spread for all—our king—  
Fill each heart with joy, let all the nation rise  
And drink their love of Intli's host, and sing  
His songs, our lord's triumphant victories.

1st CHORUS—Oh Sun, thou glorious orb,  
Solo. To thee we sing our praise:  
Be thou our guide, our god  
Through all our days.

The stranger comes, the purest men of earth,  
Oh, Viracocha's Children, loved of the Sun:  
We had the Fair, we praise his land of birth,

Oh, Intli join our hearts to his mighty one!

2nd CHORUS— Let all the people sing  
of the Hundreds. Triumphant strains of joy:  
Oh glory to the king!  
Let Intli's praises ring:  
The hosts of Cupay destroy.

Oh rise, oh rise, ye people round  
And shout Viracocha's name oh high!

Oh, all ye children rise and sound  
His ~~beauties~~— Intli in the sky!

3rd CHORUS— The Capac Inca,  
of the Thousands. Huasoo Yupanci:  
~~Huasoo~~ Viracocha  
The Virgins of Intli,  
Prepare the feast Raymi  
Shine bright, oh Sun, to day!

Oh, Intli harvi, gold and gems abound  
In Yucay's shining field: the cinoa waves  
Over Tava fair, and llamas feed all round,  
Viracocha comes, the world he loves, he saves.  
Let all the people sing, etc.

The whole multitude joined in this song. At first the notes were low and peculiar; gradually the voices of the hundreds joined in, then the tens of thousands of voices broke in, swelling upwards, as one approaching the roar of a mighty cataract, keeping time to the beat of many drums and following the lead of many symphonous melodies of golden harps; rising higher and higher until at last it broke into one grand, inspiring *tutto forza*, then slowly dying away in a long sweet *calondo* ending in a *sotto voce* hardly audible to the ear.

Other songs equally as beautiful and sweet were sung, especially those repeated after the golden harps at the dances. The broken accents and curious repetitions of the dance songs are far

too delicate and refined to bear translation into English. The Quinchua language is hard to render at best and the feeble attempt I have made to translate the above songs do not give justice to the beauty of the original. The people of Tava are natural and wonderful musicians.

In all these festivals, songs and dances, Inca Huasco was a participant. The glory and opulence of olden days were equaled, if not surpassed, by the magnificent displays and pompous ceremonials on this occasion. On the third day and at the end of the festival, the Inca addressed the people as follows,

"To day, oh Children of the Sun, our national rejoicing must end. You have done well. We have met the hosts of Atulac and have conquered them. To day there is no strife in our fair land. Friend and foe have met and embraced. The gods of our fathers are with us. The spirit of our all-father Manco Capac, guides us; Manco, the good, and Viracocha de Arana, the founders of this favored Realm, watch over their beloved people still. The land is full of riches; an abundant harvest abounds; Intli is still our god; the glorious Sun, the adorable one, still smiles upon his chosen children. Darkness came, then the dawn; now there is perfect light in all Tava. Thou, my children, art free—a happy, blessed people. Let the stranger sup in our midst. Let him do what he will; he is good, and kind, and brave. He is sent of Viracocha, the gods doth bless and favor him. This day do I, Inca Huasco Yupanci, declare all the people and all the strangers within our land to be free. Go forth, my children, and

as true Children of the Sun, be happy. The wound is healed and all is well."

When Inca Huasco concluded his address, one long, triumphant shout rose from the multitude. The shout died away, the people scattered and the soldiers returned to their homes.

I returned with Inca Huasco to the palace to await tidings from my friends. As yet we had received no word from Anoor. Jack and the Senor had been gone four days and I was anxiously expecting their arrival, or news from them. The continued silence annoyed Huasco as well as myself. I admit, at this day, that their continued silence filled me with dread and alarm. Another matter gave me great uneasiness also. In his gallant charge, at the head of his troop, into the midst of the enemy's open ranks, Ned had been severely wounded. At the first onset he was lifted bodily from his horse by a score of spears and felled violently to the ground. He soon regained his feet, however, and was remounted by his body guard. No missile had penetrated his steel armor and, so great was the excitement of the battle, that he thought but little of the jostle. He fought at the head of his troops until the close of the struggle. After the battle Ned was utterly overcome by his wounds. Fearful, too, that Edna had come to harm, he fell into a fever. His body was black with bruises. One blow, which he received in the side, was especially dangerous. Had he been unprotected by fine steel armor, that day would have been his last. As it was, he was in a dangerous condition. Upon our return from Colcampata, we had him transferred to

the temple of *Hamurpas*, or divine doctors, where he was being treated and tenderly cared for. This temple is situated on Holy Lake, near the baths and springs.

Ned's fever soon cooled, but his wounds healed slowly and gave him great pain. I had been with him much of the time after the battle. On the eve of the breaking up of the ceremonial feast, I left Huasco's palace for Ned's bedside, much dejected and troubled. No tidings had yet been received from Anoor. I spent the night with Ned. He was much better and I doubt not, if Edna had been present, he would have been able to sit up and talk a little, but as it was, he laid in a stupor through the night. In the early morning, however, he rallied sufficient to ask,

"When are they coming, Roger?"

"To day, Neddie, boy," I answered.

"And will she come, Rog?"

"I hope so Ned; keep quiet and be well when she comes," I replied.

The old *hamurpa* came in at this juncture and between us we bathed him in the invigorating waters of the springs, administered an opiate, extracted from the leaves of *coca* or coca, after which he fell into a peaceful slumber. This extract of *coca* has a wonderful effect upon a person. Like opium, it produces sleep, yet when one awakes from its influence no nauseating pains are felt. It is used only by the medicine men, it being unlawful for the people to manufacture it. However the dried

leaves of the *coca* plant are used by the natives very much like tobacco is used in our own country. But even this luxury is prohibited to a great extent, only the Incas and nobles being allowed to indulge freely in its use.

Ned slept the sleep of the just until mid-day, when he awoke feeling much refreshed.

"Have they come yet, Rog?" he asked.

"Not yet, laddie," I replied, "but they will come soon, I hope."

"But without her, Rog. I had a strange dream while I slept. In the vision I saw *her* and the princess. They were far away. They were imprisoned in a temple like Coricancha and vicious *nacacs* guarded them. A sacrificial altar burned in the cell-like room and the slaughterers seemed to prepare for the offering. It was to be a human sacrifice and *they* were to be the victims."

"Only a dream, Ned," said I, evasively, "think no more of it." Yet the revelation of this dream filled me with new alarm. What if it were true?

"Dreams come to pass some times, don't they Rog?" he asked, eagerly, fixing his steady gaze upon me. "I have heard that sometimes people are forewarned of great trouble and such things by dreams."

"Yes, laddie, but it is merely coincident. Dreams are only thoughts developing in the mind while one is sleeping. It is very often the case that the reverse of a dream is true. That dreams do come true is purely accidental."

"But, Rog, why should one dream at all if

they are not visions of what is transpiring beyond our sight, or things that will take place hereafter?"

"Only mental delusions. *What is to be, will be.* A man, though he may dream that he is a dog, a cat or a horse, is still a man. Dream that you are dead, yet you live. Hark, I hear the tramp of horses!"

"See who it is, Rog, and tell me."

"The Senor and Jack," I replied, after crossing the room and taking up a position where I could see the riders.

"Alone?" he asked.

"Yes, alone."

"Then God help the maidens!" he cried, "for they are in distress somewhere this hour." And he turned his wan face to the wall and wept. The *hamurpa* came in to attend Ned and I went out to meet the riders. Jack's face looked a yard long. The Senor averted my questioning glance. I knew that something was wrong.

"Jack, Senor," I cried, "where are the maidens? What is amiss?"

Jack said not a word, but the Senor managed to blurt out,

"All's amiss, Senor; the maidens, God preserve them, are gone, no one knows not whither."

"Heavens and earth, man," I exclaimed, "then what are you doing here?" To horse and away. Haste to Huasco and explain to him. Get a thousand horse and meet me in Collcampata field an hour hence. Away."

The Senor followed by a few attendants, galloped towards Kara. I revealed to Jack, Ned's dream, and between us we concluded that Edna and the princesses were imprisoned in the temples of Pachacamac in the province of Kara. They were the only ones like Coricancha in all Tava.

"Their disappearance from Anoor is a mystery," said Jack. "Several of the palace guards were found dead, the doors were broken down and the ladies gone, no one knew how or where."

"The work of Tupac and the prince," I exclaimed, "who else could have planned such a nefarious deed?"

"I am confident it was their work," he replied, "for upon our approach to the city the sentinels of the southern gate fled."

"Traitors!" said I, "but see, Hernando returns. Let us to horse and away."

We mounted and hastened to join the troop from the city, in Collcampata. The Senor came armed with full powers to search the empire over for the missing maidens and when found to kill or capture their captors. We placed ourselves at the head of the troop and galloped away.

The Holy Temples of Pachacamac were sixty miles away. Here were the sacrifices of the nation made. Here resided the four hundred sacerdotal priests of the empire—their attendants, the nacacs, or slaughterers. Here were prisoners of state executed. Here were the violators of the laws of the land imprisoned. Here were the most heinous crimes, generated in the minds of men, perpetrated. A forbidding place—the Cupay of the Realm. Here were the maidens confined and

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INCA HUASCO AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

thither we were bound. Riding on, mile after mile, hour after hour. Our horses lagged but we goaded them on. Men fell exhausted by the way-side, but we heeded them not. The massive temples loomed up in sight, frowning and forbidding, their gilded domes glistening in the moon light like gigantic balls of molten fire. As we galloped nearer phantom demons seemed to flee before us.

At the early dawn on the following morning we stood before the towering walls of the temples. We had ridden sixty miles in twelve hours without change of horse or rest!



## CHAPTER SEVEN.

## EDNA AND THE PRINCESS.

**W**HEN the Inca and Atulac disappeared from sight the hapless maidens were practically left alone. The princess was never without hope, but Edna, poor Edna, saw no hope. True the Incas might be overcome in battle, even slain, but new troubles would arise. The vicious slaughterers, with no one to hold them in check, would then reek out their vengeance upon the defenseless maidens. True to his word, Atulac left a guard of one hundred men in the temples to protect the ladies. The guards at the doors of the ladies apartments beat back the nacacs, who would have instantly sacrificed the prisoners, and kept all intruders away. For a while the captives were secure from harm. For a while they had no fear of the nacacs, but there came a time when their security turned into danger, their hopes into despair.

Two days after the battle tidings came to the temples of Atulac's defeat and death and of Tupac's disappearance. This filled the guards with alarm and a part of them fled. Only four of them remained on duty to defend the captives. Two

of them were overcome by the nacacs and hurried into the dungeons of the temple for slaughter. On the next day they were sacrificed and then the demons attacked and overcome the other two guards. The ladies were now thoroughly alarmed for their safety. The princess, fully aware of their viciousness, made preparations for a desperate struggle with them. They piled furniture about the doors, secured stout weapons and awaited the coming of the slaughterers, determined to sell their lives dearly if attacked.

The nacacs were a terror to the nation, and it may be said that they were the only obstacles that barred religious progress. They were a weird, vicious looking set of men. It is said that a thousand prisoners were slaughtered by them for sacrifice annually. To be condemned to prison in their charnel-house meant a horrible death. Just why such a sect was permitted to live and ply their horrid vocation in such a fair land is a mystery to me unto this day. Their order is now extinct and neatly robed priests have taken their place in the Holy Temples.

On the day following the capture of the last two guards the nacacs attacked the barricade to the ladies' apartments. They shouted hideously and chanted the death song, which ran as follows,

Come Intli, leads the lambs to slaughter,—  
The captives, fair Virgins of the Sun:—

Come forth, pure Virgins, come, oh daughter:  
The burning fires await thee, oh, sacred one.

Oh, hear, oh, hear! 'Tis ~~NACAC~~ calls thee

The altar awaits, awaits, awaits:

To day with Pachacmac thou wilt be,

The Intli awaits, awaits, awaits.

and so on, through endless gibberish. They beat down the doors, snatched away the barricade and broke into the room.

"Stand back!" cried Edna.

"Stand back, hounds of Cupay!" shouted the princess, "the first who stirs towards us dies."

"Come, oh Virgins of the Sun, to the feast prepared for thee," said one.

"Come to the holy sacrifice," cried another.

Unawed the demons advanced. Edna shot one, two, three, they seized her. The princess plunged a sabre into one, they closed in upon her. The hapless victims were snatched up and borne to the slaughter cells of the temple. O, horrible fate; oh, terrible agonizing death that hovered over them. Oh, cruel, merciless sacrifice of savages. Rend the body limb from limb; pinch pieces from the victim's flesh and let them see their own bodies consumed; place the quivering mass of flesh upon the burning altar and let the life ebb away by degrees; scatter the burnt ashes of human beings over the brazen sacrificial vase and sanctify it holy. Horror of horrors, to be thus tormented and burned alive!

"Oh, my sister," cried Edna, "would God I had died ere it came to this."

"Hope, sister, hope," replied the dejected princess, "to morrow's sun is yet to rise."

"But it will rise on us for the last time," replied Edna, weeping, "oh horrid death, oh, torturous death that awaits us!"

"He is coming," said the princess, looking up, "I see him riding, riding, riding this way."

"Too late, my sister, too late!"

"Think not so, dear Eda; we live until to-morrow's sun is high in the heavens, earth and Intli's host will turn ere then."

"I pray God that speedy deliverance may come. If they only knew what a death was in store for us."

"They know, dear Eda, they are coming, coming. Fear not, Intli will not forsake his children."

"I fear not death; yet oh, I fear the tortures of a living, burning death."

"Which the gods forbid, my Eda; thou shalt live yet many a day and be happy as the coya-queen."

"God grant it, dear, dear Ullo," replied Edna, faintly, "I am weak and faint; I pray that God will take my spirit unto him before the slaughterers slay us."

"There is light, oh, sister, do not despair. See sweet Chasca hath risen in the East; soon our Sun father will follow him and at his coming will deliverance come. Keep up thy heart yet awhile longer."

"Life is unbearable in this close, dismal, death-like dungeon, oh, sister," Edna answered feebly. "Oh, sister, if I should pass away before he comes tell him that I was true to the last and loved him even unto death. Oh, for one look at him, for one free moment again!"

"Cheer up, sweet sister," replied the princess, tenderly, "here take a pinch of this," handing her a crumbled leaf of cuca, "it will do thee good." Edna took the opiate chewed it a few moments, and seemed to revive. Venus was glowing brilliantly in the east, proclaiming to the world that the sun would soon show his light.

The maidens were confined in a small, underground cell. The air was becoming suffocating, this torture being a part of the ceremony before sacrifice. Through the long night had the prisoners suffered in this cell, hoping and living almost against hope and life. One who has never undergone such a trial can have no idea as to its horror. Weak from physical strain and almost overcome from mental suffering, lying in a close dungeon, waiting, expecting torture, death and sacrifice. A brave heart indeed to endure such a strain. Only a few hours now before torture and death

The four hundred priests and their attendant slaughterers now had full control of the Temples. Since the flight of the guards, each day had added new horror to the place. Two guards were slain and sacrificed; then the other two prisoners were led to the slaughter room and their living bodies fed the flames of the brazen sacrificial altar. Yesterday a guard, to day a guard, to-morrow—swift approaching hour—the Virgins. This sacrificing of the beautiful Virgins of the Sun, the adorable Children was to be a great event for the priests and the nacacs. Such fair, innocent victims had not graced the altar for many a year. When the twilight began to break in the east the nacacs kindled the altar fires and chanted their death dirge. The priests soon arose and joined the slaughterers. The Temple dance and the sacrificial hymns commenced, the dawn broke and it seemed that the walls—and every stone in the walls—took up the hurrying of

feet and echoes of the dirge. Louder, louder, and more dismal rose the chanting voices. Lighter, lighter and more glorious became the rays of the rising sun in the east. At sunrise the initial ceremonies of the sacrifice was to begin. The untold agony suffered by the maidens this hour was beyond human endurance. Faith, only such faith as fills the soul of a true follower of the lowly Gallilean and the God of the universe, could stand such a trial. A few hours—then death!

The sun peeped over the Urcu mountains, the nacacs, chanting the sacrificial hymn, proceeded to the prison-cell of the maidens. The door was yet locked; a priest held the keys. A moment's delay. That moment saved the condemned Virgins from the agony of a tortured death.

Daylight found us before the Temples. The place was surrounded and, simultaneously, the doors on all sides were wrenched off their hinges. The troops rushed in, the chanting priests were taken into custody and the demoniacal nacacs were knocked over. Some who still hovered over the human sacrificial altar, were killed outright by the enraged soldiery. We rushed from room to room, driving the priests before us like sheep, some were engaged in orgies, some were repeating orisons in the vast auditorium, all were dancing and chanting. At our approach a hush fell upon oscillating priests and the nacacs fled in horror. From room to room, wing to wing. From the basement of the temple to its massive dome we

searched in vain. The maidens could not be found. A shudder of horror swept over me; Jack's face which was at first flushed with hope and excitement, grew pale and haggard. What if the maidens had already been made victims of the altar? The priests and nacacs, defeated in their purpose, were sullen and silent. At last, worn out and maddened to desperation Jack knocked over a fiendish looking nacac and said,

"Thou demon of deepest hell, reveal to us this instant the hiding place of the maidens or thou diest this instant and all the dogs of the temple. Speak!"

"I know not," whined the slaughterer, "I beg thee have mercy on me, Viracocha."

"Dog, thou liest," cried Jack, "arise and conduct me to them, or by all the powers good and bad, thou and all thy set shall die and be burned upon the fires built for them. Up, I command, and lead on!"

"I go," whimpered the trembling nacac, "only spare me. Follow thou me."

"Lead on, dog; but hear ye if thou showest treachery I will blast thee with Illapa's fire."

The priest led on towards the auditorium. There locked in a small room, he found a brother priest who held the keys to the cell of the maidens. We followed him. He secured the key and passed through a secret door, underground. We descended a long flight of stairs to the bottom of the pit. A long, narrow hall-way, dimly lighted, led from one end of the temple to the other. On either side of this channel were niches, closed in by massive black doors—the cells of the prisoners

and victims. Door after door was passed. At last the nacac paused, drew forth the ponderous key, thrust it into the lock and the door flew open. The torch-light held by one of the attendants flooded the narrow room. Horrors! what a sight met our gaze. There upon the bare floor, almost nude and dead lay Edna and the princess. As Jack and I entered the stifling apartments, a look of recognition swept over the princess' face; Edna uttered a word of prayer.

"Thou art come, my Viracocha," the princess whispered, faintly, as Jack lifted her up in his strong arms, "I knew it; the gods told me."

"I am come, true heart, nor man, nor god, nor devil shall ever part us more."

"Tschita, Viracocha, tschita, the gods preserved us, let the gods direct us."

"Dearest Virgin thy will and the god's, is mine, yet henceforth thou art free and thy heart art mine."

"Truly, Viracocha," she replied, "but I faint, hasten to the fresh air."

We tenderly picked up the prostrate maidens and bore them from the reeking prison. All the priests and nacacs were now made prisoners and confined in the dungeons prepared for their victims. Afterwards Inca Huasco caused half of them to be slain. The remainder were stripped of their sacrificial vestments and banished to the desert of Vilcanato on Capac mountains. This put an end to human sacrifice in Tava. The temples were thoroughly cleansed and a strong guard was posted on their walls.

In a few days Edna and the princess were sufficiently recovered to make the journey to the capital; and, amid the shouts of the soldiers, beat

of drums and blare of trumpets, we set out for that city. The Inca and all the people came out to greet us. Huasco was very wroth with the priests of the temples and threatened to pull down the magnificent structures upon them, but we prevailed upon him to spare the buildings and to execute those nacacs and priests who had been leaders in human sacrifice. This he immediately carried out.

Edna and the princesses found shelter and protection in Inca Huasco's palace, where they remained as Virgins of the Sun until the feast of Raymi.

Huasco issued a proclamation declaring the sons of Viracocha to be true Children of the Sun and forever free. All of our party were adopted into the family of the royal household. Jack was made temporary Inca of Nord; the Señor was appointed captain of the Royal Guard; I was made Inca of Torca to succeed Atulac; Ned was made Inca of the thousands in Torca and Pedro was placed in charge of the Royal Hostelry at Kara, a position which he coveted and delighted him.

After the ceremonies of these appointments, I left Kara and hastened to the bedside of Ned. Edna went with me. We found Ned slightly improved, and now that Edna was safe and beside him, I hoped that he would soon recover. The meeting between the two, which I shall not attempt to describe, was pathetic. These two true hearts were made for each other, and they were always happy when together. What more could man wish?

My friends took up their new positions at once.

In two months Ned was able to assume his position in Kara province, and he and I laid our heads together to root out the evils that prevailed in our quarter of the realm, which we accomplished in a short time.

The affairs of state were put upon a new basis. Many old laws were repealed and new statutes adopted in their stead. Yet the general condition of the empire was but little affected, the religious, governmental and social laws remaining to-day practically as they were four hundred years ago. Only the order of nacacs was abolished and the power of the sacerdotal priests limited, which was a great relief to the country at large.

As the months rolled by Jack and Ned did not forget to pay court to their ladies. They were received at Huasco's palace at stated periods where they were permitted to pour out their heart's desires to their loves. It was especially announced that they were to be married on the occurrence of the next feast of Raymi, which event would shortly take place. What transpired at this great feast of Raymi, I will record in another chapter.



## CHAPTER EIGHT.

## THE FESTIVAL OF RAYMI.—THE MARRIAGES.

**T**HREE months after the great battle in Collcampata the feast of Raymi was celebrated.

This semi-annual feast was held in the capital city, Cuzco. An abundant harvest filled the land, a great battle fought and won, a new Inca had been placed upon the throne, the Children of Viracocha had took up their abode in Tawa and many great marriages were to take place, all of which events were to be celebrated on this occasion. Especially was much ado to be made over the marriage of Jack, the great white stranger, to Princess Mama Ulib, the beloved Virgin of the Sun. Also were the two good and true white strangers, Ned and Edna, to be united. Hundreds of other couples, too, would be made life partners upon the wedding day. These ceremonies were to be the crowning efforts of the great feast. Inca Huasco would join the happy hearts in the court of the temple of Coricancha, which would be fittingly celebrated by dances in the gardens of Yucay.

On the appointed day the people flocked to the city by thousands. Not less than a million people

were present on this occasion. The festival week passed away, as upon all occasions before, quietly. I will not attempt to describe it as de Arens has already set forth an account of the Raymico feasts in another place. This one was conducted on the same high principles. I will only record the marriages.

At the close of the festival week the marriages took place. At the appointed hour Jack and the princess appeared before the throne of the Inca. He arose, took each of the contracting parties by the hand and joined them. He then asked,

"Dost thou, Princess Ullo, consent to a marriage with this man?"

"I do, my brother, Inca Huasco," she replied, "I love him, the gods favor our union."

"Dost thou, Viracocha, John Thompson, take this woman, our noble and beloved sister, to be thy wife?"

"I do, Inca Huasco," replied Jack, "I love her and will defend her with my life."

"Is there one here," continued the Inca, "who has cause to dispute this holy marriage?"

"None," came from the nobles, "none," echoed the people, "none" shouted the thousands.

"Then do I, Inca Huasco Yupanci, lord of all Tava and High-priest of the Children of the Sun, declare my sister, Mama Ullo Yupanci and John K. Thompson to be henceforth and forever man and wife. What the gods of the hearts of all men and the Inca of Tava units let no man attempt, on penalty of death and eternal punishment, to separate."

"Viracocha, Viracocha!" shouted the nobles,

"Viracocha, Viracocha!" thundered the multitude,  
"Viracocha, a Child of the Sun."

After this burst of applause, the Inca waved his hand for silence, and continued,

"Furthermore, oh, Children of the Sun, do I declare our brother, Viracocha Thompson, to be Inca of Nord. This day and here in the presence of all the people, do I place upon his brow the *llantu* of the house of Nord." At a signal Jack stepped up to Huasco and suffered the Inca to place the crown of the heir-apparent upon his head.

"Well done," cried the nobles, "well done," echoed the people.

After this Ned and Edna stepped forward before the Inca to be united after the customs of the people. The Inca performed about the same ceremony. But Edna, who is a strict Christian, wished to be married after the manner of our own people. The Inca did not object. It had been pre-arranged that this second ceremony should be conducted by the *Senor*, who as well as being a hunter, soldier and traveler, was a priest of the Holy Catholic church, having been ordained by the Pope's right-hand man, Cardinal Vincént of Brazil. Father Hernando, arrayed in his best, with a priestly robe hanging from his shoulders, stepped forth in all his glory. He was a little shaky at the start, not being accustomed to face such large audiences, but he braced up a bit, threw back his massive shoulders, looked over the multitude then at Ned and Edna. This recalled to him his task.

"Let the couple join hands," said he, fervently.

They did so.

"Kneel before the cross of Christ," he said solemnly, crossing himself.

This they did accordingly.

"Dost thou, Edna Kirtland, take this man to be thy lawful husband?"

"I do," said Edna.

"Dost thou, Edward Bently, take this woman to be thy lawful and wedded wife? To love, cherish and protect through life, for good or evil?"

"I do, Senor," replied Ned, blushing.

"Then do I, Senor Alphonse Hernando, a true followerer of the Cross and an anointed Priest of the Holy Catholic Church, pronounce you man and wife. What God and Senor Hernando doth join together let no man part asunder."

Thus the ceremony ended. The nobles and the people shouted long and loud. To them it was a novel wedding. They went wild over it. The Senor, who was reverenced by all the people, was caught up and borne through the crowd on the shoulders of men. Ned and Edna were placed in a sedan and paraded through the city. Jack and the princess were treated likewise. The people had found new gods and goddesses to worship. Shouts of joy rent the air; songs of praise and adoration went up from the mighty throng. Happy Jack and Ned, happy people.

And I, poor old I, went unnoticed. Well and what of it? My days are most done. I have seen the best of them. I looked upon the joyful scene and then afar off into the beautiful heavens.

There I saw Amy, my beloved, smiling down upon me and I, too, was happy.

It was a clear, cloudless day. Not a dark spot was seen in all the heavens. The Sun, the adorable Director of the Nations, beamed down upon his Chosen Children in all his glory. Illapa suppressed his wrath, his thunders and fires withdrawing from the mountains into his eternal abode beyond the Sun. Pachacamac, the eternal Invisible One, looked on, through the mists of the skies, with approval. The gods were pleased, the people were happy. As couple after couple were united by the Inca, songs and music filled the city. The Sun went down beneath Capac mountains. The moon rose in the east, clothed in resplendent glory. Her attendant satellites danced with glee in the west and east; the Inti's boat twinkled with joy and delight in the dome of the sky. The wind sighed gently and the people sang merrily.

The throng, bearing the Inca and the newly married couples, passed from the city to the gardens of Yucay, in which stands the great temple of Coricancha, the temple of gold. Dances follow. New songs are sung. Techitcha, the red wine of the nation, is poured from huge golden vases into golden cups and passed to the dancers and the people. The massive golden chain of the ancient Peruvian monarchs is borne on the shoulders of the revelers as they whirl around. Casks of wine are emptied into the vases, attendants pass it to the people again. Round and round go the dances still. Songs go up. The moon sinks in the west. Chasca rises in the east. The dance

comes to an end. The multitude flocked into the sacred temple until it was full, yet thousands remained in the courts outside. The sacrifices were to be made.

Villac Um, the venerable old High-priest, would read the destiny of the new Inca, the strangers and the nation. Llamas were slain. Corn, fruits and animals fed the flames of the sacred fire.

"Hear ye this, oh Inca, strangers and people," said the priest, "all is well. The Inti hath blessed thee; Pachacamac approves all thou doest; the Sun is favored of thee. Thou, Inca Huasco Yuncan, shalt have long life and thy reign be one of peace and happiness. Thou, oh, Viracocha, strangers in our midst, art favored. Thy coming hath brought joy and contentment into the land. Here thou shalt abide unto the end of thy days. Ye, oh, Children of the Sun, have done well. Return to thy homes and be happy. No more wars will come in Tava. Yet one more white stranger shall cross the Pass of the Spur and then no more forever. All is well. Viracocha!"

This was the end of the prophecy. When the last word, Viracocha, died on his lips it was taken up by the people, Viracocha! Viracocha!! Viracocha!!! long live the barbudos, Viracocha! The great temple shook with the mighty roar. The feast was over, and as the dawn began to break in the east, the multitude scattered. The going of the mighty throng was like the going of the rush and roar of many waters.

And thus was the end,

## CHAPTER NINE.

## CONCLUSION.

**E**IGHT years have passed away. They have been years of peace and prosperity, if not of absolute happiness. No cloud has yet dimmed the sky of Taya. The people are, in a way, happy. The sun still shines upon the land with glorious brightness. The people worship him still. The Senor, however, has built a little chapel in which we often meet to worship the one true God. The natives look on with wonder, but say nothing. They remain unshaken by the earnest appeals of the Senor, still clinging to the gods of their fathers and will unto the end.

A few events have occurred since our coming which are worthy of record before the chapter is finally closed and we are truly lost to the world. One of the most unexpected, was the appearance of Tom on the borders, two years after the feast of Raymi. Who would have thought of such a thing? Tom, old sailor Tom

Marder, has come to Tava—and to me! Well, well; good old faithful Tom, the only father I ever knew. But here he is, even now sitting near me while I write. His locks are white as snow; his face, tanned by seventy suns, is wrinkled, and his frame is bent and withered. He smokes his pipe of peace and contentment. Dear, dear, old Tom!

He returned to New York after we left him. Two years he patiently waited our coming, then Uncle Harding died. Tom grew restless. Once more he fitted up the old schooner and sailed across the seas. He came to Salado; the old priest was gone and he learned no tidings of us. Then he journeyed overland, through the wilderness, over the mountains to the Pass of Tava, where, three years before, we had crossed the Golden Spur. No man or beast molested him on the long journey. Ten men came with him to the Pass. The whole party were taken into custody by the guards and brought before Jack in Anoor. Jack recognized Tom on the instant and embraced him as a brother. Jack sent the ten men back to the Pass and hurried them from the country. However, before their going, he and Inca Huasco, who chanced to be in Anoor at the time, loaded them with gold, and they were glad to be gone. Tom was sent to me, at my residence on the Lake, where he has since remained. Tom looks at me, I look at Tom, but we say nothing. I often wonder which of us will be the first to

make our last long journey, across the nearby river, into the great beyond. Who will be first to be welcomed into the everlasting paradise by our dear Amy? Whose hand will she clasp first? It matters not, for we must both go soon

\* \* \* \* \*

Another person sits near me—Edna. She is more beautiful than ever—not beautiful in the sense the social world puts it—but fair and pure and sweet like as angels. Yet she has had her sorrow. Why that sash of black about her slender form? Why those drooping eye-lids? Why that sad expression on her marble face? What makes her start and her eyes fill with tears when the wind rustles amid the yach trees, or a foot-step falls in the hall-way? Why weeps she when we talk of other days? Ah, there is a vacant chair, an empty place at the table-board. A joyous voice she hears no more. A loved form comes not again. What, weeps she for father, long since gone? Weeps she for mother love, who rests in paradise? For some friend of the long ago? Ah, no, no; one, whose place none can fill, has passed away. One who wooed her, won her—loved her as none can love—comes not again.

Ned is gone. Two years ago we laid him to rest in the Andes, near the laughing brook he loved so well, beneath the shadow of the golden Coricancha. He has crossed the dark river into the sunny land, and even now stands beside dear Amy, over there, watching and waiting for our coming. His wound never entirely healed. Al-

though he rallied and for a time was happy and gay, yet the spear-mark received on Colicampata field, hastened him to the grave. Dear, joyous Ned, how we miss you. How, when your baby boy, so much like you, sits upon her knee and calls for "father," who can never come, must we twitch and choke back the tears and sobs that will come. Your boy, little Edward, loves you and calls you, yet you come not and he wonders and wonders where "father is." Rest in peace, dear Ned, you cannot come to us, but some day we will come to you and then there will be parting and heart-aches no more.

\* \* \* \*

Two years after their marriage, a little stranger prince came to live with Jack and the good Princess Ullo. He is a bright lad and they call him Capac Yupanci. Some day he will wear the borla and sit upon the throne of the Children of the Sun. He is now six and can speak the language of his father fluently, as well as the quinchua tongue. Jack is a power in the land. The people worship him and there has been no end to the feasts and rejoicing since the birth of his child—the future Inca of Tava. They are happy, he and the Princess, and bid fair to live and love many a long year yet. No sorrow has ever come to mar the happiness of this goodly couple. In the eyes of the princess, Viracocha is a god, and in the eyes of Jack, so to speak, the princess is a goddess. Each is a worshiper of the other, and they both worship and idolize little prince Yupanci, and the people worship them all.

so let them live and worship on in peace unto the end.

\* \* \* \*

Soon after Tom's arrival in Tava I prevailed on Jack and Inca Huasco to send a strong expedition under Senor Hernando to Salado to fetch away the arsenals and equipments from the schooner. This expedition was successful. It consisted of the Senor as commander and guide, one thousand armed warriors together with one hundred horses to haul the heavy pieces. Six cannons, including the two brass guns, were brought over the mountains together with a great store of powder and shells. Five hundred small guns and revolvers were brought also. Quantities of cloth and clothing were secured as well as many other useful articles, some of which were unknown in Tava. The old schooner was stripped of everything that could be carried away and scuttled, much to the grief of Tom. Four of the cannons were mounted on the four passes leading into Tava and the other two were placed on the walls of Kara. The Lora Guards of the Secret Passes were armed with modern rifles. The country is safe within and secure from foreign foe. Let none dare mount the Pass of the Golden Spur or seek to pry within the sacred precincts of the *Tava of the Last Inca.*

\* \* \* \*

The scene must close and the sable curtains drop around the cloudless skies of Tava forever. A party of the Lora, or guards of the Golden Spur have agreed to cross the mountains and the wilderness again to take my message to Salado, the

last outpost of civilization, from whence I trust it will safely reach my friends in New York. \* \* \* \* To day I am on the Pass of the Golden Spur and Tom is with me. To-day the Lora starts for Salado. We will watch their going from the summit until they shall have passed from sight. Then embracing each other, we will bid farewell to our home, the deep sea and to the world. How long we will sojourn in this land of sunshine I know not, but here we will remain until the last summons comes. I am a strong man yet and the pure water from the Eldorado springs and the ~~Beas~~ may tend to keep me above ground many a year yet. I hope to reach the century mark, perhaps more. Tom is yet a boy and a sailor in his way. We have constructed for him a splendid yacht, in which he spends many days on the bosom of the placid Holy Lake. He is happy and still loves the sea and me. My friends are all well and happy, the Senor and Pedro having long since married beautiful native wives. I shall never cross the border again or seek to return to the world. Why should I? Here I will rest unto the end, and when I am called to make the long journey, I shall have my first glimpse of the Paradise beyond, from this Eden—the Realm of the Children of the Sun.

THE END.

## HISTORICAL NOTES REGARDING MANCO.

**A**FTER his failure in the seige of Cusco, Manco deemed it unwise to further prolong the war, seeing that eventually his race would be entirely extinguished, collected about him a chosen band of trusty followers and a vast store of provisions, gold and sacred adornments of temples, Manco set forth across the Andean mountains. The high priest, Villac, collected valuable records and holies of the temple of the sun. 20,000 natives and 100 Spanish allies and captives formed the nucleus for Manco's new colony in the Cordillera Geralis, an account of which is found in Arana's journal.

The supposed massacre of Inca Manco Capac occurred about the first of October 1542. Speaking of this, the last of the Incas, Prescott in his "Conquest of Peru" says: "Inca Manco was massacred by a party of Spaniards (30) of the faction of Almagro, who, on the defeat of their young leader, had taken refuge in the Indian camp. They in turn were all slain by the Peruvians. It is impossible to determine on whom the blame of this quarrel rests, since no one present has recorded it."

The fact, as recorded in de Arana's journal, is, that these thirty Spaniards joined Manco's standard and migrated with that prince to Tavaland. Manco Capac was the last of his race and possessed all the noble and heroic qualities of his forefathers. So long as he remained in Peru he was feared by the Spaniards, who, down to Blasco Nunez, offered him terms of peace, but he doggedly rejected them all. He preferred the independence of his ancestors to the flattering promises of the Spaniards.

### **REMARKS,**

Diego de Arana is an historical character not lightly to be passed over. He was left in command of the colony planted at La Natividad. History tells us that this little band of 40 was murdered to a man. The Aranian manuscript, found in the golden box of records by Mr. Evans, throws a flood of light upon this page of history and clears up the mystery of the disappearance of the first European colony ever planted in America. Arana was a man of great talents. He warned Inca Huayna of the coming of the white man many years before Pizarro actually invaded the empire of the Children of the Sun. He showed his gratitude by fighting against his Spanish brethren for his adopted country. And in the last stages of the declining power of the Incas he proved his loyalty by extricating the remnant of the Incas from the grasp of the Spaniards.

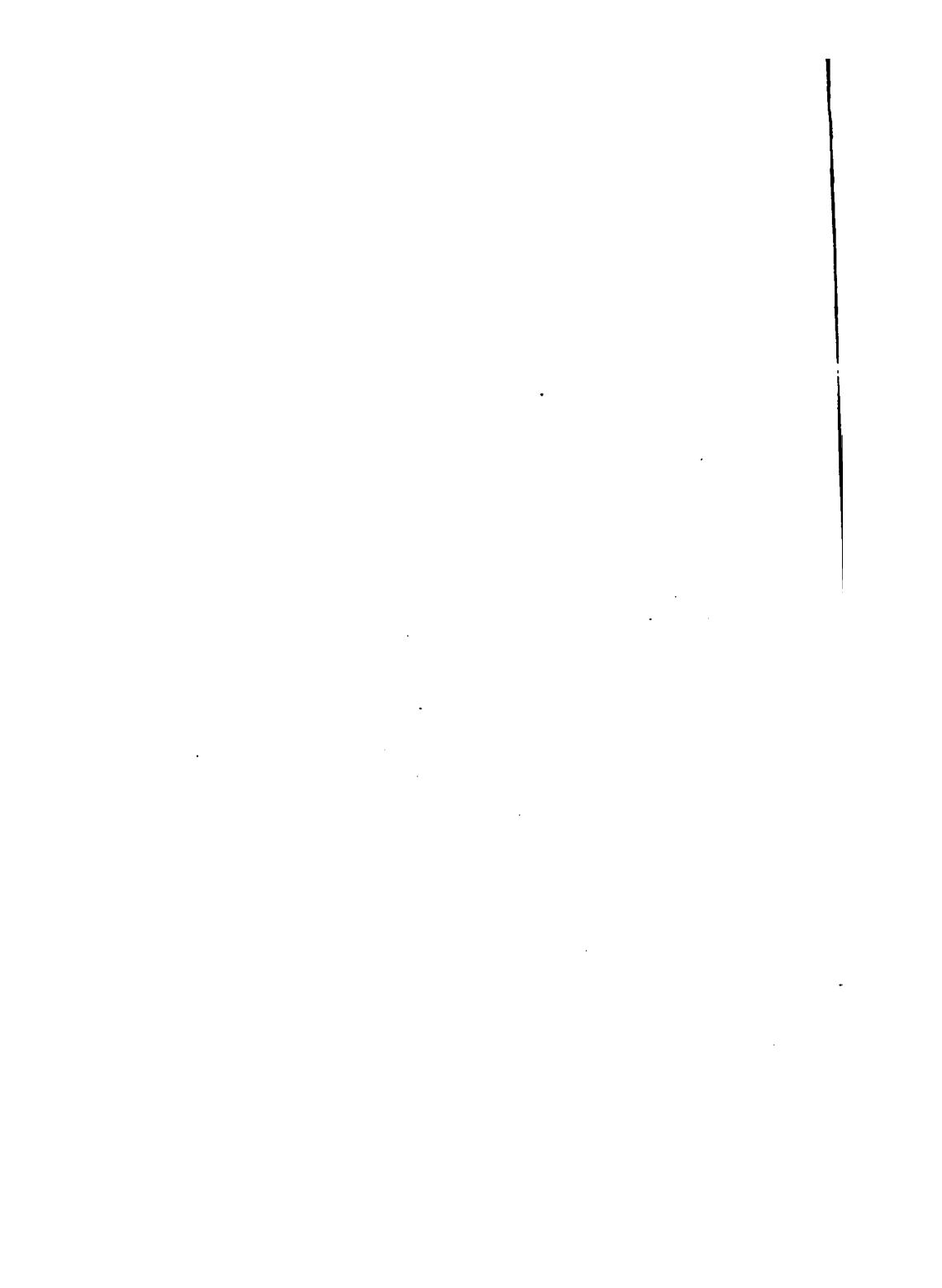
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Finally, the story as you have found it, is not devoted wholly to fictitious characters, but draws largely from established historical truths. Though one might not find the Ophir in the unexplored wilds of South America, yet the Spaniards found the wealth of Solomon's gold-fields in Peru.











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